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Safety Gadgets—
DO THEY KILL OUR FIGHTER PILOTS?

•

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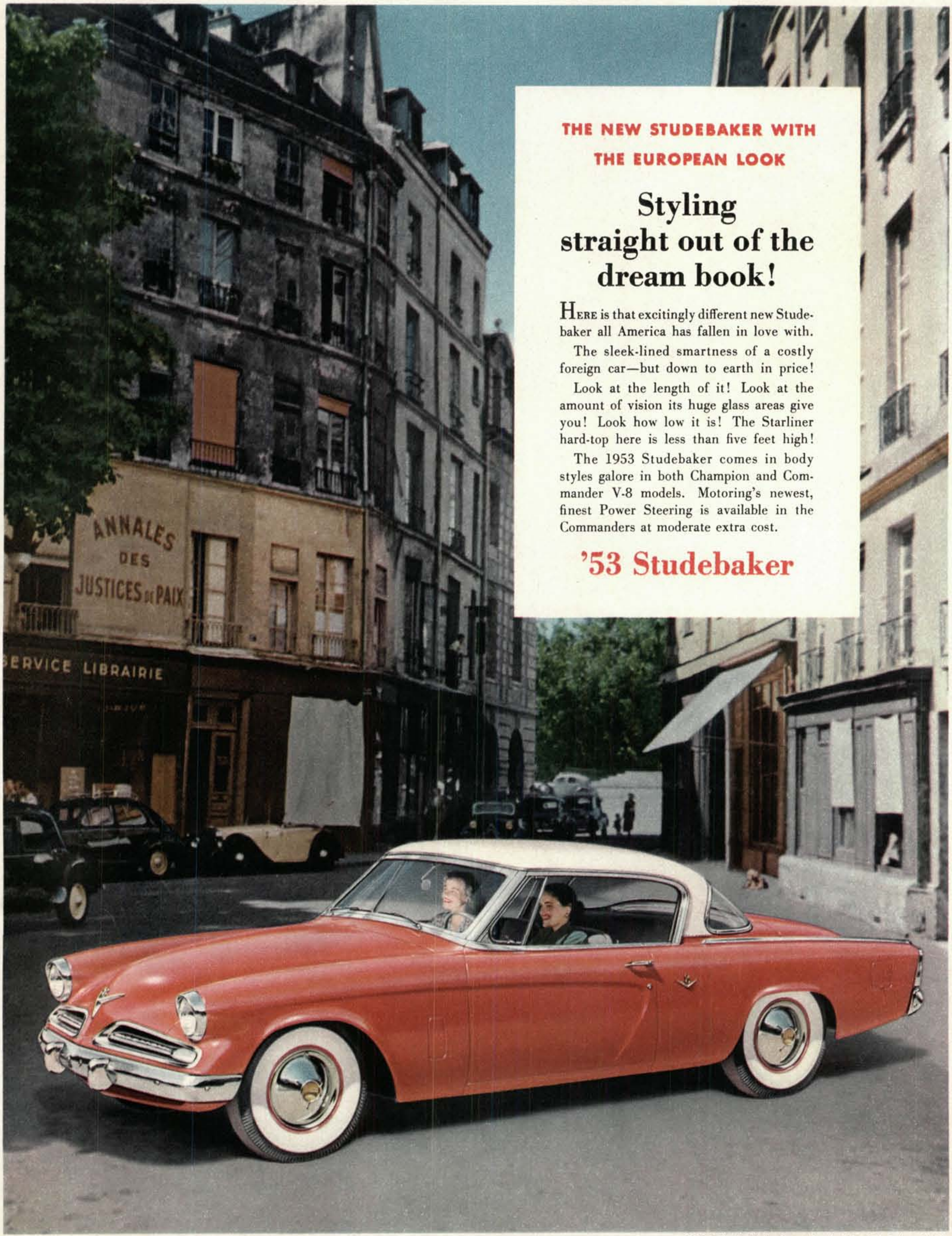

THE NEW STUDEBAKER WITH THE EUROPEAN LOOK

Styling straight out of the dream book!

HERE is that excitingly different new Studebaker all America has fallen in love with.

The sleek-lined smartness of a costly foreign car—but down to earth in price!

Look at the length of it! Look at the amount of vision its huge glass areas give you! Look how low it is! The Starliner hard-top here is less than five feet high!

The 1953 Studebaker comes in body styles galore in both Champion and Commander V-8 models. Motoring's newest, finest Power Steering is available in the Commanders at moderate extra cost.

'53 Studebaker

Illustrated: Commander V-8 Starliner hard-top. White sidewalls, chrome wheel discs—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost.

© 1953, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

"Hello, Mother! It's Me!"

"Thought I'd call you up and find out if you arrived OK.

"No, it didn't take long. Seemed like I'd just given the operator the number when I heard your voice.

"Good thing I remembered to jot down Aunt Sue's number when you were there the last time."

YOU'LL FIND THIS IS A GOOD IDEA FOR YOU, TOO...

Call By Number

You save time on out-of-town calls when you give the Long Distance operator the number you want.

So here's a helpful hint. Write down the out-of-town numbers you already know. If there's a new number you don't have—or an old one you've forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.

The Bell Telephone Company in your community will gladly give you a free Telephone Numbers Booklet.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM... LOCAL *to serve the community.* NATIONWIDE *to serve the Nation.*

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NO TONGUE-STING IN YELLO-BOLE PIPES

Let the Honey Girl show you why

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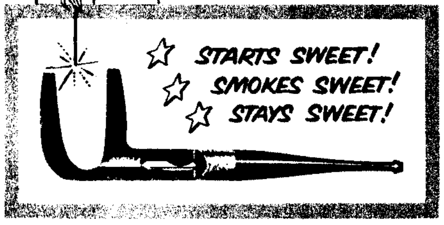
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STAYS SWEET!

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March 21, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

In rural and suburban America, P.O. emissaries are carrying their heavy seasonal burdens of mail-order packages containing gardening supplies and seed catalogues and other publications having to do with the raising of flora for fauna. Usually the postman piles the larger bundles on the ground, deposits the letters, then hangs the smaller packages from the flag. Out where roadside mailboxes come in clusters, they become as much a harbinger of spring as a robin.

Week's Mail

Touché!

EDITOR: Subhead of your article What We've Learned About Winter Warfare (Feb. 7th) said:

"Two years ago, the thermometer put more American troops out of action in Korea than did enemy weapons . . ."

Investigation by our committee reveals *not one man* put out of action in Korea by a thermometer.

ROBERT B. PITKIN, Chief, Thermal Measurement Terminology Section, Citizens Committee to Defend Helpless Words, Englewood, N.J.

And Where Are the Pitchers?

EDITOR: As a baseball fan I was very interested in Tom Meany's article Where Are Baseball's .300 Hitters? (Feb. 7th). I would now like to ask the question: Where are baseball's 20-game winners? There were only five or six in 1952, including only one in the entire National League. Therefore, I am not ready to agree with baseball men who say better pitching has brought about the scarcity of .300 hitters.

Maybe the source of talent is drying up.

JOSEPH ROMEO, JR., New York, N.Y.

The Inspiring Martin Durkin

EDITOR: Your article Ike's Pipefitter (Feb. 7th) was highly inspiring. I shall live each day trying to be a better human being. MRS. ELVA OLIVIER, Wichita Falls, Texas

And He Was, Too

EDITOR: Just after reading your article on passing fancy paper, You're a Sucker if You Cash My Check (Feb. 7th), I saw this item in the paper:

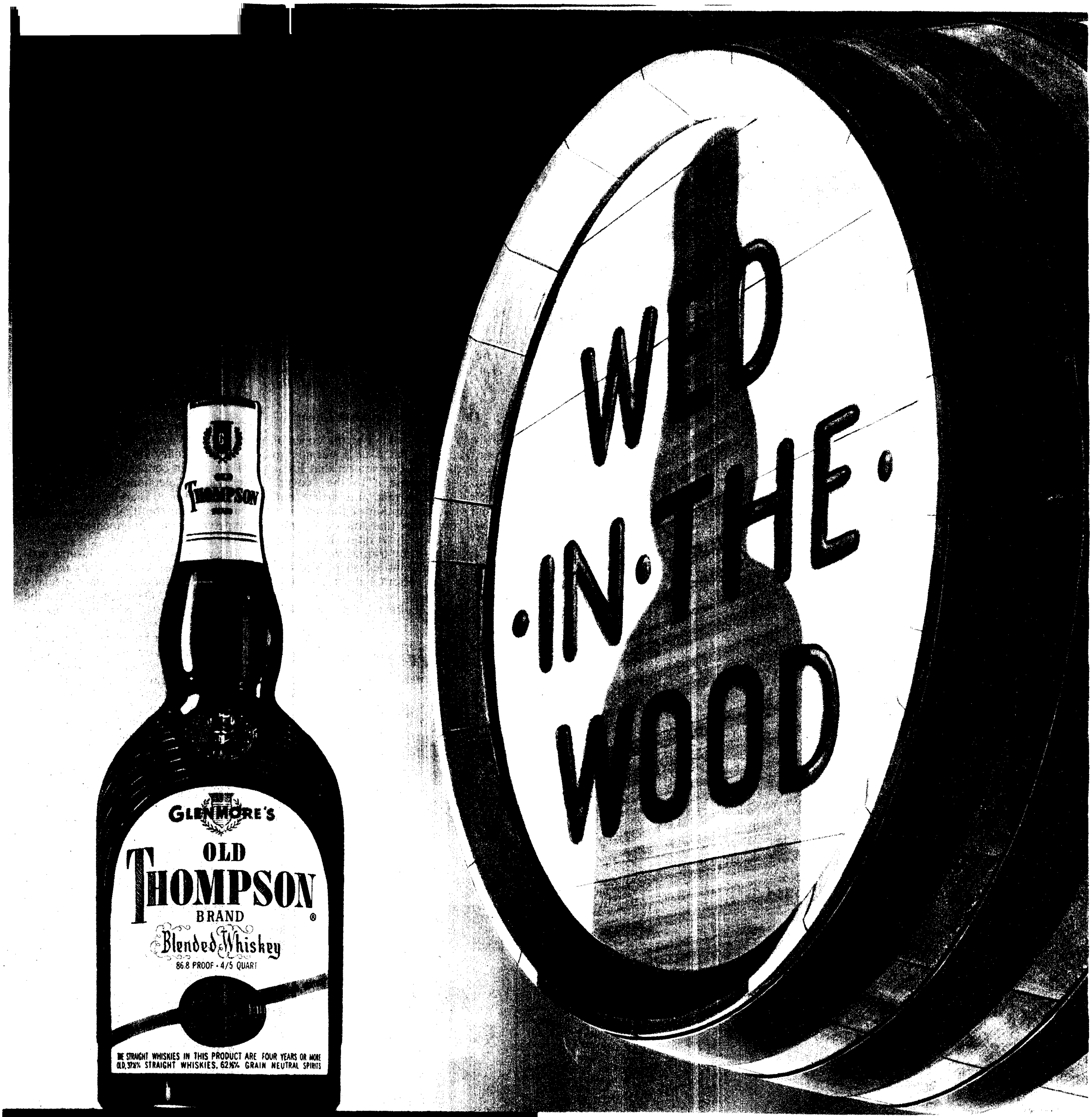
A grocer in Bedford, Indiana, turned into his bank a check for $10.37 which he had cashed for a stranger. A bank officer took one look at the signature and stamped the check "No funds." The check was signed: "U. R. Hooked."

EARL SPOHN, Rochester, N.Y.

An Offensive Against Russia

EDITOR: Your editorial, Barriers to Western Unity (Feb. 7th), calling attention to the advantages of honoring our trade commitments and cutting down financial aid hits the spot where we are most vulnerable.

Certainly a change in tactics is called for. Latest reports from the U.S.S.R. indicate new party alignments, liquidations of officials, and other doings from which Stalin emerges as a totalitarian leader loaded with engagements the carrying capacity of which decreases as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THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD, 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
WED ·IN·THE· WOOD

THE

WED·IN·THE·WOOD

WHISKEY

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by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

WED • IN • THE • WOOD

instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies — 62½% grain neutral spirits.

Only G-E Ultra-Vision like this gives you eye ease

● Here's clarity and eye comfort no other TV can offer you. And here's why: G-E Ultra-Vision is the world's only 21-inch TV with the Aluminized Picture Tube. It mirrors light toward you—steps up picture contrast—increases brightness up to 100%. Add the benefit of General Electric's tilted, deep-tint safety glass, and you get TV's widest range of picture tones with virtually no glare or reflections.

ALUMINIZED MIRROR GIVES BLACKER BLACKS—WHITER WHITES!
REJECTS GLARE

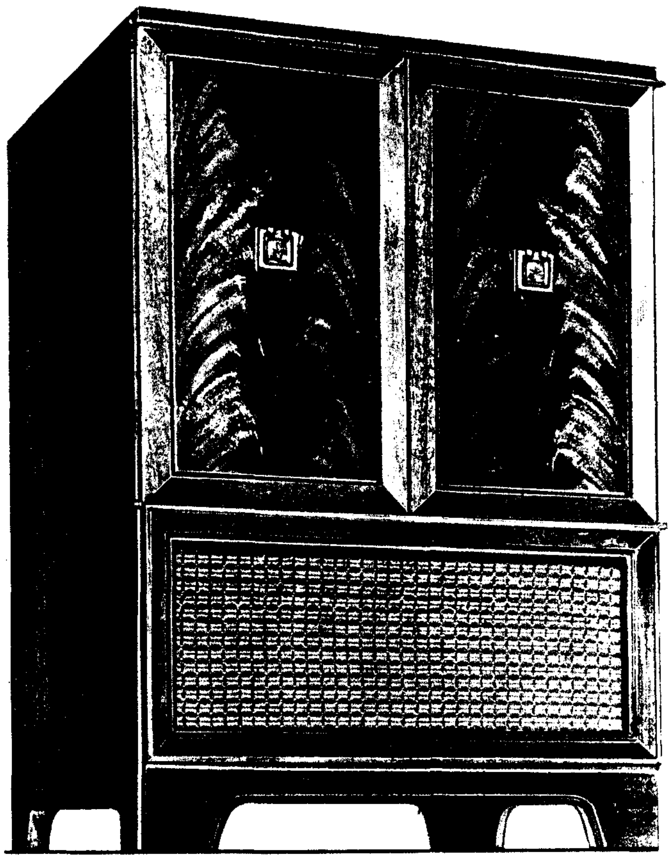
Bing Crosby, starring for G.E. on CBS-Radio

BLACK-DAYLITE TV WITH ULTRA-VISION

Joan Davis, G-E star of "I Married Joan" on NBC-TV

CONVENTIONAL TV. Non-aluminized picture tube simply doesn't give as much brightness as you need for good contrast. When viewed in fully lighted rooms—the best way to watch television—the picture often fades and washes out—makes viewing hard on the eyes.

G-E ULTRA-VISION. 21-inch G-E Aluminized Picture Tube gives brightness to spare, for superb contrast under all lighting conditions. Blacker blacks...whiter whites...show up to 100% greater range of grays than other TV. Gives far greater eye-ease.



1878 75 1953 YEARS OF ELECTRICAL PROGRESS

See G-E Ultra-Vision in action, alongside any other TV. You can tell in one look that G-E gives the picture you want for your eyes—more clarity than any TV you've ever seen. This proof is waiting for you at your G-E TV dealer's, now.

G-E TV PRICES START AT $199.95

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General Electric Company Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

Model 21C214

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

the territory he aspires to cover widens.

If preparing for war would prevent war and the atomic threat could be realistically countered, armament advocates would have an argument. As matters stand—cold war stalemated—our best bet seems to be a widely publicized counterbombardment of the Russian people reminding them of treaties disregarded, contracts violated, prisoners held, slave camps and the like.

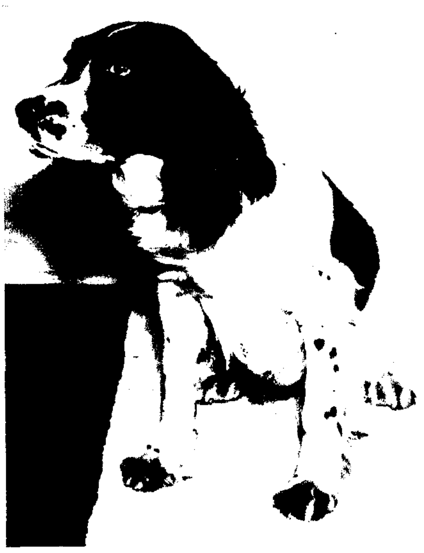
A steady stream of such specifically documented bombardment might prove more effective than measures we have been taking. WALTER SONNEBERG, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Springer on Our Cover

EDITOR: Upon looking at the cover of your February 7th issue I became so interested in the dog subject that I was induced to pursue it to the "cover" article. When I read this article and found your description of the dog as a "setter" I was sure that your cover artist knew very little about dogs. I am sending a picture of my own Miss Ginger, a springer spaniel and excellent bird dog and retriever, whom I think the artist meant to portray.

HARRY C. TOEPFER, Oneonta, N.Y.

Collier's
FEBRUARY 7, 1953 FIFTEEN CENTS
YOU'RE A SUCKER IF YOU CASH MY CHECK
A Forger Tells How The Racket Works
IKE'S PIPEFITTER
What Will Durkin Do?
Where Are Baseball's .300 HITTERS?



. . . Beyond the fact that the dog pictured on your February 7th cover is obviously a spaniel and not a setter, we would like to point a moral: the house-trained dog does not usually "bark or whine" to be taken out at any odd time during the predawn hours unless it is an emergency, in which case he is quite prepared to disregard the elements of weather.

We believe that the members of 17,000,000 dog-owning families in the U.S. can provide you with as many reasons why dogs are more fun than hamsters even though the latter do not have to leave the house.

HARRY MILLER, Director Gaines Dog Research Center, New York, N.Y.

Our cover editor seems unable to identify any dog larger than a cocker spaniel, which he harbors.

How to Make a Phone Call

EDITOR: I have read Bill Davidson's article, 5,000 Ways to Make a Phone Call, in your February 7th issue.

I have been connected with the Warwick Valley Telephone Company, an independent, for 40 years as secretary and treasurer, and from that experience feel competent to pass judgment on such an article as Mr. Davidson's.

The content of Mr. Davidson's article was the most factual of any that has come to my attention. I was especially pleased that Mr. Davidson included the fact that in 1913 a gentleman's agreement was set up with the A.T. & T. not to encroach on or force the independent companies to sell or give up any of their territory. I can vouch that this agreement has been carried out to the letter.

This company is 100 per cent dial, serving approximately 3,100 stations. As we operate four exchanges the change-over to dial operation presented many problems, but as such problems appeared they seemed simple through the co-operation of the expert advice and mechanical assistance rendered by the New York Telephone Company's engineers through the good offices of Mr. Edward V. Moran, better known as "Pat" Moran.

J. E. BARRY, Warwick, N.Y.

. . . Let an old man, whose only connection with telephone business is that he married a long-distance operator of an independent phone company in 1911, thank you and Bill Davidson for the article in your February 7th issue.

That wonderful prayer, from the heart of the Reverend M. Dennis Lee, should be engraved in stone over the entrances of every telephone building in the land:

"We thank Thee that Thou hast given us this means of communication, by which we may be bound together in brotherhood, through understanding."

Your article gives the type of information about America which should be broadcast by the "Voice" to every nation now held in bondage by Stalin.

ALEXANDER LEIGH, Los Angeles, Cal.

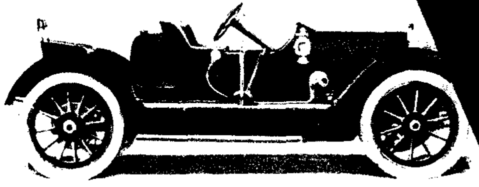
Man and Fire Engine

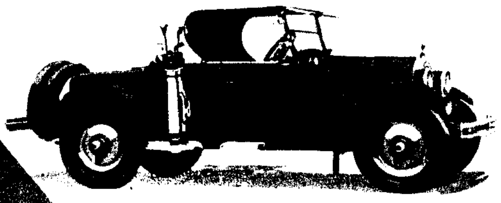
EDITOR: Thank you for the editorial discrimination which prompted your sharing with your readers that rare bit of whimsey, Man Here Owns a Fire Engine (Feb. 7th). And thanks to Mr. Proctor Jones for being the kind of man about whom Robert de Roos, being the kind of man he is, could write such a delightful testament to the better side of human nature.

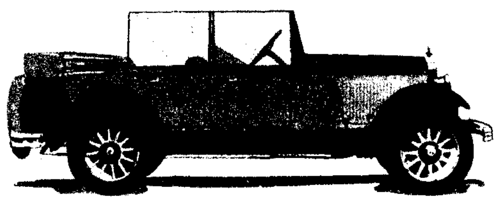
MRS. ROBERT RUEGNITZ, Dubuque, Iowa

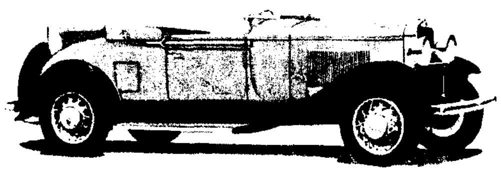
AC
CORALOX
SP

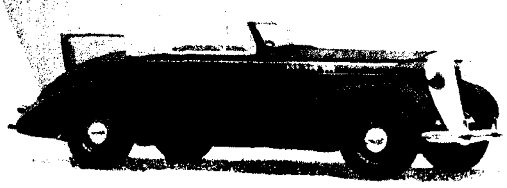
OLD FRIEND OF OLDSMOBILE

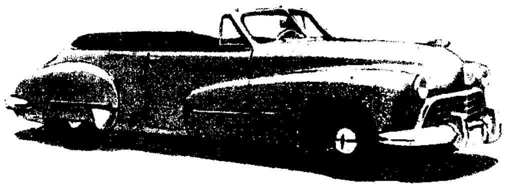

1911 Autocrat Roadster


1921 V-8 Sport Roadster


1927 De Luxe Touring


1930 Convertible Roadster


1936 Convertible Coupe


1947 Convertible Coupe

AC Spark Plugs are Original Equipment on nearly as many new cars as all other makes combined

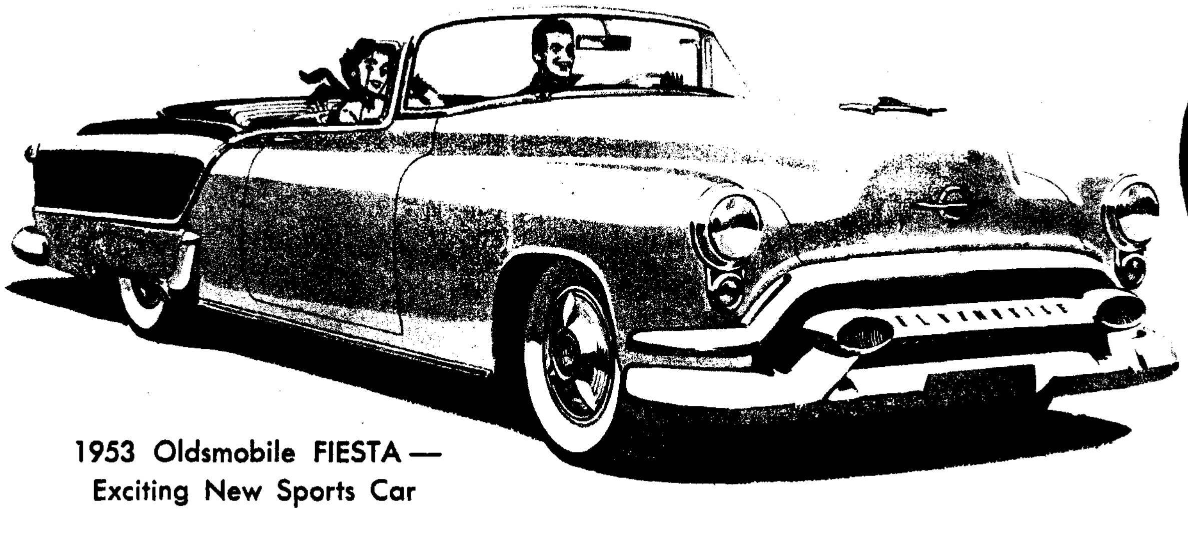
AC Spark Plugs have been used on every Oldsmobile since 1911. And AC engineering advancements have kept pace with today's high-powered, high-compression engines like Oldsmobile's famous "Rocket."

These modern ACs have insulators of patented *CORALOX*, the material that has made all previous types of insulators obsolete.

CORALOX gets hot quicker to burn away oil and wet carbon deposits . . . resists the deposits of oxide coatings from fuels—stays clean longer . . . provides 4 times greater heat conductivity . . . has 3 times the mechanical strength . . . offers 10 times greater electrical resistance at high temperatures.

These outstanding *CORALOX* advantages mean: **GREATER GAS ECONOMY—SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE—LONGER PLUG LIFE.**

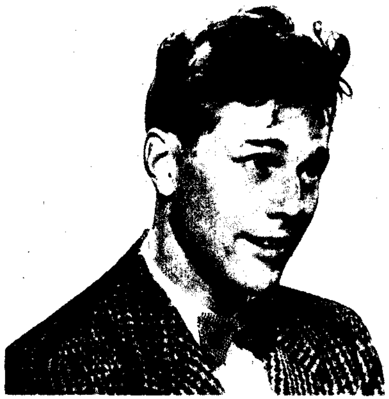
Why not form a friendship with AC Spark Plugs? There is a type engineered to make your car's engine perform more efficiently—no matter what make or model you drive.


1953 Oldsmobile FIESTA—
Exciting New Sports Car

PATENTED
CORALOX
INSULATOR

AC SPARK PLUGS

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



check DRY SCALP!

Dry scalp causes hard-to-manage hair. And it can also give you loose, unsightly dandruff!

When you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, it makes your hair look *naturally* neat—and *keeps* it looking that way! Why? Because it checks dry scalp—blends in with the *natural* oils in your hair. Relieves loose dandruff, too. And it's economical—just a few drops a day is all you need. Try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today. **Contains no alcohol or other scalp-drying ingredients.**

Keep hair naturally well groomed with

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
CHECKS DRY SCALP
AND LOOSE DANDRUFF
GROOMS THE HAIR
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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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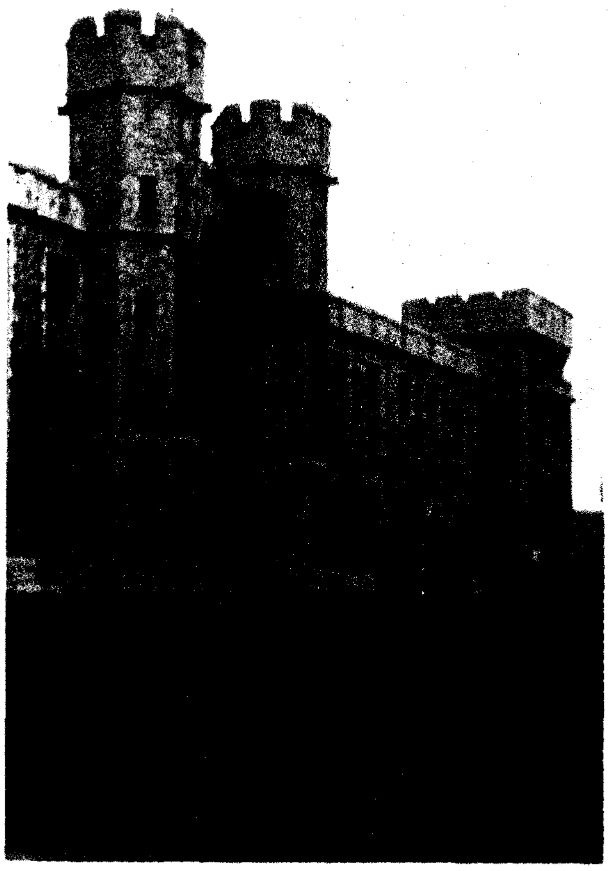
ROYAL RAVENS



Before London Tower, ravenmaster watches birds

Six of the sauciest birds in Britain virtually rule the Tower of London—and with good reason

London

SIX arrogant ravens who live in the Tower of London will be disappointed if they don't get a major share of attention at Britain's coronation in June. They are, by tradition, guardians of the Empire and act as if they own every inch of it. They resent visitors and hoot at the splendidly uniformed yeomen warders (the famed beefeaters) who act as guides for tourists; they peck the putty out of Tower window frames, tear up the turf on the Tower Green, attack dogs and cats, and snitch candy from children. Why aren't the insolent birds banished? It is their ancient right to be in the Tower.

They have inherited the prerogatives of a flock that lived there in the seventeenth century, when King Charles II was having trouble with Oliver Cromwell.

One night, according to tradition, the flock warned the guards of an attempted raid on the Tower. The birds were thereupon granted royal recognition. From that time on, the legend grew that if the ravens should ever leave, the British Empire would crumble.

With royal favor, however, came regimentation. The flock was reduced to an official contingent of six birds. Their wings were clipped to keep them from roaming. And their names were placed on the Tower's roster along with the names of the human guards.

Their positions are not hereditary. The birds do not breed in captivity, and when one dies it is simply replaced with another. To safeguard the ravens—and, with them, the Empire itself—the Governor of the Tower appoints one of the regular yeomen to act as ravenmaster and keeper of the birds. The Tower budget allots two shillings fourpence (32 cents) per week per bird. All of it goes for food. Money is still scarce in Britain, but the saucy black creatures are an extravagance the English feel they can afford.

"It's not much," they say, "to preserve the Empire." BILL STAPLETON

BILL STAPLETON

Ravens get posts by appointment; they will not breed in captivity

MAN HUNT

Oil Companies Compete for the Class of '53

This month, college students throughout the United States are witnessing a fine example of oil company competition at work—right on the college campus.

Representatives of many oil companies, large and small, are now competing for thousands of qualified college seniors to fill a wide variety of jobs ranging from research, production and transportation through refining, sales, accounting and office work.

To the Class of '53, this oil company competition for their services means the opportunity to choose a career in a young and progressive industry. And to America's oil companies, in turn, these young people will bring a fresh supply of top-flight talent—talent every oil company is looking for to help keep ahead in the tough competitive struggle for your business.

Today, Americans get the world's finest oil products at the world's lowest prices. This is only possible under a system of free competition where privately-managed oil companies have a chance to earn a profit while serving you.

For a free booklet for college and high school students, "Careers in Petroleum," write to Oil Industry Information Committee, American Petroleum Institute, Box 65, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES
NOTICE
OIL COMPANY
REPRESENTATIVES
HERE THIS MONTH

PURDUE UNIVERSITY. Members of the class of '53 look over list of oil company interviewers who will visit campus during a single month. Oil company representatives search the nation's colleges for seniors who can qualify for a wide variety of technical and non-technical jobs. To get top-flight men and women, each oil company must compete successfully with rival oil companies as well as other industries.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF COLLEGES WHERE OILMEN SEEK NEW TALENT:

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Business major Jim Halverson, son of an oilman, has always wanted a career as an oil company salesman.

CORNELL. Civil engineering major Ron Gebhardt is considering pipeline transport and construction—a vital branch of the oil industry.

MINNESOTA. Geological engineer Ernest Maki chose job after 7 oil company interviews—sees great opportunities for oil geologists.

M. I. T. Bob Oliver gets Doctorate of Science in June, has accepted promising job in research and development for a West Coast oil company.

OHIO STATE. Commerce major Mary Uehling is looking for personnel job—will join thousands of young women now in oil industry.

SOUTHERN METHODIST. Korean vet Len Donohoe, electrical engineer, wants to work on electronic gear used in oil exploration.

NOTRE DAME. Interested in labor relations, law senior Bill Roche wants an oil company career because he feels the industry is stable.

GEORGIA TECH. Basketball captain Pete Silas, a chemical engineer, is being interviewed by 18 oil companies for sales engineering job.

That's Putting Him On Ice, Sis!
GIVE A GUY A HAND, KID! YOUR SISTER'S GIVING ME A BAD TIME—BUT I DON'T WANT TO TAKE IT SITTING DOWN!
BETTER SIT DOWN WITH YOUR DENTIST THEN, DAN! YOU CAN'T EXPECT SIS TO PUT UP WITH BAD BREATH!
TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!
AND COLGATE'S HAS PROVED CONCLUSIVELY THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST! IN FACT, THE COLGATE WAY STOPPED MORE DECAY FOR MORE PEOPLE THAN EVER BEFORE REPORTED IN DENTIFRICE HISTORY!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
NOW THAT I USE COLGATE'S, AS I SHOULD, THE CHILL HAS GONE, AS I HOPED IT WOULD!
It Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS TOOTH DECAY!

Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

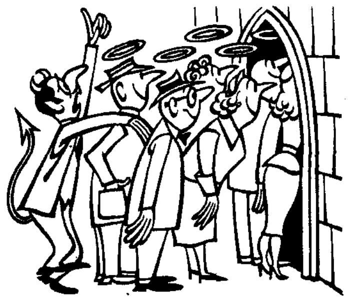
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Dr. Homer G. Barnett, professor of anthropology, University of Oregon, recently returned from an 18-month tour of the Marshall and Caroline Islands, and the Marianas, in the Pacific, now under the supervision of the UN. Says the natives seem a bit confused about democracy. No confusion here. Little astonishment now and then. But no actual confusion.

★ ★ ★

Not long ago, the Reverend Foster Myers, in Kearney, Nebraska, announced he'd preach to sinners only. Asked that saints and righteous persons stay away. Church was so jammed with early-arriving righteous folk eager to be first to see who the sinners were that the latter couldn't get in.



★ ★ ★

The director of the National Association of Home Builders predicts that before long it will be possible to trade your house in on a new one. Said there'd be no more fuss about it than turning in your old car for a new one. Next step will be turning in your old house for a new one complete with new car in garage and new wife waiting to ask you where in tarnation you've been.

★ ★ ★

Young and observant Mr. Jack Hickey, of Stephenville, Texas, reports he got pretty interested recently in a lecture on human anatomy. He came away convinced that practically everybody he knows has some but, generally speaking, it looks better on girls.

★ ★ ★

Los Angeles schoolteacher says she was inclined to reject an "original story" submitted by a ten-year-old pupil because, in her opinion, it lacked originality. Story in question started thus: "Once there was a father with six children, and he was so poor he was thinking of going to work."

★ ★ ★

Dropped in, hoping to have a little chat with Mrs. Sally Mixter, owner of the Ulby, Michigan, Courier. But Mrs. Mixter was too busy to do any chatting. In fact, she wasn't in. She is the Courier's editor, business manager, publisher, space salesman and reporter. She also sets the type and operates the presses. In her spare time she does a nice job-printing business and holds down a couple of public offices—tax assessor and librarian. Enough to founder a less vigorous person. But Mrs. Mixter is only seventy-four and is much too busy with plans for the future to be bothered chatting with casual droppers-in.

★ ★ ★

There's going to be baseball in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, this summer. There will be, that is, if the club owners can be restrained from murdering one another with hunks of the grandstand. The Wilkes-Barre club will have 10,000 owners, each of whom paid one dollar for a piece of the team. At least one game will be played—opening day. If Wilkes-Barre loses, 10,000 owner-managers will meet to shake up the team. Get your tickets early.

★ ★ ★

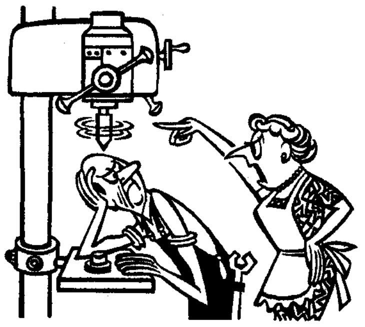
The San Diego, California, Union, reports that Maurice Sloper has found a sundial with this inscription: "Time is too slow for those who fear; too long for those who grieve; too short for those who rejoice. But for those who love, time is eternity."

★ ★ ★

Well, children, in Oklahoma a lady asked the court to award her damages because the transportation company had lost her suitcase. Said most of the stuff therein wasn't worth much, except her lovely nightgown. Her sentimental attachment for that nightgown was hard to estimate. Tears flowed as she described it. "You see, Your Honor," she sobbed, "I've worn that nightgown every night since 1919. I was married in it." She got two hundred dollars.

★ ★ ★

Couple of women overheard in a Boston movie discussing their husbands. One said hers was a safety engineer for a large industrial organization. The other one said that was nice, and what did a safety engineer do? First woman said: "Well, if you or I or any other wife did it, they'd call it nagging."



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Newspaper foreign correspondent just back from Austria dropped in to tell us that Russia is stealing our electioneering slogan stuff. For example: Vote For J. V. Stalin. The Life You Save May Be Your Own. ▲▲▲

Sometimes in a storage warehouse you'll find

DREAMS FOR SALE

JACK REED sat down at the desk in the room he called his study, but which Nora called her sewing room and the children called their TV room. He looked at the telephone for a moment and then picked up the directory and began thumbing through it.

There were some notes on his other desk down at the office which had been sitting there for days. "Please call Mr. Williams," one of them said. "Mr. Williams phoned again while you were out," said another.

He hadn't called Bob Williams because—well, it hadn't seemed exactly urgent at the time. And he probably wouldn't be bothering about it now, either, except that earlier that evening he and Nora had gone to the inspection down at Drexel's Storage Warehouse. They had heard that there were some fine old clocks among the pieces to be auctioned off the next day, and Nora was anxious to see them.

Old Mr. Drexel himself had met them and shown them around. Lined up along the walls of the big, cold-looking room were some really fine things: furniture and lamps and clocks and china that had once belonged to someone, somewhere, who had shown excellent taste in their selection. Nora turned to Mr. Drexel and said, "Why are all those lovely things being sold?"

Mr. Drexel shrugged. "To pay the back storage on them. Those things have been here for many years. Belonged to a woman who used to live in town. She broke up her home after her husband died and left all the stuff here. She and the kids went back to her old home town. She was going to send for it real soon, she said. But I guess she just never got enough money to spare."

Mr. Drexel looked up at the ceiling for a few seconds and then said, "The bins and vaults upstairs are full of things like that. Busted hopes and broken dreams . . ." He shrugged again as they started towards the door. "You get used to it after a while . . ."

Jack hadn't been able to get that conversation out of his mind. He turned in his chair so he could look from the study into the living room. Nora was curled in her favorite chair, surrounded by her own favorite things. The hands on the big old grandfather's clock said it was not quite ten o'clock. He picked up the phone and as he dialed Bob Williams' number he mapped out what he would say:

"Hi, Bob! Sorry I didn't get around to calling you sooner, but I've been mighty busy lately. You know how it is. Anyway, I've been turning that recommendation of yours over in my mind—you know, about taking out another New York Life policy—and I've decided that it might be a good idea after all. How about having lunch tomorrow and talking the whole thing over?"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

New Greaseless Way To Keep Your Hair Neat All Day

"V-7"—new grooming discovery now in Vitalis Hair Tonic—outdates messy oils. Keeps your hair neat all day without gummy film or matted-down look.

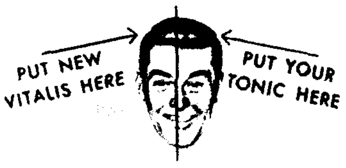
Not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil

If you object to over-oily hair tonics, as most men do, here's good news. Now you can keep hair in place and easy to manage—*yet avoid that gummy, "oil-slick" look.*

The secret is a completely new *kind* of grooming agent—introduced to you in new finer Vitalis Hair Tonic.

Called "V-7," it is not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil. In fact, "V-7" was developed in the laboratory especially to overcome the messiness and other disadvantages of various greasy oils.

Make this easy test



Even if you are satisfied with your present hair tonic, we think you'll be pleasantly surprised the very first time you use new finer Vitalis containing "V-7":

1. Hair stays neat, natural-looking. No heavy greasy look.
2. No gummy film or "matting down."

You can easily prove these facts for yourself. Just apply the tonic you are now using to one side of your head—new finer Vitalis to the other. See if you don't agree that the Vitalis side looks far better.

Feels tingling good—kills dandruff germs on contact

In addition to good grooming, new Vitalis gives you a combination of *active* ingredients found in no other leading hair tonic.

Massaged briskly onto scalp with the famous "60-Second Workout," new finer Vitalis feels tingling good . . . far more refreshing than creams or oils. And laboratory tests prove it kills, on contact, germs that many doctors associate with infectious dandruff. No mere oil or cream can do this.

Outgrooms any other hair tonic—or double your money back

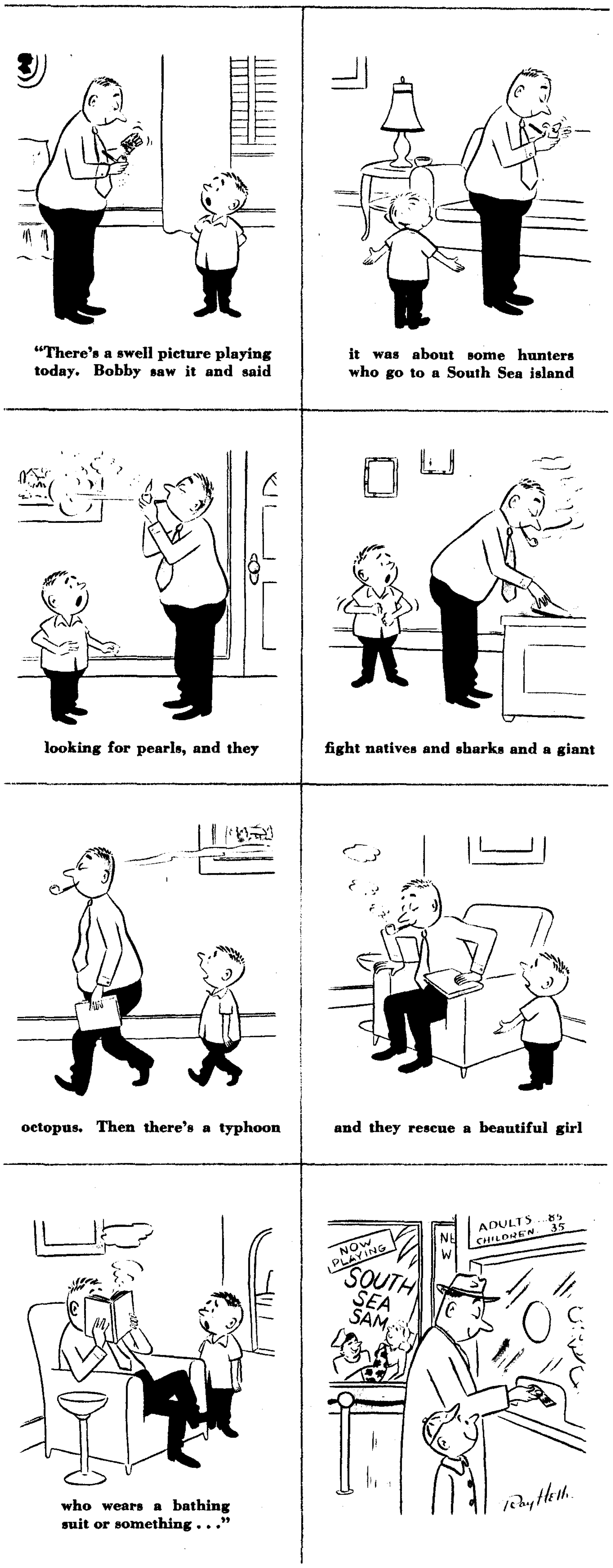
We think you'll find new Vitalis with "V-7" the finest hair tonic you ever used. If you don't agree, return empty bottle to Bristol-Myers, 630 5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y. and get *double* your money back. (Offer expires December 31, 1953.)

NEW FINER VITALIS® HAIR TONIC
Now contains "V-7" New greaseless grooming discovery!

Product of Bristol-Myers

SOLD!

By RAY HELLE



"There's a swell picture playing today. Bobby saw it and said it was about some hunters who go to a South Sea island looking for pearls, and they fight natives and sharks and a giant octopus. Then there's a typhoon and they rescue a beautiful girl who wears a bathing suit or something . . ."

There is a way out of the traffic muddle!

Roads are not only a sign of civilization—they are one of the chief means of its advancement. But today America's roads are in a traffic muddle that threatens to defeat the very progress which roads and the motor-driven vehicle accomplished. So serious is this problem that 40 national organizations in agriculture and industry are supporting "PAR" — Project Adequate Roads—to focus attention on it.

A nation on wheels

How completely America—"the nation on wheels"—is dependent on good roads can be seen from the fact that today trucks haul **two out of every three tons** of the nation's commerce. They carry at some time **everything you eat, wear and use.** Even the automobile has become a commercial vehicle. Just ask any housewife whose days are spent hauling groceries and kids and shuttling Dad to and from work. And to countless salesmen and other businessmen, their cars are literally their "bread and butter".

So we can't possibly solve the highway problem by restricting car or truck use if we want to maintain our way of life.

The solution is not one of fitting the traffic to the highway. It is to **build the highways to fit the traffic.**

One-fifth of highways overworked

We've got plenty of highway **miles**—more than 3 million of them. But one-fifth of those miles are overworked. **That one-fifth carries 86% of all traffic.** Traffic tieups, annoyance, danger and death are due largely to lack of wide, safe, modern mileage to fit the traffic volume over one-fifth of our highways.

Photo courtesy of Editions Mondiales, Paris, France

A ROAD 2,000 YEARS OLD *and still in use today, the historic Appian Way outside Rome. A network of such roads was the key to the greatness of the Roman Empire. Today, America's continued progress depends on adequate roads. The traffic muddle which threatens the efficiency of our highway transportation is of vital importance to you as a taxpayer, a motorist, and a citizen. This message proposes a way out. Read it.*

Modernizing even that one-fifth, or about 600,000 miles of road, is going to take a lot of money. Who's going to pay the bill?

Soaking the trucks not the answer

One thing is plain—soaking the trucks isn't the answer. In fact if every dime of the net income of all the for-hire truck lines was confiscated it would be only a drop in the bucket toward paying the highway bill. The net revenue in 1951 of all the important truck lines reporting to the Interstate Commerce Commission totaled only $191,783,000. A conservative estimate of the amount needed to correct deficiencies in the national system of interstate roads is $11,973,000,000!

The trucking industry, however, stands ready to pay **its full and fair share of the funds that are needed to pay the bill for adequate highways.** Trucks are already your taxpaying highway partner to the tune of $1,250,000,000 a year. Many individual trucks pay over $3,000 a year in taxes. And the big truck in your State pays 20 to 40, or more, times as much in highway taxes as you do on your passenger car. That is as it should be, and the trucking industry isn't kicking about it. The only tax increase that is unfair not only to the trucking industry but *to you* is the costly, inefficient ton-mile or weight-distance tax—often originated and always promoted by our competitors.

Here's the program

But there is a way out of our traffic muddle if we make sure that highway use taxes **now being collected are spent only for roads** . . . roads properly designed and strategically located. Billions in road tax dollars have over the years been channeled into other governmental uses.

The Federal Government collects excise taxes on motor vehicles, tires and tubes, oil and parts . . . plus a 2-cent gasoline tax. These levies should be repealed, as promised by Congress when they were enacted in the depths of the depression. If the Federal Government got out of the gas tax business, for example, and this money went to the States, it would make over 800 million dollars a year available at once for better roads.

This program would not cost you one single penny of additional road taxes.

The organized trucking industry submits this program as a practical, reasonable way to construct and maintain the highways that are so urgently needed for all.

Billion dollar time loss

America's traffic muddle is wasting over a billion dollars a year in people's time. The cost in lives cannot be measured in dollars and cents. If you drive a car, ride a bus or even cross a street on foot you are right in the middle of the traffic muddle. And your concern is not alone in getting places, but in getting goods to you. The flow of commerce over our highways has been the greatest single factor in our economic progress during the past two decades, a major factor in the growth of the nation's agriculture, manufacturing and distribution.

Further progress demands intelligent modernization of our highway system. To this progress the trucking industry pledges its wholehearted support through **payment of its fair share of taxes to build and maintain the needed roads; through self-regulation to protect the roads, and through driver safety and courtesy to help make the roads safer for all.**

Working with you, this program can be accomplished. There **is** a way out of the traffic muddle!

....

WE'LL PAY OUR SHARE!

Truck service operates more often to more places than any other transportation system in the world. It has created new markets, new jobs, greater prosperity. It competes for business in the traditional American way of free enterprise. The organized trucking industry pledges you its sincere and continuing efforts to improve safety and courtesy, to self-police the industry and continue to pay its fair and rightful share of the highway program so vital to everyone.

Walter F. Carey

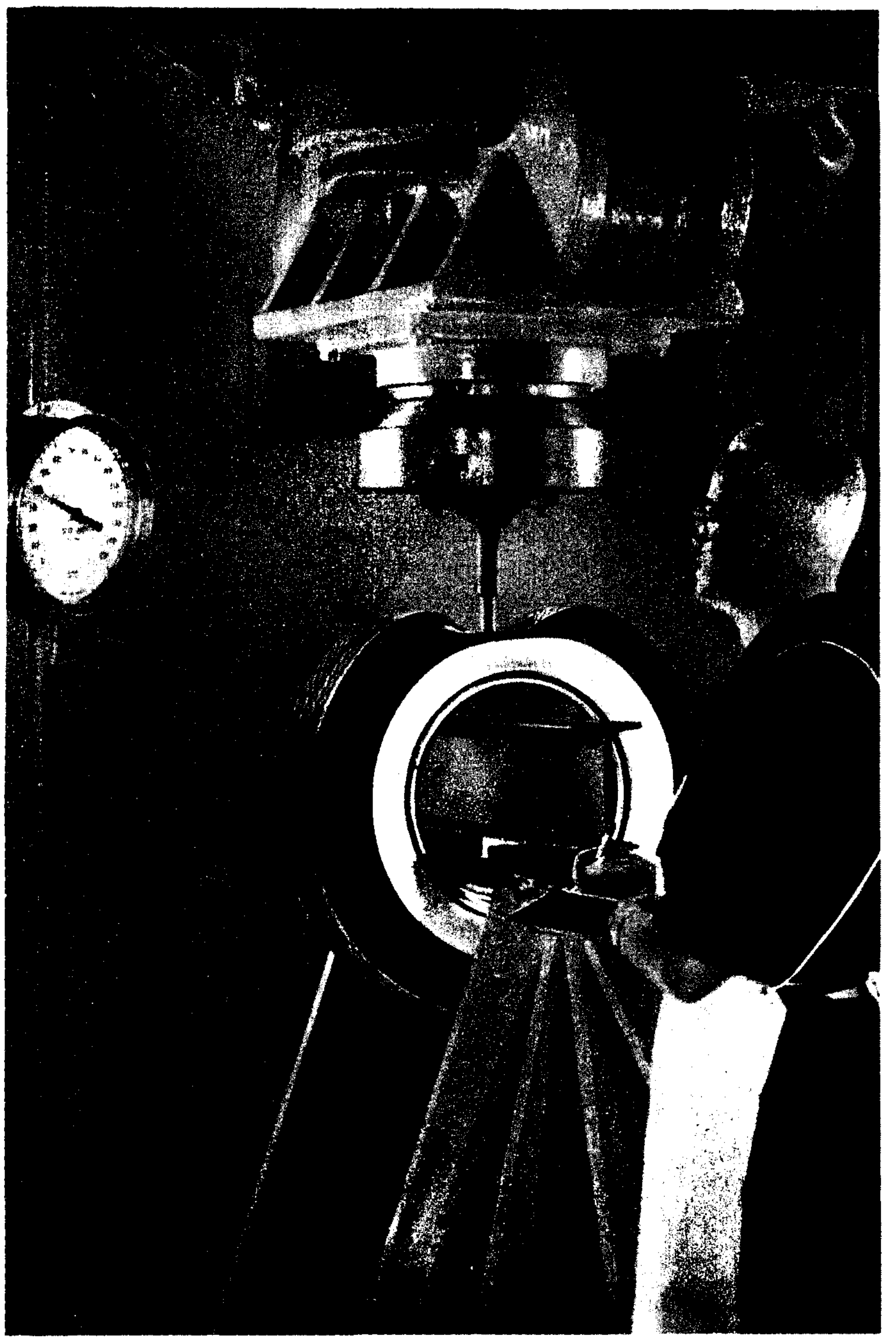
President, American Trucking Associations

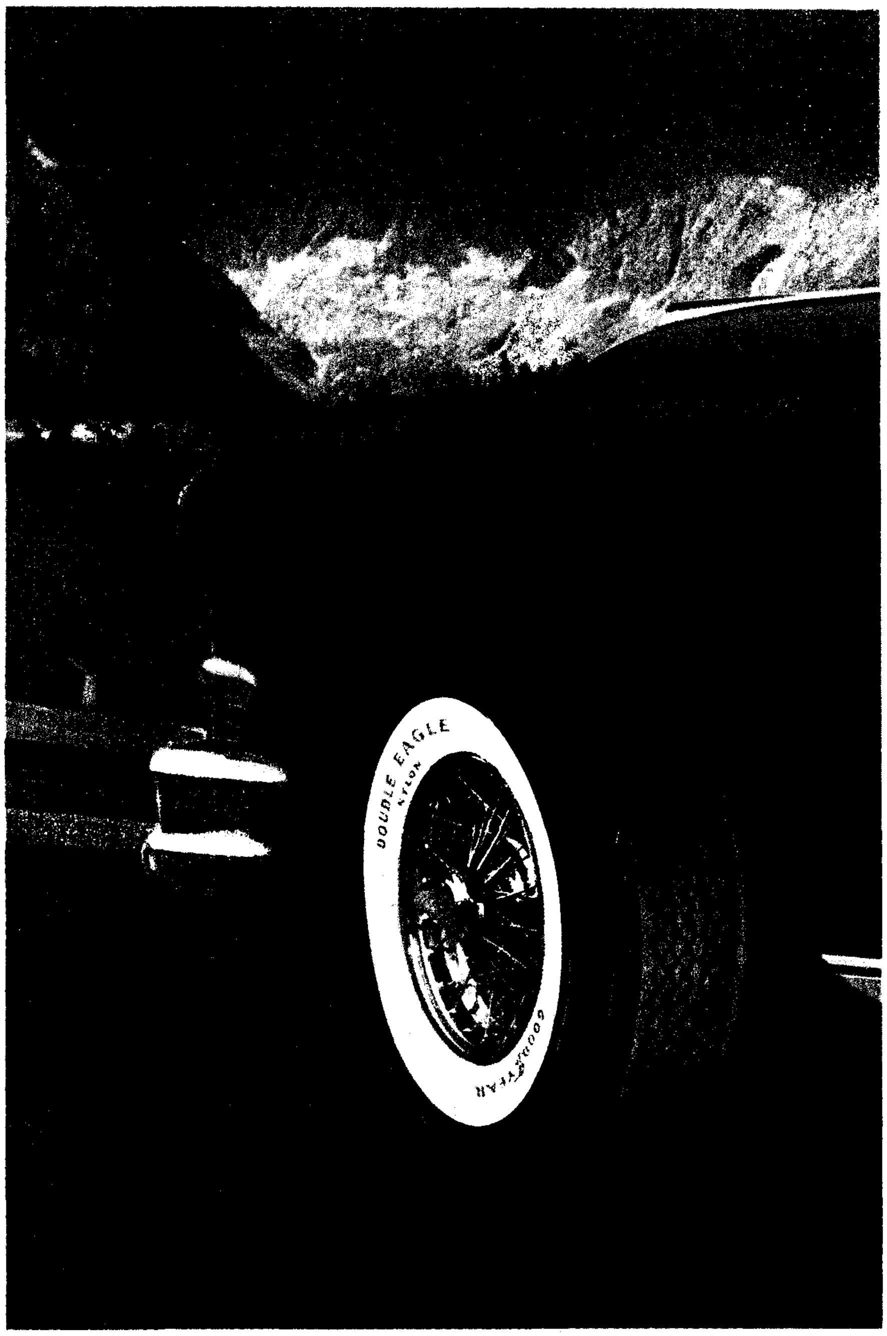
....

American Trucking Industry American Trucking Associations, Washington 6, D. C.

Only a Nylon Cord tire could withstand this pressure...

Double Eagle is the only All-Nylon Cord passenger-car tire!





The test above is like driving a blunt spear deep into your tire. The rounded end of that hydraulic punch is only 1¼ inches in diameter. Three types of tires took this test. The first, a standard cord tire, failed at 1480 lbs. The second, with regular premium cords, failed at 2500 lbs. But the All-Nylon Cord Double Eagle took 3876 lbs.; the hydraulic punch was driven clear to the rim before that tough Nylon Cord body failed.

Perhaps you've been thinking about buying a set of Double Eagles. If so, you can rest assured that it will be one of the smartest investments you ever made . . . in *every* way!

This All-Nylon Cord Double Eagle is definitely superior to any other tire in the 10 most important aspects of tire service. That's why we call it the Plus-10. Up to 42% greater mileage! Safer, surer traction! And the most luxuriously comfortable ride that ever soaked up road shocks!

With all its important advancements, the All-Nylon Cord Double Eagle costs only about 5% more than premium tires made of rayon! Have Double Eagles installed when you buy your new car; you'll get full value for your original tires. You'll hardly notice the small extra monthly payments. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

America needs better, safer roads. Let's bring them up to PAR.

PLUS-10 DOUBLE EAGLE—The only All-Nylon Cord passenger-car tire

GOODYEAR

Double Eagle, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

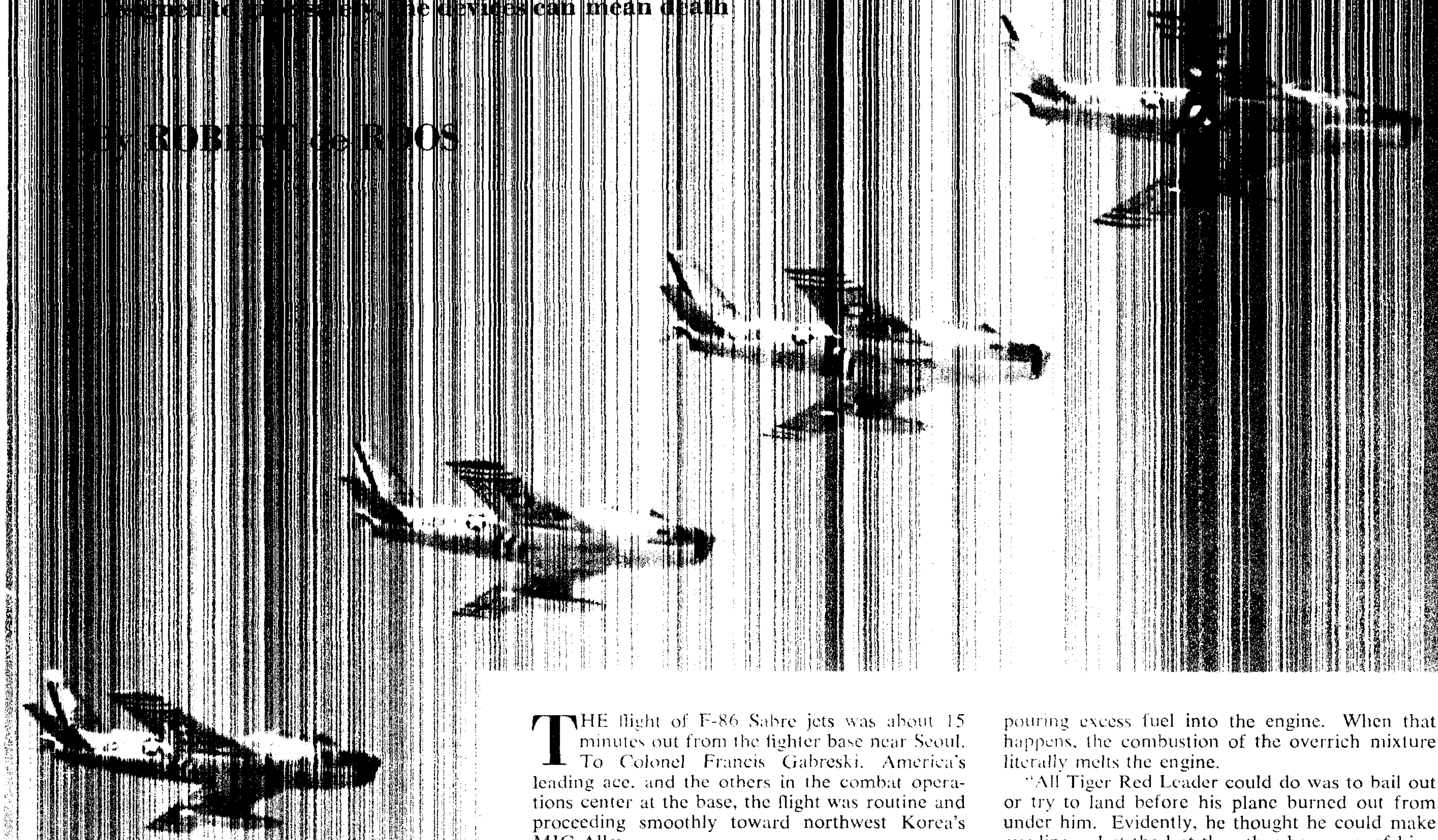
Collier's, March 21, 1953

Safety Gadgets—

DO THEY KILL OUR FIGHTER PILOTS?

[illegible] fliers are worried about increasing weight and number of gadgets in American combat planes. Designed to [illegible] safety, the devices can mean death

By ROBERT de ROOS



U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

THE flight of F-86 Sabre jets was about 15 minutes out from the fighter base near Seoul. To Colonel Francis Gabreski, America's leading ace, and the others in the combat operations center at the base, the flight was routine and proceeding smoothly toward northwest Korea's MIG Alley.

Suddenly the radio crackled. A pilot's voice filled the center:

"Tiger Red Leader to base . . . Tiger Red Leader to base . . . I've got bad trouble."

Tiger Red Leader was one of the best jet pilots in Korea. What could have gone wrong? No contact with the enemy had been reported. Then the radio told the story:

"Tiger Red Leader to base . . . I'm at 25,000 over Sinuiju . . . My engine quit and I have a fire in the tail section . . . I'm on fire . . . I'm burning up."

Gabreski knew what had happened. Describing the incident recently, he said, "Tiger Red Leader had forgotten to turn off his emergency fuel system after his take-off. The pump accidentally kicked on while the plane was in normal flight, pouring excess fuel into the engine. When that happens, the combustion of the overrich mixture literally melts the engine.

"All Tiger Red Leader could do was to bail out or try to land before his plane burned out from under him. Evidently, he thought he could make our lines—but the last the other boys saw of him, he was in a steep glide toward the sea in enemy territory.

"That night," Gabreski adds bitterly, "we chalked up another casualty—not to the Communists we are fighting but to an invisible enemy—the mechanical complexity of our planes."

Gabreski was voicing a complaint echoed by many other American fighter pilots who are carrying the fight to the enemy in Korea. Combat-hardened pilots are worried—almost frightened—by the tremendous load of gadgets being piled on our fighting planes.

They are worried not only for their own safety but for the future of American combat air power. The trend toward gadgetry, they feel, may weaken the whole United States' effort.

Their case against gadgets is not mere griping,

The pilots insist many gadgets are pretty but unnecessary. "A built-in bar would b

and they back up their complaints with these five arguments for simpler planes:

¶ Gadgets make the pilot's job more complicated. In combat the pilot's work should be made as simple as possible so he can concentrate on his main job—destruction of enemy aircraft.

¶ Gadgets add weight to a plane and thus reduce its climb, acceleration and maneuverability.

¶ Gadgets oblige the Air Force to spend more time and money on training pilots.

¶ Gadgets multiply the difficulty of training maintenance crews and tremendously increase the maintenance problem under combat conditions.

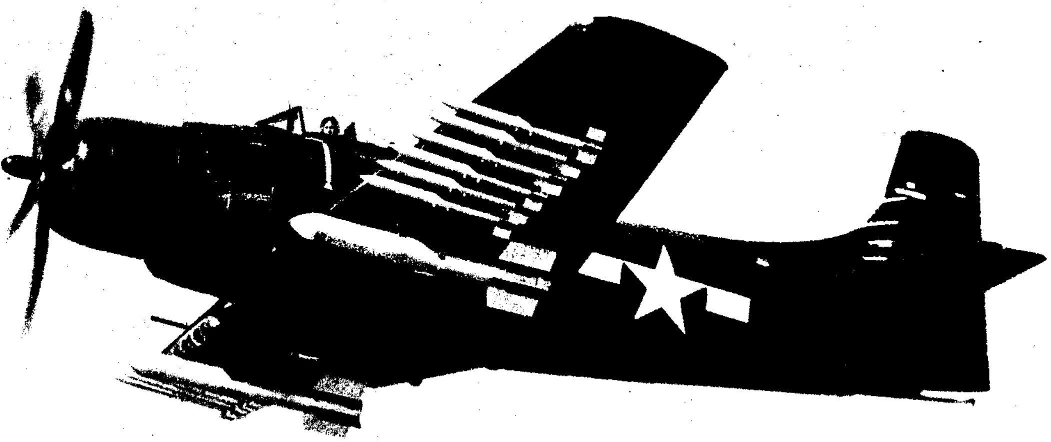
¶ Gadget-encrusted planes take longer to build. For the pilot, that means fewer planes on his team and, perhaps, less chance of survival. More important, it also may lengthen the odds on winning a war.

Almost without exception, combat pilots—the men who fly the hot jet jobs—want lighter, simpler fighter planes.

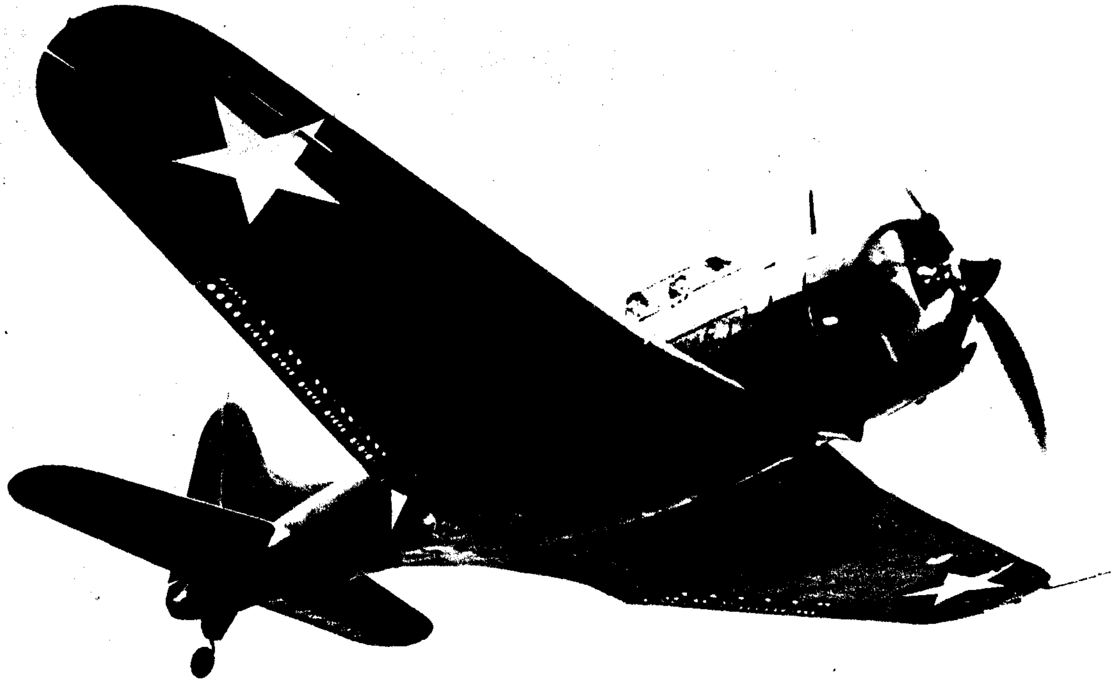
"If I had my choice between a heavy, sluggish plane equipped with all the existing gadgets and a light plane stripped down to its underwear, I'd take the light one," says a career Air Force captain who has flown 100 missions in Sabre jets.

"The big guys keep telling us we've got to have all these electronic devices and other stuff," adds a major from a Southern state, veteran of 100 missions in Korea. "They say that, in no time, we're going to be traveling 1,200 miles an hour at 70,000 feet. The trouble is that, meantime, we're still fighting MIGs in Korea."

Undeniably some special equipment is needed on today's fighting planes. Speed itself is a complicating factor. Two jet fighters approach head on at a speed of up to 2,000 feet a second—a mile every two and a half seconds. A pilot has only five or six seconds to aim his guns, fire and get out of the way—and he needs all the help he can get. The question is whether the gadgets on his plane help. Many of our pilots think some of the gadgets actually may be harmful. Plane makers are not to blame for all the gadgets loaded on their aircraft. They have only a limited say about the addition of special equipment. Procurement agencies of the armed forces specify the special gear. Like any other contractor, the plane maker for the armed forces merely gives the customer what he wants.



Modern Skyraider dive bomber has a 500-pound electrical system, weighs 22,000 pounds in all



World War II model, the Dauntless, had 175-pound electrical system, weighed 10,300 pounds

What the customer wants may not always be the best product. Listen to the testimony of two pilots who between them have flown 220 combat missions in Korea.

"Maybe you can win a war of slow attrition by using the heavier, more expensive plane," says a lieutenant colonel, "but I think you can win more quickly—and in the long run save more pilots' lives—by using a light high-performance fighter which can be produced in quantity and gains its victories through fighting performance rather than a number of complicated gadgets and security devices."

"The big problem," says a major, "is to get a good plane design past the Air Matériel Command. It almost seems the AMC automatically thinks a design is no good unless it is loaded down to the wheels with gadgets."

The F-86 Sabre jet is America's hottest fighter plane now in combat. Its enviable record against the Russian-built MIG-15 jet fighter in Korea is a tribute to Air Force battle tactics and the skill of American pilots. However, the MIG has a higher rate of climb and, at certain altitudes, more speed than the F-86.

"I don't know anyone who flew Sabres who doesn't think they were overloaded," says Captain Robert J. Love, of San Bernardino, California, a jet ace who is now a test pilot.

MIGs Make Faster Climbing Turns

Time after time when United States pilots have been in scoring position against Communist fighters, the speedy MIGs have made hard climbing turns and escaped the pursuing Sabres. Our pilots say the F-86 simply cannot keep up with the MIG on a climbing turn. That is one reason why they complain about the sluggishness of their aircraft and condemn the gadgetry which loads them down. And sometimes this sluggishness can be fatal.

"I was leading a flight of four F-86s in Korea," says a returned major, now an instructor, "when we ran into four MIGs at 40,000 feet.

"Both my boys and the MIGs strung out and began circling into combat. But I hadn't completed a 180-degree turn before I saw that the MIGs had gained 60 degrees on us and their lead man was almost in firing position on my Number 4 man.

"I said, 'Let's get out of here,' and we had to break off right then to get away. The fight hadn't lasted two minutes and we were licked."

This situation grows in part from our policy of designing fighters and other planes to carry the fight to enemy territory and to give the aircraft every device which might aid in getting them and their crews home after battle.

Clearly, if the battle is to be carried to the enemy, the planes must have great range. Great range means large fuel capacity, and fuel means weight. And if the pilot is to return victorious, the Air Force reasons, he must have every offensive and defensive gadget possible.

Combat pilots agree that gadgets make peacetime flying safer and more comfortable. But in combat, they say, a man's chances of killing the enemy and surviving depend on the tactics the Air Force taught him, his own skill and the fighting performance of his plane. Gadgets which do not boost performance should be thrown out.

"It's like having a pair of pink shoes in the closet," said one lieutenant. "They look pretty, but you don't use them very often."

"A lot of these gadgets are nice," a captain

pleasant, too," said one flier

51ST FTR GROUP
RADAR AND GUN SIGHT SHOP

U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

Gadgets in planes require larger maintenance installations. Here, Col. Francis Gabreski (rear) shows his former commander, General Matthew Ridgway, around fighter base in Korea

chipped in wryly. "A built-in bar would be pleasant, too."

J. H. (Dutch) Kindelberger, chairman of the board of North American Aviation, Inc., once described a plane as "something with 6,500 pieces of wire, each one of which joins a source of trouble with another potential source of trouble." Those potential sources of trouble have multiplied many times in the past few years. An F-86, for example, contains more than four miles of wire.

Furthermore, any mechanical or electronic gadget is likely to misfire part of the time. And the more gadgets a plane has, the more opportunities there are for gadget failure.

One jet accessory which seems unduly temperamental is the tail-pipe fire-warning light, which flashes red to warn the pilot his exhaust is on fire. The trouble is that the warning system is so sensitive it frequently signals a false alarm. Most pilots have learned to distrust the system and check their jet streams by other means. But some pilots may get panicky and bail out before investigating; it doesn't pay to play a waiting game in a flaming jet.

When Radar Gun Sights Didn't Work

Then there are the radar gun sights. Colonel Gabreski is only one of a number of pilots who complain about the fallibility of these devices. Gabreski tells of the day he was leading a flight of Sabres 26,000 feet above the Misu reservoir in North Korea.

"Far below," he says, "we spotted a lone Communist MIG-15 headed toward the Yalu River. I went into a dive to make a pass at him. I put on my automatic radar gun sight and fired several long bursts as I closed in.

"Nothing happened. That's when I realized my supposedly foolproof sight wasn't working properly.

"I reached down to switch the sight from automatic radar to the mechanical sight. And, in the instant it took to do that, I was practically on top of the MIG and had to pull up and roll on my back to avoid smacking him.

"He saw me whiz past, put his nose down and scooted for the Manchurian 'sanctuary' north of the Yalu River border, and we couldn't touch him."

Gabreski, who knocked down 31 enemy planes in World War II and at least six and one half in Korea, is one of the greatest shots in the Air Force. He doesn't like to miss "sure" kills. Neither do other American pilots.

"The intelligentsia of the Air Force say that if we'll just stay with the radar sight and learn to work it, it will perform miracles," says a major back from Korea. "Maybe they're right—theoretically—but the trouble is that us poor dopes who have to use the sight don't understand it. Neither the pilots nor the maintenance people are up to that sight."

"I don't know how much it weighs, but that radar sight is a mammoth thing, and we don't need it," says James L. Brooks, who flew 40 missions against MIGs in Korea as a captain in the Air Force and is now a North American production test pilot. "The sight we had in World War II is plenty good enough."

Another captain adds, "The sight is out of whack all the time. It's just too complicated for a rice-paddy war like Korea. I'd rather have a fast plane that would get in there close. Then you could use a piece of gum on the windshield for a sight and do all right."

Almost to a man, our pilots also would eliminate the bombing function of a day fighter such as the Sabre, and with it the additional gear necessary for bombing operations.

Many pilots would discard all armor plate. "If the Commies lob a .37-mm. shell into the cockpit," says Captain Love, "armor plates won't help. You're dead anyhow. By removing the armor, you'd save some weight and improve visibility at six o'clock—directly behind, where a MIG can get at you."

The pilots would also remove self-sealing fuel tanks, which they say are useless against direct hits from cannon fire anyway. They would substitute lighter and cheaper nylon bags.

Pilots likewise seem agreed that any automatic temperature-control system is just so much added cargo.

And they say the densitometer, the liquidometer and the fuel totalizer—gadgets which tell the density and amount of fuel aboard—all serve more or less the same purpose. They feel better design would eliminate the duplication.

Captain Love would like to see the cockpit cleaned up. "They've got a fine headrest in the F-86," he says. "The only trouble is, when you've got a back chute on, your head never gets within eight inches of the rest and it cuts down visibility at six o'clock.

"Then take the lighting system. Every dial is lighted individually with a ring light and special spotlights. Two fluorescent lights would do the whole job. It isn't the lights that cause trouble—it's the wiring, which adds weight, complicates the installation and demands maintenance.

"I'm convinced we could compete with the MIG at any altitude if we could clean up the F-86," he says. "The MIG has everything it has to have and nothing else. It doesn't even carry a battery." The MIG weighs about 11,000 pounds. A fully-loaded F-86 Sabre weighs 16,000 pounds—two and one half tons more than the MIG.

A War of Limousines Versus Hot Rods

The pilots' complaints are backed up by some solid engineering opinion. E. H. Heinemann, Chief Engineer of the El Segundo plant of The Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc., told the National Society of Professional Engineers:

"American military airplanes are, in general, the most complete and the best built in the world. Still in many cases they have contained so much equipment that their performance and availability have been reduced to a point where their primary purpose and tactical usefulness have suffered.

"We are fighting a war with limousines, whereas both World War II and the present Korean incident have shown that our enemies tend to employ stripped-down 'hot rods.' "

John K. Northrop, former president of Northrop Aircraft, Inc., and one of the foremost aircraft designers in the world, recently observed: ". . . we feel a perfectly good day fighter having a phenomenal rate of climb, supersonic speed and reasonable range and firepower could be built at a combat weight of approximately 10,000 pounds. On the other hand, if we carry all the electronic, radar and communications gear available for all-weather aircraft, plus the latest air-to-air missiles, and maintain the same high performance, the combat weight is likely to approach 70,000 pounds."

Is Complexity Carried to Extremes?

A certain amount of complexity in this electronic-jet-propelled-atomic age is inevitable. But few people outside the cockpit or the aircraft industry realize how far complexity has gone. The examples are startling.

Combat planes, in general, have more than doubled in weight since World War II. The radar equipment alone in the F3D Skyknight night fighter now being used by the Navy in Korea includes 400 vacuum tubes and weighs 1,100 pounds —one and a half times more than the Wright Brothers' whole first airplane (with a Wright aboard).

A typical World War II patrol bomber had 103 pounds of instruments. Its counterpart today carries 582 pounds.

To keep the cockpit and electronic gear in a modern fighter sufficiently cool at low altitudes the plane must carry enough equipment to condition five tons of air an hour—equivalent to a refrigeration system capable of making 176,000 ice cubes a day.

And, to keep the pilot and equipment warm at icy altitudes, the plane needs a heating system powerful enough to heat 30 six-room houses on a zero day!

A World War II Dauntless dive bomber weighed 10,300 pounds. Today's counterpart, the Skyraider, weighs 22,000 pounds. The instrument

JOHN FLOREA

Colonel Gabreski, who is leading U.S. ace, chats with pilots during tour of duty at Norton Air Force Base, Calif. Gabreski is one of many who contend planes are too gadget-filled

panel on the Dauntless weighed 51 pounds; on the Skyraider, 68 pounds. Some other notable weight increases: hydraulic system—Dauntless, 150 pounds, Skyraider, 500 pounds; armament system—Dauntless, 115 pounds, Skyraider, 600 pounds; electrical system—Dauntless, 175 pounds, Skyraider 500 pounds.

Warns Against Too-Heavy Planes

In the last 25 years, we have doubled the speed of our planes—but increased their weight 10 to 20 times. Ivan H. Driggs, director of the research division of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, told a gathering of engineers last year: "There is a tendency for the structural weight to increase out of all bounds. If this tendency continues, we will have the truly safe airplane; it will not fly."

Aeronautical engineers constantly grapple with a demon called the growth factor: for every pound of equipment you add to a basic airplane design, you must increase the over-all weight of the plane by an average of 10 pounds to maintain the designed performance level. Thus a 10-pound gadget means 100 pounds in additional fuel capacity, power plant and structural strength.

Couple this weight factor with the $40 a pound and up airplanes cost to build these days and the result is staggering.

Twenty years ago, $100,000,000 would buy 1,100 fighter planes. Today, with due allowances for the cost of living, that same amount buys fewer than 400 fighters. Twenty years ago, we could buy 400 bombers for $100,000,000. Today we get only 20.

Where does all the gadgetry originate? There seems to be a tendency in laying down specifications for a new plane to throw in all the refinements and equipment of previous models, plus a few new ones. (Thus automatic pilots, designed to relieve pilots on long flights, were specified for some jets which could fly a maximum of only three hours without refueling.) Even more gadgets are added as construction proceeds. And even after the first models of a new plane are completed, still more new gadgets are specified for later models.

Sometimes this compounding of gadgetry produces ludicrous results. For example, one plane has six compasses. Similar duplication has developed in other equipment.

Even granting that some gadgets may improve a plane's performance, production capacity and ease of maintenance would be equally important in the event of war. You could have a plane unbeatable in the air, but if you could not produce it in quantity or maintain it in flying condition, the enemy might overwhelm you.

Colonel Gabreski's wing in Korea had to have more than 2,000 men—with a payroll of $375,000 a month—to keep 48 F-86 Sabre jets flying. Seventy-six men were assigned to maintain the radar gun sights and other electronic equipment alone—and the F-86 is a relatively simple plane as compared with all-weather fighters. All-weather gun sights and other electronic equipment promise to multiply production and maintenance problems.

Sabre Compared With the Mustang

The North American P-51 Mustang, one of the best fighters developed by the United States in World War II, required approximately 48,000 hours of engineering time before the first plane took off. The North American people devoted 1,131,992 engineering hours to their first F-86D Sabre, an all-weather fighter plane. The bill for the electronic equipment alone in each F-86D runs over $90,000—roughly double the cost of a World War II Mustang.

They are, of course, vastly different airplanes. The F-86D all-weather fighter is a considerable hunk of machinery. It puts out 12,000 horsepower at full speed, which is 700 miles an hour. It packs the firepower of a destroyer—and can blast a destroyer to the bottom of the ocean. It has a fantastically complex sight designed to find a target plane 20 miles away at night or in a storm, guide the fighter to the target, fire its rockets and warn the pilot to pull out of a collision course.

While the clamor for lighter, simpler aircraft has reached a high pitch, some men in the industry believe that complex instruments and additional weight are inevitable.

"There is a fad right now to talk about simplicity and low cost," says Clarence (Kelly) Johnson, chief engineer of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, "and not a thing is going to happen except that planes are going to be bigger, more complicated and more expensive."

Express Faith in Automatic Sight

Ray H. Rice, engineering vice-president of North American Aviation, Inc., and Johnson agree that the solution is to make complexity work. "Take the gun sight," says Rice. "There are two things we can do: throw it out or make it work. We believe the average pilot will be more effective with the automatic sight than without it." The sight is not a North American product. It is produced by another manufacturer, as is most of the special equipment included in military planes.

Rice concedes that the removal of every device which does not increase the performance or safety of a plane and pilot is a step in the right direction. But sometimes it takes a long while to get a gadget off a plane once it has become an established fixture—even though it is no longer needed. A case in point is the emergency fuel system which Gabreski and other pilots condemn.

"The first jets did not have an emergency system and the aircraft industry (as distinct from engine manufacturers) screamed for one," says Rice. "Now, we believe the emergency system could come out. Jet engines have improved to a point where the system is no longer necessary."

His words are echoed by combat pilots. "You're supposed to switch the emergency system off when you get into the air," says a major, "but with all the things a pilot has to do, he occasionally forgets, and that can be—and has been—fatal."

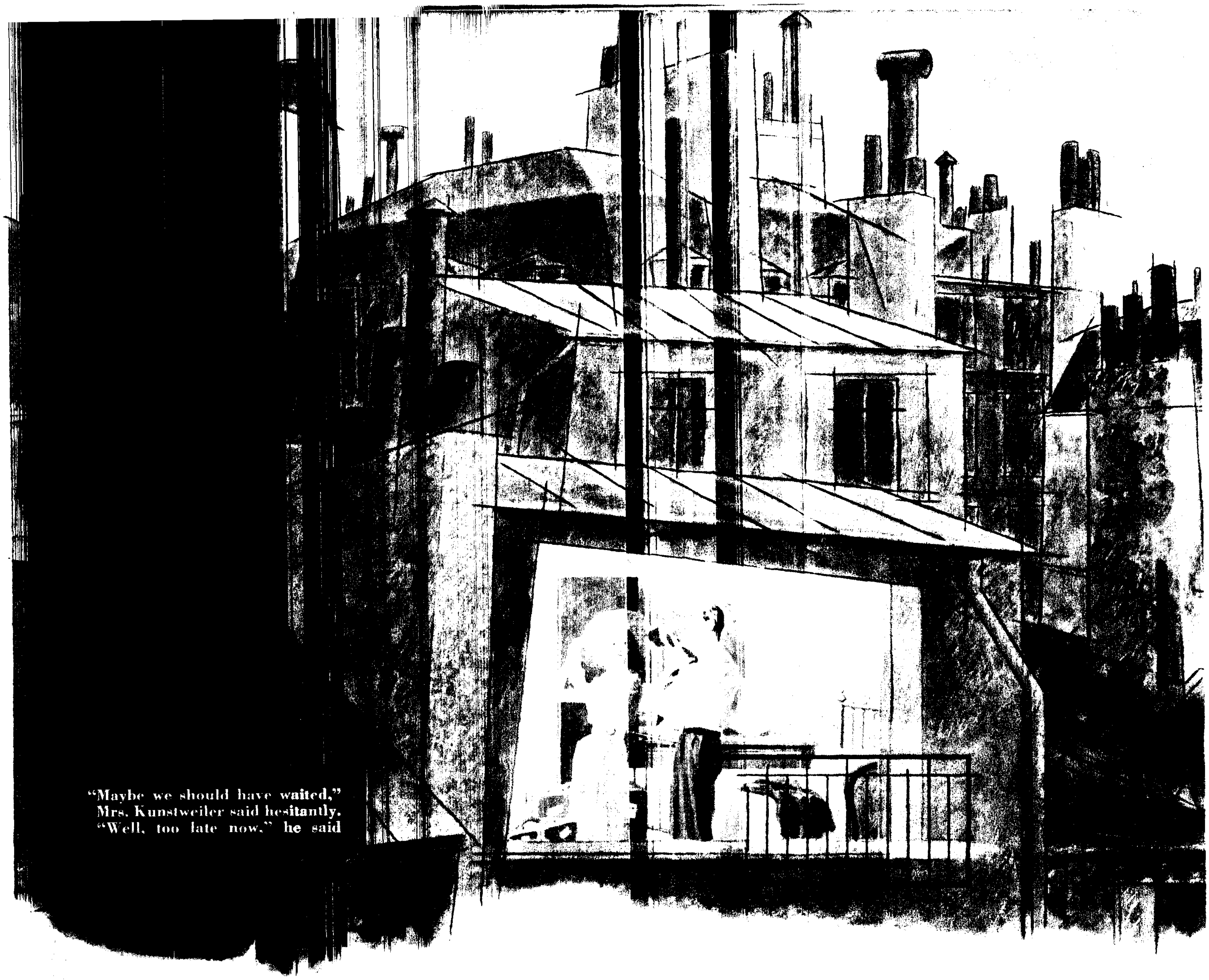
President Eisenhower touched the heart of the matter in 1948 when he was Chief of Staff. "A program for research and design of new equipment," he wrote, "is an obvious necessity, but simplicity should be stressed more than has been our practice in the past. We Americans are inclined to confuse the biggest, most complicated and most durable with the best; whereas in war the simple and expendable weapon may, in the light of time and production facilities, be the most satisfactory." In 1952, Eisenhower added: "I could write the same today."

General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, also recognizes the problem. He told the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences recently that weight reduction is "one type of improvement necessary for nearly all the thousands of items we carry in our combat planes." The urgency of the problem is underlined, he said, by the fact that we must "continue to meet and defeat the sparely equipped, lighter and more numerous aircraft of our enemies."

Many pilots and engineers feel that the present situation calls for a review and re-evaluation of all components of our aircraft to determine their actual value and necessity in terms of the specific mission each plane is to perform—a review in terms of last month's or last week's combat experience and this week's assessment of the future.

The complaints have already brought some action. In November it was reported that the Air Force and Navy were taking steps toward developing a stripped-down day fighter. Such a plane may be the supersonic gun platform the pilots demand, sheared of all electronic magic and gadgets.

As a man in the aircraft industry said recently, "It looks as though the fighter, at least, is on the way to becoming a hot rod instead of a plane with hot and cold running water." ▲▲▲



"Maybe we should have waited," Mrs. Kunstweiler said hesitantly. "Well, too late now," he said

Mr. and Mrs. Kunstweiler

The story of a wedding night in Paris in the spring

By PEGGY MANN

MR. KUNSTWEILER put the key in the door of *chambre* 39 and kicked it open with his foot. Then he bent to lift Mrs. Kunstweiler across the threshold. But although his wife weighed only one hundred and twelve pounds, he did not make a great success of carrying her and deposited her immediately upon the floor of the room.

"You almost dropped me," Mrs. Kunstweiler said, looking up at him. Then she added, "Darling." She seemed to be saying that all the time, for no particular reason. The word was simply there, always. Sometimes she said it out of a perfect silence: "Darling." At first Mr. Kunstweiler had answered, "Yes?" But now, when she said it, he only grinned. At times, when there weren't too many people around, he kissed her. "It's all right," Mrs. Kunstweiler used to reassure him (except, of course, she was Miss Gellini then); "it's Paris. People *do* it. They even kiss in the subway stations!" But Mr. Kunstweiler came from New England and could never quite get used to certain things.

Now, however, he knelt on one knee, put both his arms tightly around her, and kissed her until he lost his balance. Then he stood up and brushed off his trouser knee.

"They certainly don't keep this place very clean," he said. "Maybe we should have gone to a swankier hotel. For the beginning."

"I like it," Mrs. Kunstweiler said, getting to her feet. "It has atmosphere."

Standing up, close together like that, they were suddenly strangers. They smiled at each other, stiffly, as though they had just been introduced.

"Well," he said at last. "How does it feel to be Mrs. David Kunstweiler?"

"Fine," she said, looking back to see whether the skirt of her green dress was dirty from sitting on the floor. "Except I never thought I would be anything like that. I mean I never thought I would marry a man by the name of Kunstweiler."

He pulled at the knot in his necktie. "Well, what's in a name?" he said. He shrugged.

"Nothing," she said casually, brushing off the back of her skirt. "I just never thought I'd suddenly be called Mrs. Kunstweiler, that's all."

"When you thought about marrying me," he said, "didn't you say the name over and over? Rita Kunstweiler. Rita Kunstweiler."

"No," she said.

He started to take off his tie. "Oh," he said. "I thought all girls did that with the names of the men they were going to marry."

Mrs. Kunstweiler looked in the mirror and readjusted her orange straw hat with the three yellow roses. She patted her freshly waved hair. "When I was in high school," she said, "there was a boy named Sam

(Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

How I Became a GOLF

Our No. 1 amateur, who plays only twice a week himself, offers the week-end golf

By JACK WESTLAND with DUGAL O'LIAM

WIDE WORLD

Author Jack Westland and wife happily hold National Amateur trophy he won last August

I WAS two up on the 34th hole. My ball lay less than five feet from the pin. When I squatted to sight the putt, the hole seemed to shrink to the size of an eggcup. Then, as I kept my eyes glued upon it, the opening grew larger. When *it* looked about the diameter of a man's hat, I took my customary stance, feet even and slightly apart, and stroked the ball easily.

I knew in that split second last August when blade met ball that the shot would roll true and that more than two decades of frustration would be over. Newsreel movies I saw later show me throwing my cap wildly into the air.

My wife, Marcia, who refuses to watch a match for fear of jinxing me, came running out of the clubhouse at the Seattle Country Club and almost strangled me with a hug. Everybody seemed to want to thump me on the back. At the age of forty-seven, I had achieved one great dream of almost every golfer: I was the National Amateur Golf champion.

I *almost* won it twenty-one years ago, finishing second to Francis Ouimet. He was thirty-eight when he took the championship, so sports writers called him Pop.

Since I am nine years older now than he was then, and by far the oldest person ever to win the crown, they call me Grandpappy Jack, or the Wheelchair Champion.

The nicknames are all right with me. I can afford a few ribs among the cheers because I'm certain that I am getting as big a kick out of holding the championship as any of the youngsters before me. More important, I have proved what I've always believed: that businessmen golfers can win major titles—even when they are past forty.

Don't get me wrong. Nobody is going to win an important golf championship without plenty of tournament experience. I wasn't totally unknown in golfing circles when I entered last year's National Amateur play. In addition to being runner-up to Ouimet in 1931, I had won a few sectional championships before, and have won some since. I play in two tournaments yearly in the Pacific Northwest, and have twice (1932 and 1934) been a member of the United States Walker Cup team which plays the leading British amateurs. In keeping with tradition, I as champion will probably again be a Walker Cupper this summer, despite the new demands on my time created by my election as a Republican Representative to Congress last November.

An Ordinary Businessman Golfer

But I don't feel that tournament experience erases my qualifications as a businessman golfer. Before my election, I was a year-round insurance broker in Everett, Washington. Like millions of other Americans of all ages who regard golf as a hobby and not a vocation, I am able to get out on the links only about twice a week. I'm of average build and never have been considered an outstanding athlete. I managed to win my high-school letter for basketball, but in three years of trying was never able to make the cage squad at the University of Washington. I have no special training routine. I eat what I like and for years my weight has remained within ounces of 150 pounds. In background and appearance, I'm probably pretty much like one of the members of your neighborhood foursome.

How, then, does a part-time golfer develop his shots so that he can win one of the most important championships in the world?

Since I am not a professional, I don't pretend to know all the answers. But for what it's worth, here is how I play the game and what I have learned in the course of reaching my tournament goal.

I first took up golf at the age of twelve with my dad as teacher. He was an eight-handicap man with a perfectly relaxed swing and a strictly-for-fun attitude on the course. I copied his game and outlook because it was basically sound, and I haven't changed my way of playing since.

My father used to insist quietly: "Keep your swing simple. The machine that has the fewest moving parts gets out of order the least." I have never forgotten his advice. In fact, I have followed it so well that I once heard a disgruntled opponent mutter that if my golf were any simpler it would be feeble-minded.

Dad's game involved complete indifference to the other fellow's distance and painstaking attention to the way his own ball would go. It also called for a leisurely backswing—I was taking it a little too leisurely, I learned some 30 years later—and the avoidance of an exaggerated wrist snap which would introduce an unnecessary possibility of error. It was from my dad, too, that I learned to appreciate the fact that while golf is not an easy game, it is a game of ease. My failure for a time to observe some of Dad's maxims almost proved my undoing in the final round of the National Amateur.

My opponent—twenty-three-year-old Al Mengert, of Spokane, Washington—and I were all even going to the 27th hole. Then Mengert hit a 270-yard drive and followed it with a pretty 221-yard three-wood shot that rolled to within 12 feet of the pin. Now I had to lay a 40-yard chip well up on the green or fall behind.

The wedge felt like a hoe in my hand. My mind, instead of being on the ball in front of me, was on Mengert's up there by the pin. So I half hit my ball and it barely trickled onto the green. When I was short with my approach shot and Mengert hit his right up to the cup, I went one down.

Just an hour before, it had seemed I had the championship in the bag. Now I could hear spectators murmuring, "Too bad, but you don't figure to win these things after forty." I took stock. I was shocked to realize that during the course of the match I had grown tense and was starting to baby my shots. Then I had a good laugh at Westland, the unswerving apostle of relaxation, being caught tightening up. The laugh was just what I needed. By reverting to my own simple, easy game, I steadied down and managed to win four of the next seven holes and the title.

I'm sure that Mengert's mental attitude had something to do with my victory. He couldn't help but feel a bit sorry for the old gaffer who was trying to match strokes with him at the end of a grueling tournament. I can understand from bitter personal experience how he must have felt. Hundreds of people have asked me how I happened to lose to Ouimet in 1931. The answers are: (1) he was a better golfer, and (2) at twenty-six I was so sure I could beat any doddering thirty-eight-year-old alive that I got careless. Ouimet had been my golfing hero, and I felt sorry for him. He repaid my sympathy by whipping me good—six up and five to go, to be specific.

I mention mental attitude because I believe it is important in determining whether or not Mr. Average Golfer can ever be greeted with a "Hi, champ!" before he retires. Worry and envy, especially, are stroke-raising foes.

Your Game Shouldn't Cost Too Much

It seems to me that the simpler and less expensive a man's golf, the fewer his worries on the links and the better his tournament chances. Professional teaching is valuable, but weekly lessons to correct shots cost money. So do a new putter every six weeks and four or five rounds of play and practice weekly. The player who adopts this sort of schedule begins to worry subconsciously about costs. His worries often destroy the value of the lessons; in the end, his money is gone, but the slice remains. Soon he starts pressing. Instead of mastering golf, the game masters him.

To avoid such crises, the player can save his finances and better his game by acknowledging his limitations. He should never allow vanity to trick him into using a club that won't give him enough distance for the shot at hand. "When in doubt, use the longer club," is a simple but effective rule to follow.

The grim counsel a grizzled caddy gave me at

CHAMP at 47

guide to success on the links

famous St. Andrews in Scotland 20 years ago helped teach this lesson to me. I had a shot of approximately 170 yards to the green and asked for a five iron. When he handed me a four, I protested.

"Tyke the cloob ye con use, mon," he growled, and I rather reluctantly took the four. I hit the green nicely and when I dropped my putt for a birdie, my adviser eyed me triumphantly and said:

"Ye be a guid poot'r'r', lad. So fair'r'r'st let me get ye on the gr'r'reen and ther'r're ye con do ve'r'r'r ain poot'n."

Envy is bad for everyone, but for a golfer it is plain poison. No short hitter, for example, should ever feel envious when he sees a long hitter. By feeling sorry for himself, he loses his good form and concentration, and with it the compensating element of accurate direction.

Golf Balls Made for Power Hitters

Envy often shows up when it comes time to buy equipment. There are certain golf balls I don't think the average golfer should use. Usually they have something like "For Long Hitters" or "Championship Players Only" stamped into the cover. The balls are so tightly wound that only maximum impact can bring out their distance potential. They are strictly for long hitters who overpower, rather than stroke, the ball.

I, for one, use a ball in the same price bracket, but more loosely wound. And I have found that the average player will get more yardage out of this type than out of the tempting high-compression ball.

The strangest case of golfing envy I ever encountered came during my World War II service as a reserve officer in the Navy. Our carrier, the Independence, often refueled at sea from tankers lying some 50 yards off. To get the fuel hose to the tanker we used a sawed-off rifle to fire a large, needlelike instrument that had a light line strung through its eye. When the line dropped on the tanker's deck it was used to haul in progressively larger lines until the fuel hose could be dragged aboard.

Our line-thrower was a salty, Regular Navy chief petty officer. Once, when he was having unusual difficulty in reaching a tanker, I muttered that he should try a six iron. He heard me and grumbled something about putting up or shutting up.

A few days later I was told the captain might want to try my idea. To be prepared, I screwed small, swivel eyes into half a dozen golf balls and secured light lines to them. Sure enough the order came: "Lieutenant Commander Westland, report with line-throwing gear."

The chief watched jealously as I teed up a ball on a cocoa mat. My shot easily carried to the tanker and the line fluttered onto the deck. For a moment the chief stared at the line, then at me,

National Amateur golf champion Westland, now a U.S. Representative from Washington State, practices his putting on a Washington, D.C., green. At his request, Collier's check for his story was sent to Everett Junior College

GEORGE TAMES

"It's never too late to improve. I added yardage to my drives when I was 45"

with a terrible hurt in his eyes. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders and croaked: "Well, there you are. That's the blankety-blank Reserve Navy for you."

So far as the actual golf shots are concerned, I have learned through the years never to tamper with the fundamentals of the game. There is only one sound golf swing—the one that is firm and fully controlled over every inch of its arc.

For wood shots, I address the ball at club's length in front of my left instep, then work back for the iron shots. When I get to the chips, I should be hitting the ball just a shade off center toward my right foot.

I always bring my club up easily on the backswing, maintaining an unwavering arc until I reach the top. At the peak of the backswing, my hands are slightly above my right shoulder for wood shots, dropping down through the irons to a point just below the hip for the short chips. I always try to avoid hitching or looping at the top of the swing. On the downswing, I start slowly, allowing the club head to pick up speed until it reaches a maximum at impact. I avoid freezing to the shaft (gripping it too tight) and try never to apply any sudden pressure. My object is to allow the natural snap of wrist and body pivot to furnish the power. In other words, I am out to let the club do the work.

Advice on the Follow-Through

My right heel doesn't come up until after I hit the ball. Then my left knee breaks in slightly, but my left leg remains straight, although not stiff. Above all else, I make sure to follow through. By relaxing and letting the weight of the club take care of the length of the forward swing, the follow-through comes naturally. I have thus saved many a poorly hit shot, and so has just about every other golfer.

Although I am the National Amateur champion, I'm the first to realize that I am not a terribly long hitter. Therefore, I think the following list of distances I expect to get from my irons should serve as a fair gauge for other businessmen players: No. 2 iron, 185 to 200 yards; No. 3, 170 to 185 yards; No. 4, 160 to 170 yards; No. 5, 150 to 160 yards; No. 6, 140 to 150 yards; No. 7, 130 to 140 yards; No. 8, 115 to 130 yards; and No. 9, up to 115 yards.

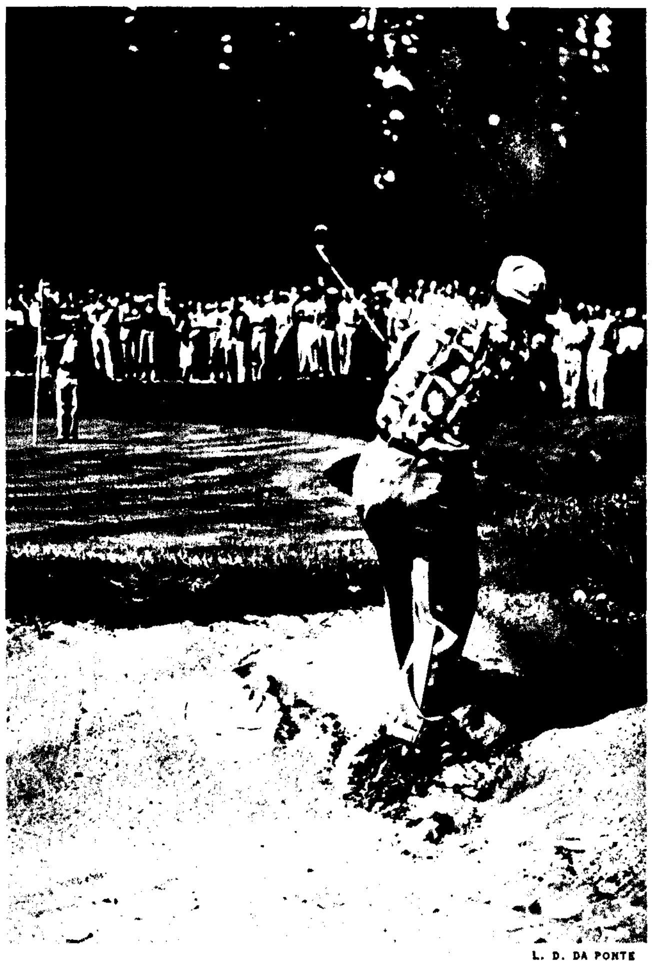
So far as other clubs are concerned, I use the wedge in traps and for approaches up to 90 yards. I'll pick out the two wood for fairway shots from 225 yards and up, and a three wood for shots of from 200 to 225 yards. I will use the four wood for the same distances as the three, but only when there is a considerable loft needed either to clear obstructions or to hold a closely guarded green. I find loft shots dangerous and avoid them whenever possible.

In putting, I think it is most important to take a comfortable stance. In my case—as I mentioned earlier in describing the climactic 34th-hole putt—I keep my feet even and slightly apart with my toes parallel to an imaginary line drawn directly through the center of the cup and the center of the ball. I set the putter blade so that it bisects the imaginary line at right angles. Then I bring the putter back slowly—no more than six inches—and stroke the ball so that my putter follows all the way through along the line to the cup.

Observance of the fundamentals does not at all mean that you can't improve your game. Two years ago I found I could raise my hands about 12 inches higher on my backswing without losing control on my tee shots. The extra foot of downswing enabled me to develop a greater arc and added ten to 15 yards to my old 220- to 235-yard drives.

Did these extra yards I gained at the advanced age of forty-five make the difference in my finally winning the National Amateur? I believe they did, mainly because the added distance cost me nothing in accuracy. It also helped me in another respect. Over the years, I have lost a lot of holes because I do not play a two iron particularly well. It is the only club in the bag that I use without full confidence, and the only one for which I ever have compromised my swing. My extra yardage off the tee now has substantially reduced the number of times I have to call on a two iron.

While it's my belief that anyone who gets too involved in strategy is liable to think himself right out of most tournaments, there are some tactical points I have found it wise to remember. It's a solid golf maxim, for example, never to try a shot that could leave a player worse off than he was before hitting it. I think trick shots have a tendency to do just that.


L. D. DA PONTE

Westland blasts out of trap to within three feet of the pin in final round of National Amateur. He's oldest man ever to hold title

"There are no new shots in golf," my dad once said. "Every time you think you have found a new way to hit a golf ball, you have only found a new way to make a mistake."

His words make sense to me. If trick shots won golf matches, Joe Kirkwood, Sr., and Joe Ezar would have collected all the money on the professional circuit. Actually, they won few tournaments because, as trick-shot artists, they had found too many ways to make errors.

During a National Open tournament in the twenties, Bobby Jones happened to be in the gallery when Kirkwood was giving an exhibition. Joe hit a shot in which the ball landed 20 feet behind the point at which it had been hit. Jones applauded and Kirkwood said: "Like to have me teach you that one before tomorrow's round, Bob?"

"No, thanks," the little master answered. "I can't afford to know it."

Galleries, incidentally, should present no problem. I've found that the golfer who complains about people watching him is a golfer who has never learned to relax. Galleries are fundamentally like groups of picnickers out for a good time, and I believe they should have one. If an actor can remember his lines with an audience sometimes cheering and sometimes expressing less complimentary emotions, I think a golfer should be able to remember to keep his head down and follow through on his shots with a few spectators around.

So far as weather conditions are concerned, if the turf is wet I try to hit the ball a little more cleanly, thus avoiding deep divots and loss of power. When playing directly into the wind, I will take out the club one step longer than the one I ordinarily use for the distance—a five iron instead of a six, and so on. But that is about the only concession I will make to a breeze. The golf ball is so designed that when it is hit correctly, the spin in flight compensates for any cross winds.

I have also found that it does not pay to fret over golf layouts because they are all substantially alike. Occasionally, there will be unusual rolls, but one trip around the course should be enough for the average golfer to catalogue them. By and large, when shots are hit right, the rolls take care of themselves.

Above and beyond actual ability, it seems to me there is one other major prerequisite for the amateur golf champion; that is to be a true amateur, playing strictly for the love of the game. During the weeks preceding the 1952 title play at Seattle, I didn't increase my time for golf by a single hour. I did manage to get in one round over the championship course, 30 miles from my home, but this merely took the place of my usual week-end game at my home Everett Golf and Country Club. Did my limited practice hurt me? On the contrary, I feel that my infrequent play (Wednesdays and Saturdays, with no set starting time and no regular foursome) not only conserved my energy, but whetted my enthusiasm.

He Doesn't Need Memorable Shots

Recently, I was asked to describe some of my most memorable shots in 26 years of part-time tournament play. I found I could not list them because I simply do not make shots which stand out in my memory. When I win, I think it is because I play careful, pedestrian golf. When a shot is over I forget about it and concentrate on the next one. If I needed memorable shots to win a title, I think I still would be seeking the National championship.

Friends of mine selected a wedge recovery I made against Mengert in the morning round as the outstanding play of my matches. That shot seems to have saved a hole for me, although I don't remember much about it. All I know is that when the USGA asked me to donate a club to their golf house in New York, my friends insisted I give them that wedge. The title has cost me two clubs: President Eisenhower, a fine golfer, commandeered my putter.

As last year's tournament progressed, many friends whispered to me: "Jack, you have just got to come out on top, then you'll be a cinch to win the election." Without wishing to seem ungrateful to anyone who voted for me, I would like to feel that the results in the championship did not win me my Congressional seat.

What I'd like to believe is that my approach to golf helped win me the respect of the thousands I have played with over the years—and then their votes. In other words, a man should never pray for the strength to win a championship, but for the strength to be a champion.

Grandpappy Jack can think of no better advice to the millions of average golfers who are all potential successors to his title. ▲▲▲

It's a matter of opinion

Does the lion really rate the title "King of the Beasts"? He certainly looks the part. But in the opinion of many, an angry bull elephant is the toughest of them all. It's a matter of opinion . . .

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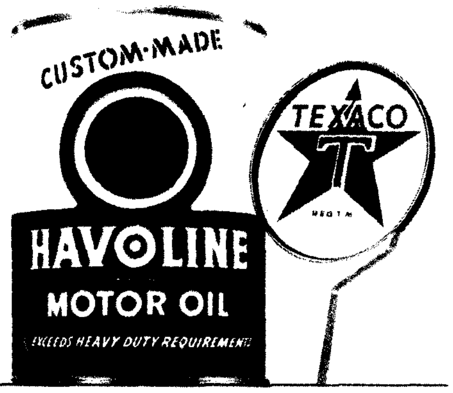

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LET'S END THE OMELET MYSTERY

By EVAN JONES

Having omelet trouble? Only a few easy tricks stand between you and success. Once you know them, it's simple as breaking an egg

EVER since chickens began producing eggs, people have been trying to make the perfect omelet. The results have varied from egg fooyoung, the Chinese version, to eggs à la inner tube, the harried amateur's almost inedible insult to the hen.

The omelets of otherwise good cooks frequently turn out half-done, half-raw—slimy in the center and wrinkled and dry outside. And that's a shame, because the omelet, whether disguised as a Western sandwich or served as a flaming dessert, is one of the world's most versatile and tasty dishes.

Omelets are so adaptable, in fact, that for more than ten years a petite New York woman named Romaine Champion has prospered with a mid-Manhattan restaurant—Madame Romaine de Lyon—in which she serves nothing else. Since before World War II, her customers have been gorging themselves on all kinds of omelets, from those embellished with chicken cooked in wine to some sweetened with toasted almonds, toasted brioche or even chocolate sauce.

Most of her recipes may be exotic, but Madame Romaine says her success is due mainly to her basic or unembellished omelet. And, she insists, there's no mystery about preparing it. "To make a flawless omelet," she says, "you need only to be quick and careful. Anyone who likes to cook can learn the skill."

Here is Madame Romaine's basic recipe:

Break two or three eggs into a bowl. Add ¼ to ⅜ teaspoon of salt, up to ⅛ teaspoon pepper and one tablespoon of water. While some cooks use a tablespoon of milk instead of water, Madame Romaine says milk is too heavy and the omelet is more apt to burn if it is used. Beat the mixture vigorously (Madame Romaine prefers to use a fork) for a few minutes to blend the egg yolks and whites thoroughly.

After the eggs and water are well mixed, put a seven- or eight-inch frying pan with slanted sides over medium high heat. Madame Romaine drops in a generous tablespoon of butter or other fat, letting it melt till it becomes brown and fragrant, but neither black nor burned, and makes sure the melted butter spreads all over the pan.

If you are following Madame Romaine, now is the time to work fast. Pour in the egg mixture, holding the pan in your left hand and a fork in your right. Tip the pan quickly so the eggs spread over the entire surface. Don't stir, but as the eggs cook use the fork to draw the edges toward the center of the pan, repeating this operation until all the uncooked part runs under the omelet. After not more than a minute, when the eggs are set but not dry, increase the heat for a second to give the bottom a golden toast color, then fold the left half over the right and slide the completed omelet onto a warm plate.

"I think the mistake most people make," Madame Romaine says, "is to take too much time folding the omelet. They forget the eggs are still cooking even though the pan may have been removed from the heat. Unless you get the omelet out of the pan quickly, you are likely to make it leathery by overcooking."

You'll probably make out better, too, if you cook small separate omelets, no matter how many people you're serving. The more eggs you use at one time, the bigger your pan must be. A big pan is not only awkward to handle, but it extends outside the area of your burner and cannot be heated evenly. In making the single omelets, use either two or three eggs, depending upon how hungry the diner may be.

One more tip: eggs should be at room temperature, so be sure to remove them from the refrigerator 30 to 45 minutes before starting your omelet. Madame Romaine insists that a sudden change of temperature affects the flavor of the eggs. "And," she says, "the natural taste of omelets can be as delicate and savory as the taste of a good wine."

But, unlike wines, the flavor of omelets can be enhanced even further through the addition of other ingredients as fillings. Once the basic recipe has been mastered, there is almost no limit to the possible combinations. The rules are simple.

First of all, fillings for omelets must be cooked in advance. What better way, then, to use up leftover meats and vegetables. A few pieces of chicken saved from a roast, sautéed mushrooms, the remains of a fish filet—almost any morsel can add zest to an omelet.

To make a chicken omelet, for example, follow the basic procedure in preparing the eggs. When the pan is hot add a little more butter than usual to ensure that the chicken will not stick to the pan. Put a tablespoon of chopped or creamed chicken into the pan just long enough to warm. Then add the eggs, proceeding as in the plain omelet. You can use the same process with a filling of any vegetable, meat or fish.

Fillings Shouldn't Melt Too Easily

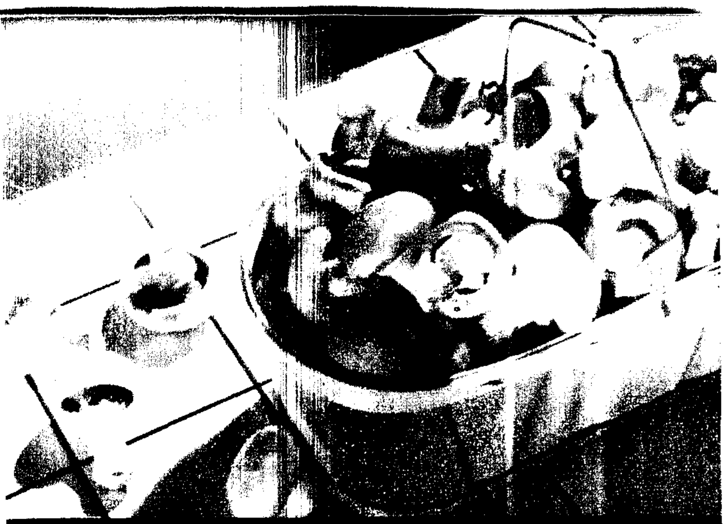
But for making a sweet omelet with, say jam, the filling goes in last. Start with the basic recipe, using sugar instead of salt and pepper, then top with a generous tablespoon of jam or preserves at the instant the omelet is ready to fold. According to Madame Romaine, jelly is not a practical filling because it begins to melt as soon as it touches the hot egg and turns into liquid before the omelet can be folded. As a matter of fact, she is wary of all fillings that may turn to liquid. She even makes sure that tomatoes are thoroughly drained of juice before she uses them.

As the child of a French gardener who later operated a restaurant in Lyon, Madame Romaine grew up in a typically thrifty French household. And she says that most of her imaginative creations have resulted from her inherited penchant for making glamorous use of leftovers.

"If we had some meat and potatoes or any kind of vegetable left from lunch, my mother threw eggs on top of them for our night meal," she explains. "That is how I learned to make omelets with vegetables, meat, fish and anything else handy."

From the simple omelets with which she started her little restaurant—ham, minced herbs, mushroom, cheese and tomato—Madame Romaine has built up her repertoire until very soon she will

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL



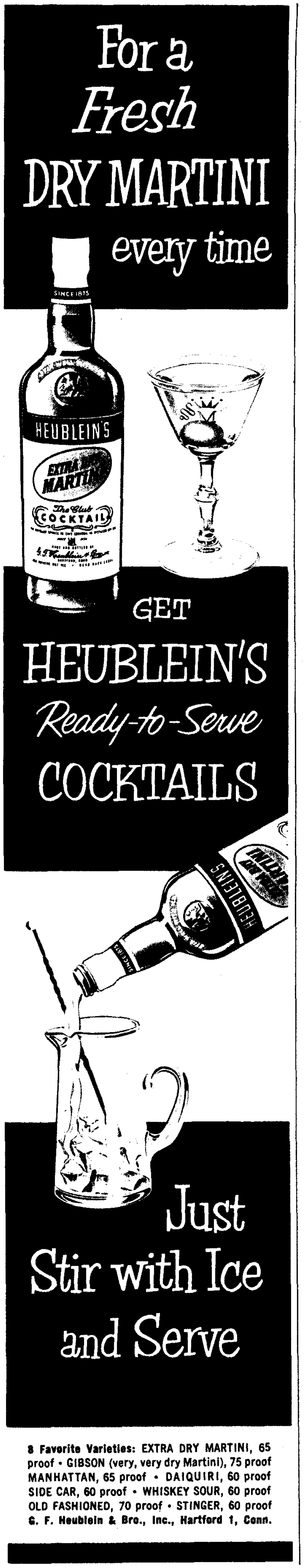
. . . WITH MUSHROOMS

. . . WITH TOMATOES

. . . WITH HAM

. . . WITH CHEESE ▲

. . . WITH HERBS ▼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In the Alps, they celebrate L'Omelette with a special holiday

have a distinctively different omelet for every day in the year, including more than 20 to be served as desserts.

She uses almost every imaginable combination of ingredients. An omelet she named for opera star Lily Pons has chicken livers, tomatoes, mushrooms and olives sautéed together. Her Escoffier omelet includes ham, pistachios, *pâté de foie gras,* sauce Madeira and a few pieces of chicken cooked in wine. Into her Bonaparte omelet go sautéed mushrooms, asparagus tips, diced bacon and garlic. An omelet she calls Bouquetière is built around string beans, carrots, peas, asparagus tips, chives and parsley.

She tries to tailor many of her specialties to the tastes of her distinguished customers. For example, she discovered that conductor Leopold Stokowski likes apricot preserves, so she made him a sweet omelet with the fruit as a center; he enjoyed it so much that he has returned frequently for seconds. Some years ago when Madame Romaine learned that Mistinguette, the French entertainer with the fabulous legs, was to visit her, she recalled the star's fondness for champagne. She thereupon devised an omelet of chicken, mushrooms, artichoke hearts, truffles, croutons—and champagne.

A Festival to the Spring Sun

With or without added attractions, the omelet has a firm place in world folklore. In the French Alps, villagers hold a spring celebration called the *Fête des Omelettes.* Similar to the gala Pancake Days celebrated in some English and American towns, the Alpine festival has become a free-for-all for omelet fanciers. But it originally was held to give thanks to the spring sun for returning after the long winter—and starting the hens to laying again.

Out of this mountain gratitude has come an egg dish to crown all egg dishes. Called *Omelette des Alpes,* the concoction requires 13 eggs. To make it, prepare a basic omelet of five eggs. While they're still cooking, spread over the center two finely chopped, hard-boiled eggs seasoned with salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne. Over the chopped eggs, put six poached eggs sprinkled with chopped or dried chervil. Fold the omelet over the eggs, place it on a hot platter, then sprinkle generously with grated cheese and put under the broiler until the cheese melts. It has an incomparably subtle flavor and is a tribute indeed to both the egg and the springtime sun.

In marked contrast to the 13-egg *Omelette des Alpes* is the *soufflé* omelet, a mixture of 95 per cent air and five per cent eggs. This recipe was invented almost 100 years ago on the French island of Mont-Saint-Michel by a thrifty cook known as La Mère Poulard. Mother Poulard, operating a restaurant for fishermen with healthy appetites, discovered that the more she beat the eggs for a conventional omelet, the more they increased in volume. So she beat even harder—and the result brought her lasting fame and still draws tourists to Mont-Saint-Michel.

Variously known as a fluffy omelet, a frothy omelet or *L'Omelette Poulard,* it is the only omelet which requires great dexterity and energy to make. The trick of beating it properly has been a challenge to cooks for decades. In fact, the process so fascinated a Norwegian king that he spent an afternoon with Mother Poulard trying unsuccessfully to emulate her skill.

Although travelers in France still rave over the Poulard froth, it is not what purists call a true omelet.

"It gives nothing to eat," asserts a French curé who has a reputation as an epicure. "When I want an omelet, I want something big and fat, something filling—like the potato omelets made by the farmers."

Perhaps most exciting of all to the imaginative cook is the flaming omelet served as dessert. Almost no salt is used and two teaspoons of fine sugar should be mixed with every three eggs, then more sugar sprinkled over the top of the finished product. Pour over the omelet a jigger of warm rum, light the liquor, and carry the dessert to the table in flaming triumph. The recipe can be varied by folding in strawberries soaked in rum.

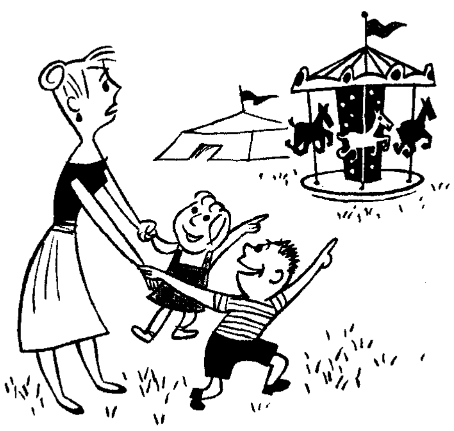
More Liqueurs Set Afire

Other *omelettes flambées* include the Royale, which has chestnuts and currant jam inside and flaming cognac outside; the Mephisto, with a macaroon center and kirsch afire, and the Symphonie Verte, a concoction of glazed fruit and green grapes covered with a flame of Pernod.

Covered in spurting fire or sizzling in butter, the omelet has been accurately described as "the triumph of the egg." Equally accurate is the pronouncement of an English author, Atherton Fleming. Fleming blasted all who contend that an omelet is difficult to make. All you need, he said, are a few eggs, a frying pan—and a little courage. "There are more wicked untruths told about the making of an omelet," he asserted, "than any other dish under the sun."

There may be differences in taste about the mixtures which can dress up an omelet, but simple experiment can lead you to scores of favorites—even inventions—of your own. And meantime, if you don't happen to have a couple of eggs handy, you can dream with the poet Thomas Hood of "a pleasant land where omelets grow on trees." ▲▲▲

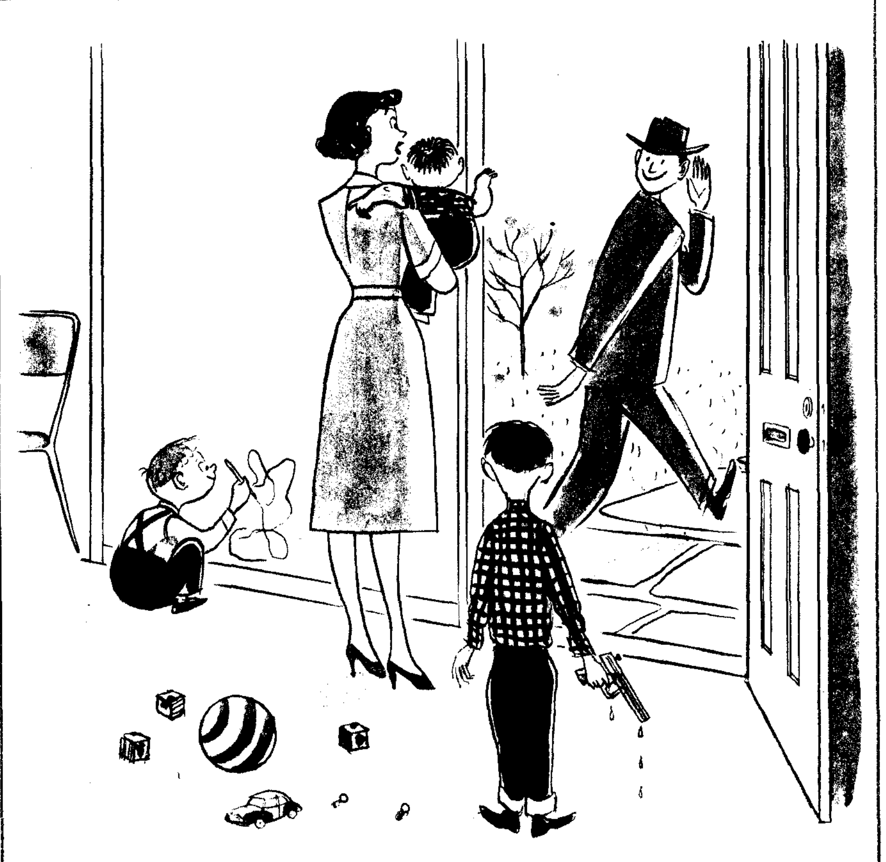
FRANK IRWIN



Vicious Circle

Our children love the carrousel,
Delighted by its merry rhythm.
But I'll be more delighted when
I'm not required to ride it with 'em.

—BETTY ISLER



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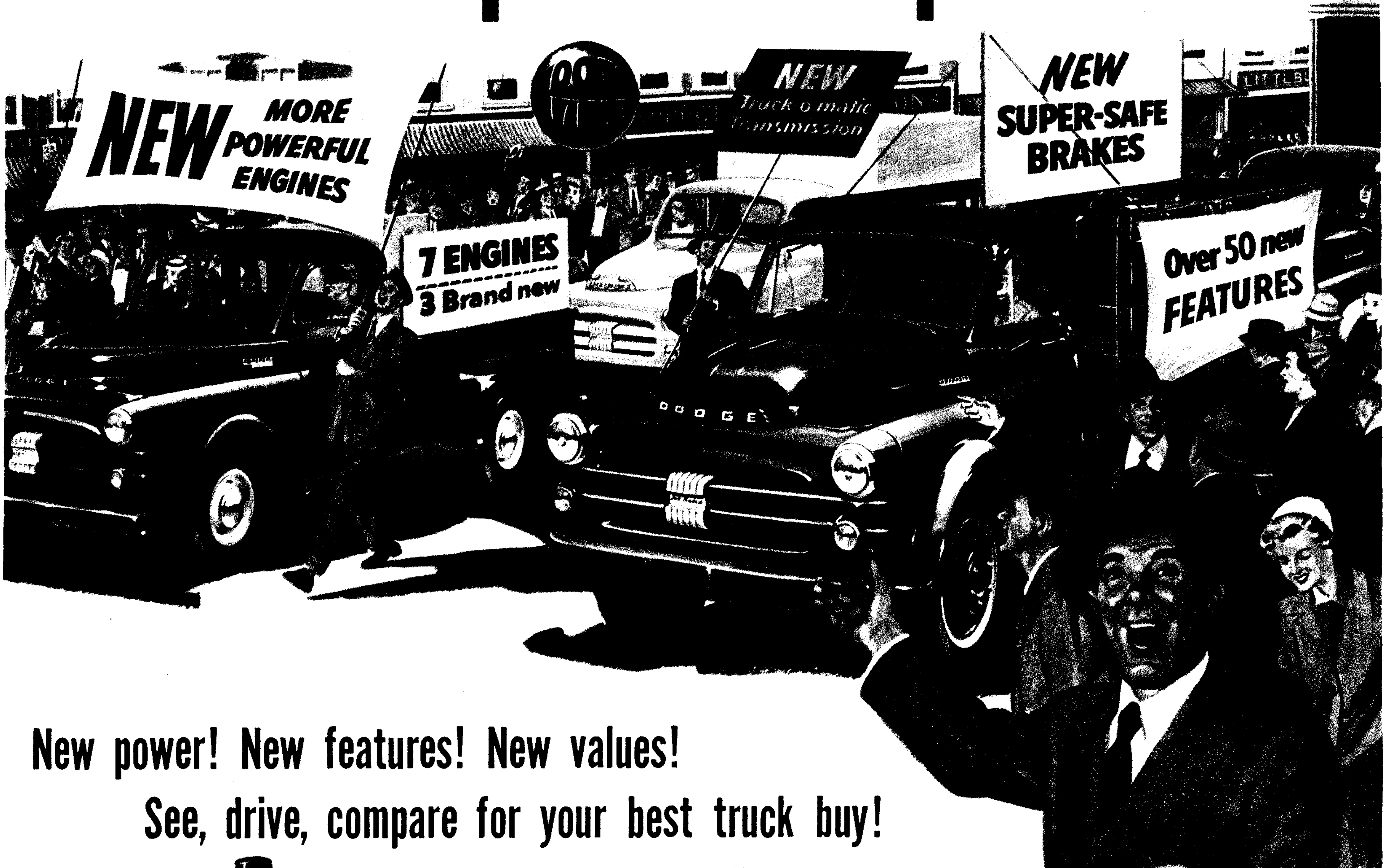

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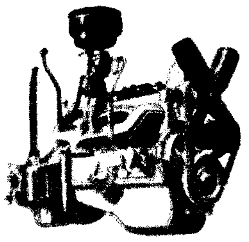

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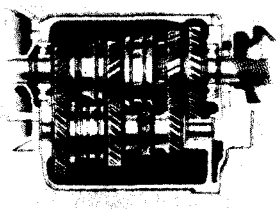

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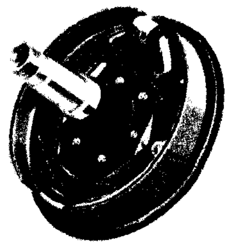

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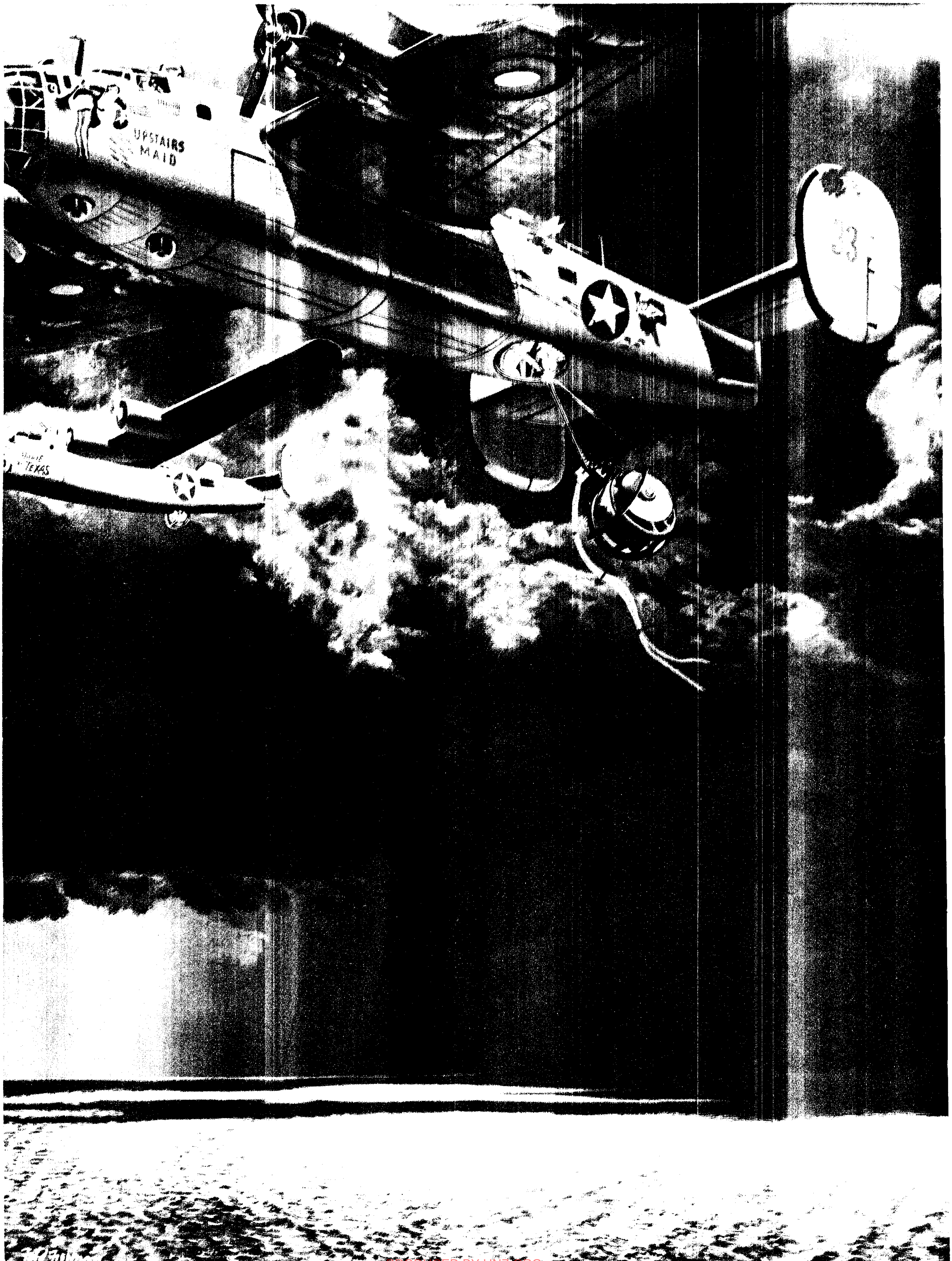
UPSTAIRS MAID
TEXAS
33

THE UPSTAIRS MAID

By HUGH FOSBURGH

Getting on target and dropping your bombs is only half of a combat mission. Then you've got to get your crippled aircraft home . . . A chapter from the forthcoming novel, View from the Air

THE crews of the B-24 squadron had flown through plenty of storm fronts, but this one was different. They could see it a hundred miles away, an ominous towering barrier, a surly, brooding monster, hulking there between Minto Reef and Truk.

Gibson, leading B Flight in the Upstairs Maid, pointed it out to his copilot, Homer. "It looks like we're in for a rough ride."

"It doesn't look too good." Homer studied the storm for a while. "Do you think we can make it?"

"It's up to Sig." Gibson gestured toward the CO's plane, up there in front.

Mike Luca called on the intercom from the bombardier's compartment. "Let's turn back. I forgot the picnic basket."

Chester Biggers, the navigator, was standing behind Gibson, listening. Gibson saw the look on Chester's face that he had noticed twice before in the last month—that loathsome pallid look of fear building up; fear that could burst suddenly into terror and go hog-wild.

"Have you got a return heading figured out, Chester?"

Chester hesitated.

"You'd better figure one," said Gibson. "We might get separated up there." He wished he had time to figure the heading himself, and then Sig was rocking his plane to signal the climb to bombing altitude. . . .

On these squadron raids, Tex MacColl, the leader of Flight C, had developed a fine defiant gesture. About an hour away from the target, he'd gain a thousand feet of altitude over the other planes, then station himself way out, a mile out, from the others. Then, when the squadron closed, Tex wouldn't budge. He'd wait till the other planes were in a tight formation, then he'd make his gesture. He'd come down and across in a swooping sideslip, gaining speed as he came; then he'd check his plane just under the formation, and rise majestically, easily, precisely into the lead position.

The others watched for his maneuver not merely because it was a pretty thing to see, but because they hoped for the one time Tex might make a mistake and disgrace himself; and maybe put a stop to the loudness and the swaggering and the meanness and the snickering that was Tex MacColl.

Tex didn't make the gesture today. He was up there in a position to, but the look of the storm ahead changed his mind. He came down even before Sig gave the signal to close up.

Tex was sore that he'd lost his nerve, so he took it out on his copilot, Lennie Combs. "Why do you sit there like a damn' scared rabbit?" he shouted.

Ollie Jansen, sitting beside Sig, pointed out the Marie of Texas. "MacColl's down early," he said.

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Sig glanced out the side window, smiled absently, and went back to studying the storm.

They couldn't go around it—it stretched north and south to the horizon. They couldn't go over it—the wall of cloud towered to thirty thousand feet or more. They could go under it, but that would mean going down to ten thousand, or lower, and you don't fly over Truk at ten thousand feet. Not in daylight, you don't.

They could turn back. "Ollie, do we turn back?" Sig asked, smiling a little.

Ollie returned the smile. "I don't rightly know. What do you think?"

Sig considered. "I think we've come a long ways to be turning back."

"Same here."

And then Sig was calling over the radio, "Close it up. Close it up. Don't you guys let me get lost in there."

The formation was closed up, tight as a brood of chicks, as it rumbled through the cloud fringe and went driving into the storm.

IT WASN'T going to be so bad after all, thought Gibson, and then the first downdraft gave the plane a clout that lurched him up off his seat and kept him off it, held by the safety belt, while the plane plummeted down, bucking crazily. When it hit bottom, he came jamming back to his seat, stunned for an instant, before he could take a new grip on the wheel and tense himself for the next one. He could just see the shape of Sig's plane out there as it plowed through the swirling murk; the rain was lashing at the windows in a torrent, and another draft slammed down like a pile driver. He fought the controls, but the plane heaved and quaked and pitched down, then caromed up again. He saw Sig's plane as it slashed into a dense cloud formation and was lost, and he thought it was gone, but in a moment the wing tip reappeared and slowly the whole plane swam back into view.

Homer was shouting in his ear. "We lost our wingman."

"To hell with him." To hell with everything but sticking to Sig and getting through this.

Then the rain stopped and an updraft smacked at the belly of the plane and drove it up like an elevator. The engines gasped and pounded and stuttered, and there was an awful moment when the plane mushed and hung—the life gone out of it—then broke in a screaming dive and was flying again. Sig's plane was still out there, a specter in the maelstrom, when snow came in a sudden, suffocating, driving blast, and Sig was swallowed up again. From out of this chaos came Sig's voice: "Spread out. Break it up. Every man for himself."

It was a lifetime—a lifetime at the will of this berserk colossus; a lifetime trapped in this airplane, this space-conquering mechanism, this pride of man's invention, this pretentious, frail, inane, pitiful device; a lifetime while it quaked and gasped and shuddered and staggered and fought to live; a lifetime awaiting the smash to oblivion.

It was perhaps eight minutes. And then the Upstairs Maid came groping from the nightmare into blessed, blinding sunlight.

Gibson was punch drunk. He looked groggily at the instrument panel. Slowly, with precision, not conscious he was doing it, he brought the plane to straight and level flight. He reset the tumbled gyro instruments. He noted the altimeter reading —they were down to sixteen thousand—and corrected to the proper heading for Truk.

He looked at Homer, and Homer was staring at him, dazed. For the first time, he looked out the window to scan the sky. There wasn't a plane in sight. He looked down. Below, straight below, was Truk.

Gibson said, "God Almighty," and wrenched the plane over on its side.

"You're over Truk," Mike yelled on the intercom.

Gibson said, "Don't I know it, brother?"

"Are you going to make a bomb run or do we get the hell out of here?" Mike yelled.

Gibson said, "We're here now. Pick out your target and make it snappy."

"Turn left twenty degrees and follow the P.D.I.," Mike said. The bomb doors came open, and Homer was pointing to a plane way out on the right, ahead of them, cutting across in front. "That's one of ours."

Gibson asked, "Who is it?" not caring.

Homer studied the plane. "It's MacColl. It's the Marie of Texas. There go his bombs." And Gibson looked up to see the bombs go cascading down.

Then the top-turret gunner was calling out fighters, lots of fighters, at one o'clock high, and all around, the antiaircraft popped into bloom. There was a smacking rip somewhere on the plane. Gibson said to Mike, "Make it snappy."

Mike said, "Follow the P.D.I."

There was another dull rip, and Chester Biggers, his navigator, was clutching Gibson by the shoulder and pointing wildly at the left wing. The nacelle of number-two engine was streaming with oil.

Gibson said to Mike, "Make it snappy. We're losing number two."

Mike said, "Steady on course."

THE top-turret gunner exploded a deafening burst, shell casings came clattering on the flight deck, a fighter whipped past the window. The tail gunner called, "Two fighters at six o'clock," and let go a burst; then the ball-turret gunner cut loose.

That red light on the panel started blinking. Mike shouted, "Bombs away. Drag your tail out of here."

Gibson swung left and slapped the number-two feathering button. Number-two propeller windmilled to a stop. Gibson juggled the trim tabs, and Homer closed off number two.

"Where's MacColl?" Gibson said.

Homer pointed. MacColl was way far ahead of them, steering toward the cloud belt. MacColl was high-tailing it out of here. Damn MacColl. Damn him, damn him to hell.

A fighter came down firing from six o'clock. Another came from high in front, gun smoke wisping behind.

Two came in from the left, together, and

Homer nestled the muzzle against the cable, and fired. The miracle didn't happen. The loathsome turret clung to the plane's body

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Homer said. "What's MacColl doing?"

MacColl was in a wide turn, back toward Truk.

Gibson said, "To hell with MacColl."

Every turret on the plane cut loose. Mike's .30-caliber was spitting like a cat as the fighters snarled in to finish the cripple. A shell smacked, exploded somewhere aft. Another splattered the nacelle out there on number four.

The waist gunner called, "I got that bastard."

Gibson said, "Get another."

The waist gunner called again: "Number four engine's on fire."

SOMETHING blew up, just behind Homer's armor plate. Homer said, "Wow," and grabbed at his arm.

Gibson was looking past Homer at number four, at the stream of fire. "That's bad," he said, and hit the number-four feathering button. Over the intercom, he called, "We're on two engines."

The radio was dead.

Number-four propeller wound down and died, and the fire went out. The rate-of-climb needle pointed down, way down.

Homer pointed to a dozen fighters clawing for altitude, getting set to come in.

Then Gibson was aware of Chester Biggers standing on his seat and clawing at the ceiling. He was trying to open the escape hatch.

Gibson shrieked at Homer, "Get him away from there."

Homer grappled Chester by the waist and tore him loose. Then Chester was standing between them, clutching at Gibson, imploring, sobbing. Gibson tried to push him away. He couldn't.

Homer drove his elbow into Chester's guts, and Chester sank to the floor.

Gibson yelled, "Get the home heading from him."

Homer shook his head. "He's nuts. He's no good for anything." Then, all of a sudden, he was pointing out the window past Gibson, shouting.

The Marie of Texas was riding their wing, serene as a floating gull, and every gunner on board was hammering at the Japs. . . .

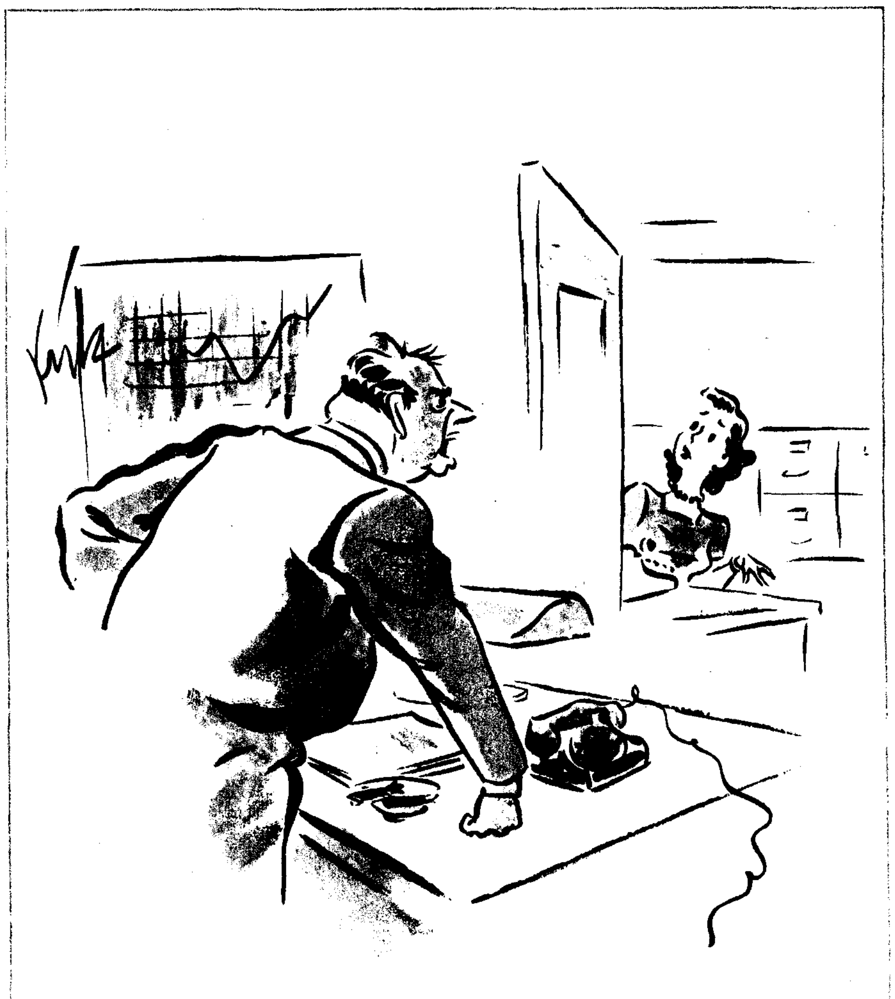
The Upstairs Maid staggered, an exhausted animal tearing herself from the clutches of the last pursuer.

Half-dead, sullen, defeated, the Upstairs Maid was ready to quit. She wanted nothing but to sink down on the ocean and sleep forever. Stubborn, listless, deaf to pleading and encouragement, she settled toward the water. The Marie of Texas hovered by her side, keeping silent watch, unable to commune or to help, a healthy, grieving companion on this forlorn journey to the grave.

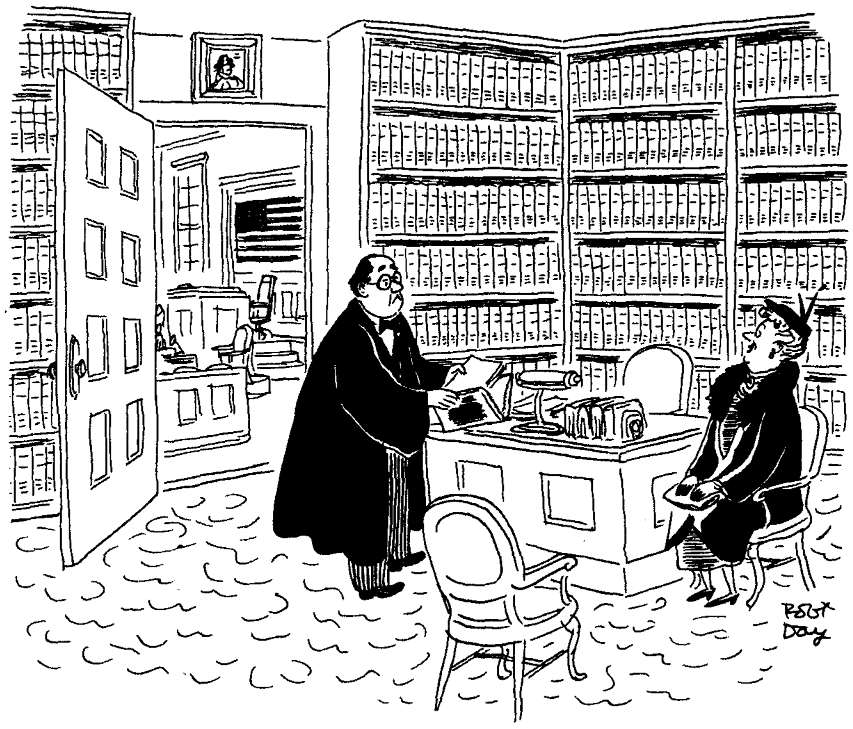
On board the Upstairs Maid, the crew labored with grim, ferocious energy to resuscitate her spirits, to instill again the will to live.

Gibson coaxed and wheedled the two remaining engines to exert themselves, to stay alive and not give up, and kept anxious scrutiny on their instruments for signs of relapse. Number one was a fine engine—a fine, brave engine that breathed with cool, vigorous life. But number three—for all its guts—was not so strong, not so dependable. Number three had a curious tendency to overheat—a malady that had always baffled and worried Tony Sulka, the crew chief—and now, under the increased exertion that was being demanded of it, the needle on the temperature gauge was creeping toward the red line. At any moment, number three might crack.

Gibson nursed his two engines with quiet, desperate zeal. Like a doctor administering patent remedies for a sickness beyond his comprehension, he tried an infinite variety of cures in an effort to find the magic formula that



COLLIER'S "I've got to call up my wife. Send my daughter a telegram to get off the phone" KIRK STILES



"Which of those books is the one that you throw at them, dear?"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

would lift the Upstairs Maid from her slump, that would sustain her in flight. He kept shifting the trim tabs, searching for the least resistance and the greatest lift. He tried cracking the flaps. Nothing worked. The rate-of-climb indicator, like a weakening pulse, pointed down, always down.

Throughout the plane, the rest of the crew worked with silent frenzy to strip away her impediments. Guns, ammunition, parachutes, radios—anything and everything that would ease the load of this sick and failing creature—were hurled from the waist windows. Like satanic vandals, they jimmied and wrenched and tore at the armor plate. With malicious humor they dragged out the bombsight—that priceless, treasured instrument of precision—and tossed it into the sea. But even then the burden was too much for the Upstairs Maid. Mauled, battered, maimed, too tired to care, she continued to sink.

So as a last resort they set to work cutting the ponderous ball turret loose from her belly. They hacked and slashed at the rivets and pried at the reinforcing braces, cursing the engineers who had devised this foul device. They assailed it with maniacal, sweat-drenched rage, and it resisted them and wouldn't let go. A huge, cancerous growth, it clung to the belly of the Upstairs Maid and dragged her down.

GIBSON was alone on the flight deck with Chester Biggers. Chester was slumped in his seat by the navigator's table. He hadn't moved since Homer had shoved him there to get him out of the way. Alternately he sobbed hysterically and talked to himself in a low, wailing monotone.

Gibson was building up a resentful, despairing anger. Rooted here to his seat, nursing the Upstairs Maid through the air, he watched the temperature gauge on number three seep past the red line, and watched the altimeter go relentlessly down. He was unable to do anything about it, and his anger built up slowly. He was angry at Chester Biggers sniveling there, angry at his crew for their ineffectual efforts to get rid of the ball turret (the damn' fools had been fiddling with it for over an hour now). But he was angry, most of all, at Tex MacColl.

Watching Tex MacColl over there in that plane of his, you'd think it was he who was getting set to ditch. You could see him sitting there in the cockpit, shouting and gesticulating at Lennie Coombs; then you could see him fumble with the radio switches, then hold his throat mike and start bellowing. You could almost hear him. Then he'd shout something to his radio operator, and the next thing you saw, the radio operator would be at the waist window, coding signals at Gibson with his blinker light, as if Gibson had nothing better to do than sit there and read them. Every now and then MacColl would crowd his plane in close and pantomime furiously at Gibson, trying to tell him something. That was the damnedest thing of all. Once, when MacColl did that, Gibson put his thumbs in his ears and waggled his hands like a mule, and MacColl didn't try it again.

If MacColl would just calm down out there and do the navigating, Gibson would tend to the rest.

Mike and Homer came up on the flight deck from the waist. They were somber. "How're we doing?" asked Mike.

"How're *you* doing is more to the point."

"We got it all cut away but the cable," said Homer. "She's hanging by the cable."

"What's the matter you can't cut it loose?"

"We ain't got nothing to pound it with. We threw everything out."

"You've got to get it out of there somehow." Gibson pointed to the altimeter. "We'll be ditching in another forty minutes."

"How?" asked Mike. "How we going to get it out?"

Gibson hesitated. "You throw all the guns out?" He knew damn' well they had.

Homer nodded.

"The pistols too?"

"Yop."

"Chester's too? I'll bet you didn't

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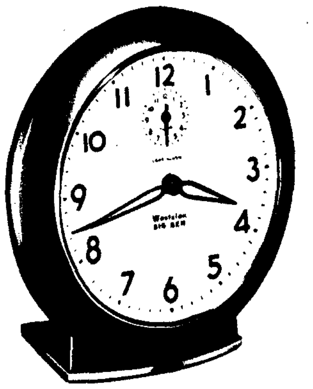

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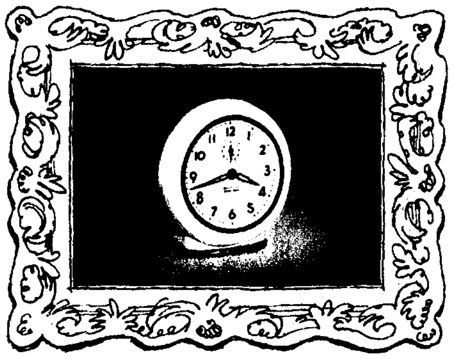

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get Chester's." Mike and Homer looked at Gibson, then at each other, then whirled on Chester.

"Gimme your gun," shouted Mike. Chester put his arms around his chest and cowered. "Gimme your gun. I'm not going to shoot you."

Chester didn't move. Mike hurled himself on Chester and pinned his arms back. Homer ripped open the flight jacket and snatched the pistol from the shoulder holster.

"What's the matter with you? Are you nuts?" Mike let go of Chester. "Do you want to get killed?"

Homer was examining the pistol clip. "Is this all the bullets you got, Chester?"

Chester didn't answer.

"Have you got another clip, Chester?" Mike gave Chester a vicious slap on the face. "Answer, damn it."

Chester shook his head. No.

Gibson whirled in his seat. "If you guys can't break that cable with eight bullets, you ought to be shot. Get going. Scram."

They scrammed, and Chester burst into tears.

HOMER held the gun almost against the cable. "Watch out now." He fired, wincing from the blast. Then he inspected the damage. "Cripes, all it did was bruise it some."

"Try it again," said Mike.

The second shot severed four of the wire strands. The third cut four more.

"You've got to do better than that," Mike said.

Homer put the muzzle right against the cable and fired, and fired again, and again, with exasperated, reckless impatience. The cable was battered and raveled, half shot away.

Homer glanced at Mike.

"Give it to her," said Mike.

Homer gave it to her, and some more strands burst away. He stood back, unwilling to use that last bullet. He held out the gun to Mike. "You want to try it?"

"Give it to her," said Mike.

Homer bit his tongue, nestled the muzzle against the cable, and fired. The miracle didn't happen; the cable didn't break. The loathsome turret clung to the plane's belly.

"I'm sorry, you guys," said Homer.

They gathered around the ball and stared at it. Each man groped in his pockets for the .45 bullets that weren't there. They stared at this impassive, deadly thing that had defeated them. They didn't even curse it.

It had been amusing itself, that turret—the way a stolid athlete derives amusement from letting the neighborhood kids pummel his chest until they're tired and knows for sure that nothing they can do will hurt him.

The turret was like that. Having proved its invulnerability, it tired of the amusement. While they watched, the cable frazzled apart, and the turret slipped without a sound into the abyss.

Mike Luca was the first to believe what had happened, and then, quickly, unknowing, he made the sign of the cross. . . .

Gibson had waited for the sound of the first shot. It was a long time in coming, and then it came—a muted thud. The second and third came at regular intervals, a pause, then three quickly, a pause before the next one, then a long wait.

He listened, holding his breath; then the eighth shot went off—and nothing happened. He was suddenly angry again, knowing it was irrational and petty, not caring.

That ended it. If those stupid jerks back there couldn't get rid of the turret that way, they wouldn't get rid of it at all. It was going to stay there, and nothing in God's world would keep them flying.

For the first time, he came face to face with the fact that they were beaten, they were going to ditch. A quick cold wave of panic went through him; then the tail of the plane gave a sudden lurch upward, like a kite cut loose.

He sat there, doubting, not daring to believe.

Homer and Mike clambered up on the flight deck, grinning like fools. "She's gone," shouted Homer. "We shot her loose."

Gibson tried not to laugh, and laughed.

"How're we doing?" asked Mike.

Gibson sobered. "It's too early to tell. Wait till the instruments settle down."

So they watched the instruments, knowing they had done all they could do, waiting to learn if it was enough, waiting to know if they could hope to live or expect to crash.

Presently, Gibson lighted a cigarette, his eyes still on the altimeter. Slowly, very precisely, he moved back the throttle of number three, reducing the manifold pressure an inch. He made a minute adjustment of the trim tabs, then eyed the altimeter warily. Suddenly he smacked Mike Luca in the belly. "Go tell the boys we're holding at thirty-one hundred." . . .

"You see this?" Gibson pointed to the temperature gauge on number three.

For the first time, Homer noticed that the needle was over the red line, way over.

"She's apt to quit any time," said Gibson.

Homer nodded.

"When she does quit, we'll go down like a rock."

"I know it."

"Not only that. When she quits we won't have any hydraulic pressure. No wheels, no flaps, no brakes."

"It'd be bad, all right."

"So right now, you go back and go through ditching procedure with the men. Make damn' sure they know what to do. Get it?"

Homer got out of his seat. "Yop."

"And when you've done that, you and Mike come back here. I want company."

"We'll be back." Homer tried to sound cheerful. He started to crawl down through the bomb bay.

"Hey, come back."

Homer came back.

"Get Chester out of here. Take him with you," said Gibson.

"Ain't he all right where he is?"

"No, he's not all right. Get him out of here. Right now."

"Okay, if you say so."

"I say so." As an afterthought, he said, "He makes me nervous."

SO THEN there was nothing to do but sit and sweat it out and try not to think, just sit there and contrive to get from one minute to the next.

"Get our ETA from Tex," Gibson told Homer.

Homer took up the blinker light, flickered it at the Marie of Texas until MacColl saw it, then coded—"ETA."

They watched MacColl go into a frenzy of activity, whirling around to shout at his navigator, gesticulating at Lennie Coombs, barking orders into his intercom. Then the radio operator was at the waist window, blinking the reply. "ETA 170 minutes."

Gibson figured it out. "We're about four hundred miles from home."

"That ain't bad," said Homer. "We're doing fine."

Gibson was writing. "Code him this," he said. "Number three bad. May ditch. Call flying boat."

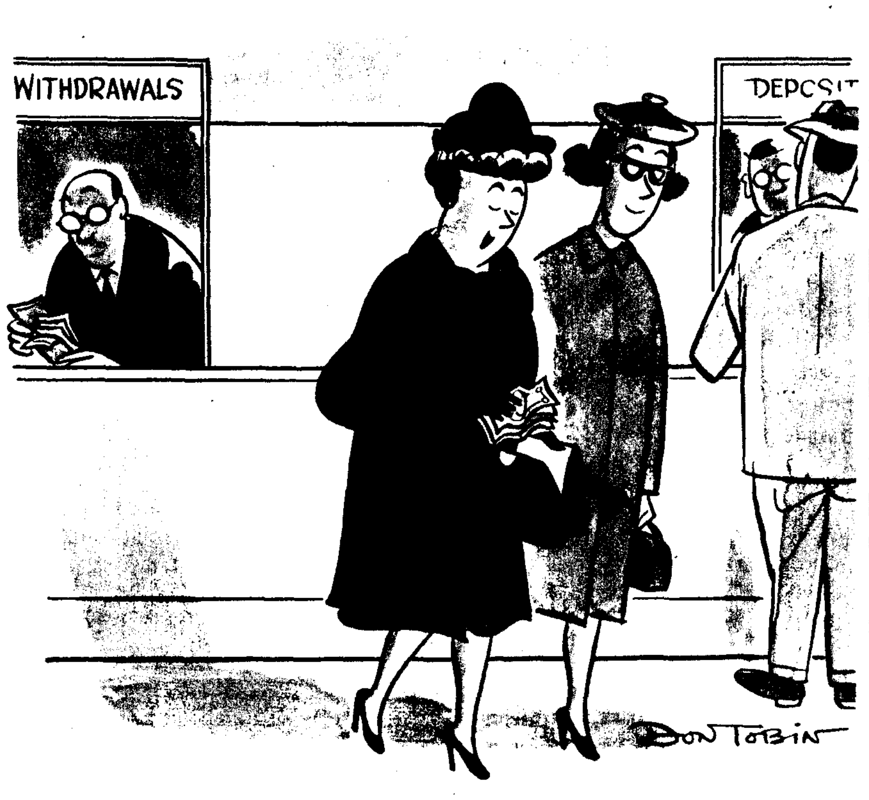
Homer blinkered it out. MacColl started gesticulating again. Mike was scornful. "He's going to have a baby if he doesn't watch out."

The answer came back. "Flying boat on way."

"That's one thing useful he thought of," admitted Mike.

Tex's radio operator started blinking again, and Homer wrote it down. "Cut back number three."

Gibson was grim. "That's a beauti-



COLLIER'S **"Thank goodness I got it out before all those checks I wrote came in"** DON TOBIN

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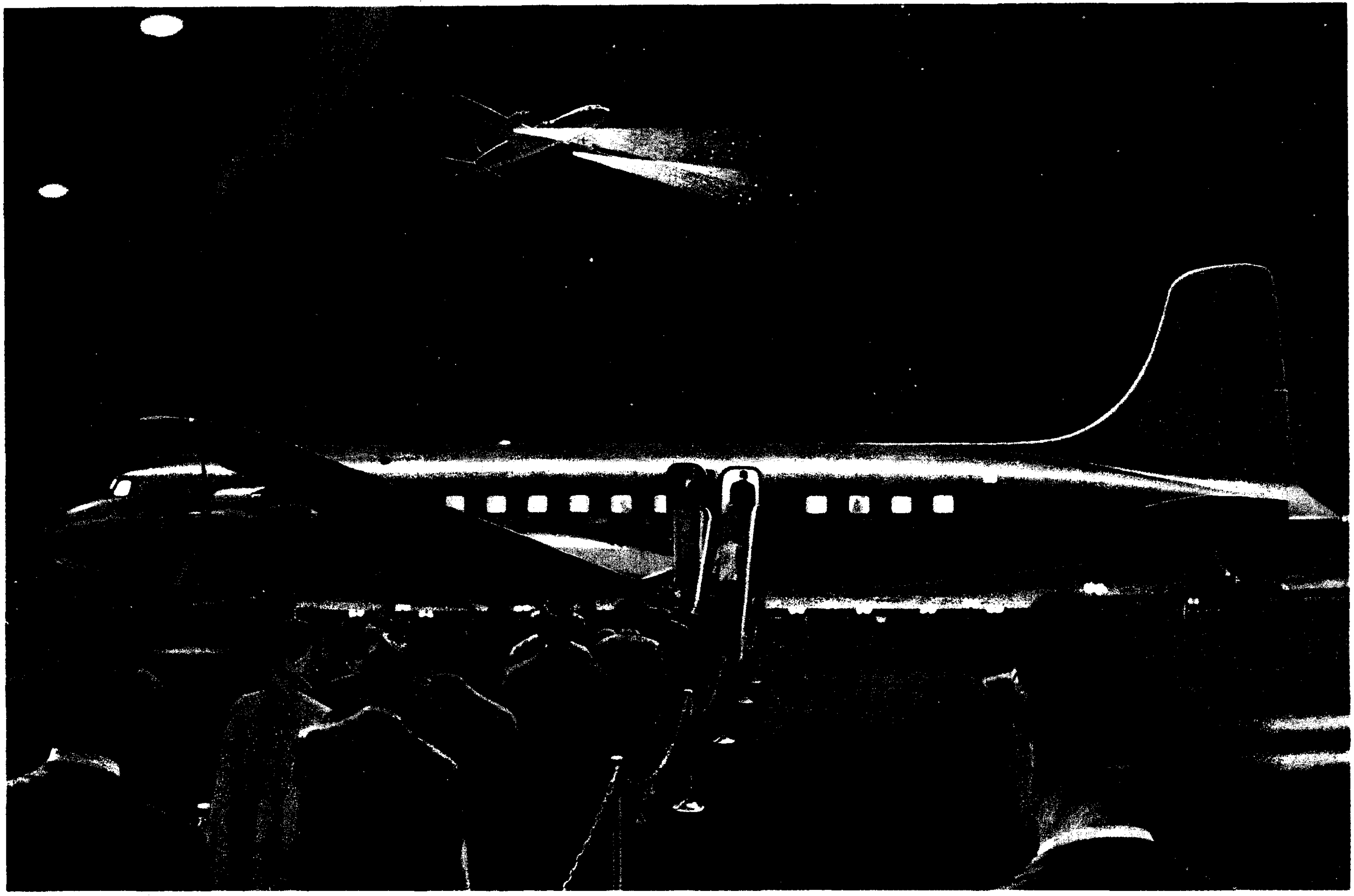

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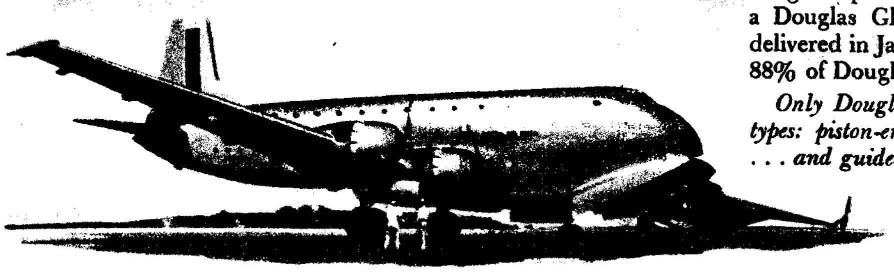

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"Do we pay for this advice or does he give it for free?" asked Mike. "Ask him if he's got any other good ideas."

"Invite him over for a cup of tea and a heart-to-heart chat," said Gibson.

But Homer was already coding a question of his own. "How are other planes?"

The answer came in snatches. "All okay—Sig bombed target—others salvoed, turned back."

"Good old Sig," said Homer. "Wouldn't you know he'd get through?"

Mike was nudging Homer. "Ask Tex how many fighters he shot down."

Homer flashed the message. "This is going to be good," said Mike. "I'll bet he claims half a dozen at least."

Tex claimed three sures, two probables.

"Code him 'nuts,'" said Gibson.

Tex blinkered back a dirty word.

"Tell him I saw his bombs land in the water," said Mike.

They killed an hour kidding MacColl like that. And then the engineer was clambering onto the flight deck, shouting at Gibson. "Number three is throwing sparks from the exhaust."

GIBSON had gone to look at number three from the waist window, and Homer was flying the plane. In the few minutes since Gibson had gone, one of Homer's secret ambitions had been shattered.

For the past couple of months now, he had dreamed of the time he would be a first pilot and have a crew of his own. He hadn't worked out the exact details in his mind, but the dream persisted and grew—the ultimate fulfillment.

But now, when he was alone, without Gibson, flying this crippled, unpredictable plane, the idea was hateful. He was scared. He was scared of stalling the plane, of losing altitude they could never recover, and he was scared that number three would suddenly give out, without Gibson there to take over. He bit his lip, gripped the wheel with both hands, and glued his eyes to the instruments.

An itch developed in his right arm, just below the shoulder. He wanted to scratch it, he wanted badly to scratch it, but he didn't dare take his left hand from the wheel.

If they ever got out of this, he'd be happy to go along being copilot. Where was Gib, anyway? What was he doing back there? What was taking him so long?

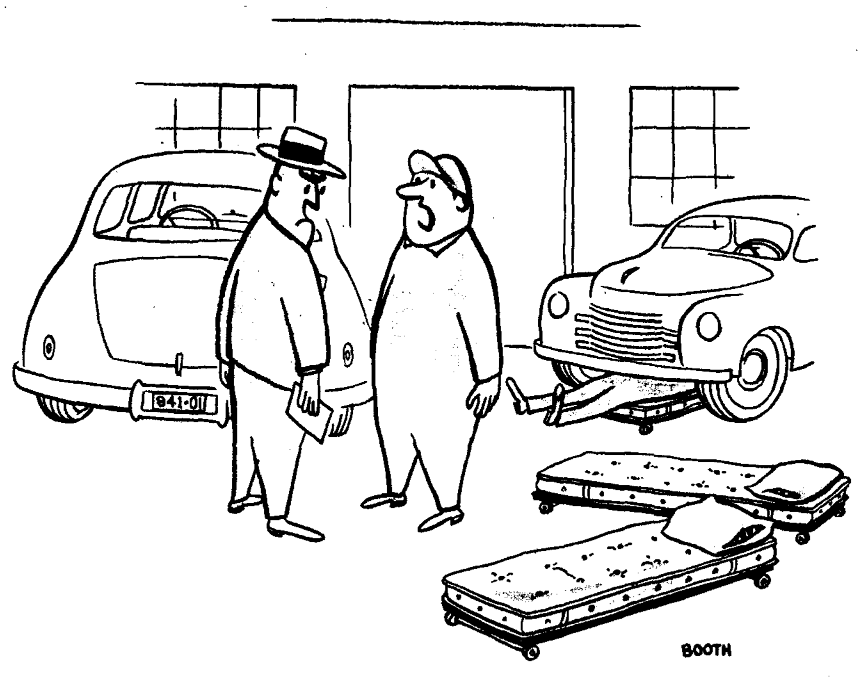
Then Gibson was there, sliding into his seat, fastening the safety belt, taking over the controls. Homer smiled with relief and scratched that place on his arm like mad. . . .

"How about it?" asked Mike. "Is she going to hold out?"

Gibson looked at number three and shrugged. "Miracles happen every day." Carefully, he cut back the throttle on number three and stepped up number one to compensate. "We'll try that for a while."

There was a silence for a moment, then Homer said, "What the heck?"

He had been scratching that place on his arm, unconscious of what he was doing, too worried to think about it But he was thinking about it now. He twisted the sleeve of his flight jacket, trying to see the tear in the back of it; then, feeling inside the tear with his fingers, he shouted, "What the heck?" again, and jumped out of his seat to strip off the flight jacket.



COLLIER'S **"The labor did run a little high. We can't always estimate how long it will take to do a job"** GEORGE BOOTH

There was a jagged gash in the back of his arm. "Cripes, I'm wounded," he yelled.

Mike picked a sliver of metal out of the gash and handed it to Homer. "It'll take more than that to kill you," he said.

Homer held the sliver so Gibson could see it. "Look at that, Gib. Ain't that something?"

But Gibson was pointing out the window, smiling. A Navy rescue plane, black and stately and somber as a hearse, was riding beside them. . . .

MacColl blinkered: "ETA 40 minutes."

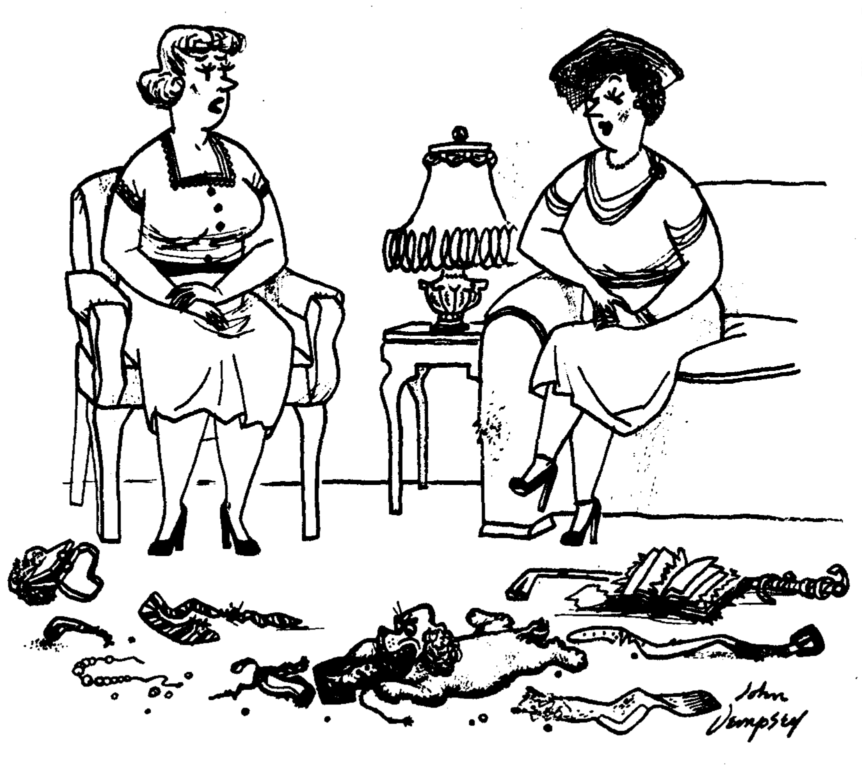
"It won't be long now." Homer tried to sound cheerful.

Mike didn't even try. "One way or the other."

"Ninety-some miles." Gibson looked at the number-three temperature gauge, with the needle crowded against the top, then out at the sparking shower of the exhaust. He listened, and this time he was sure—number three was running rough. Rough as a cob.

He turned to Mike. "You better get the boys in ditching position. Tell them to get in position and stay there till we're on the ground or in the water. Tell them it'll be forty minutes. Or less."

Mike went back, and, while he was gone, Marine fighter planes, four of them, came barreling out of the sky and tacked onto the wings of the Upstairs Maid, two on each side. There was something about them, close and jaunty and pert, that made Gibson laugh.



COLLIER'S **"We had papers on him, but he ate them"** JOHN DEMPSEY

"We're arriving in style," he said. "All we need is a red carpet."

Homer saluted the pilots and waved; he made gestures to indicate that they should get behind the Upstairs Maid and push. Then he slapped Gibson on the back. "You know something?" he shouted. "We're going to make it."

"Oh, I wouldn't be surprised," said Gibson.

Mike was back again. "They're all set to ditch."

"Maybe we won't have to," said Gibson. After a minute, he asked, "How's Chester?"

Mike just shrugged.

Gibson was intent on flying for a while, then began to smile. "Something tells me we'll be needing a new navigator."

They all laughed.

"And while we're about it," said Gibson, "we'd better put in an application for another upstairs maid. This one is kind of down at the heels."

Mike was nudging Gibson. "Our Homer's going to get the Purple Heart."

"I'm going to wear it too," said Homer. "I'm a hero."

And so, in this way, they fought off the catastrophe, grappling with each present minute separately, then seizing another.

The Upstairs Maid plowed her ponderous, halting way through the air, and beside her flirted the cocky little fighters, and, below, the grave rescue plane rode in attendance, while off to one side, hovering like a jealous nanny, was the Marie of Texas.

And then, where the ocean merged with the sky, there was a colorless blotch. The blotch became a shape, and the shape became many things—a reef, a lagoon, ships in the lagoon, an island. And through the center of the island cut the glistening ribbon of the airstrip.

IT'S going to be all right, Gibson thought. You're going to make it. If number three has held out this long, it won't quit now. In two minutes you'll be down. You've got two minutes to go. Relax.

The pounding, throbbing roar of number three beat on his brain.

It's going to be just like any other landing you ever made. Like hell it is. This time it's for keeps. You make it the first time or you don't make it at all. You don't go round and try again. When those wheels come down, you're going to drop like a dead duck. Don't forget that. Don't undershoot. Don't drop those wheels until you're sure of making it. Now relax. In another minute you'll be down.

He throttled back, gently, on number three, to save it, and inched ahead on number one. Good old number one.

And then good old number one went berserk. One instant it was fine; the next instant the governor had let go and the prop wound up and went screaming, blood-chilling wild, and the Upstairs Maid went bucking down on the wing.

Gibson let out a satanic, outraged curse and heaved on the control column to bring the plane level. The wing came dragging up, and he held it there by sheer strength, shouting at Homer to punch the feathering button.

The runway was there, a quarter of a mile in front, and they were pitching down to it. They might make it, they might not.

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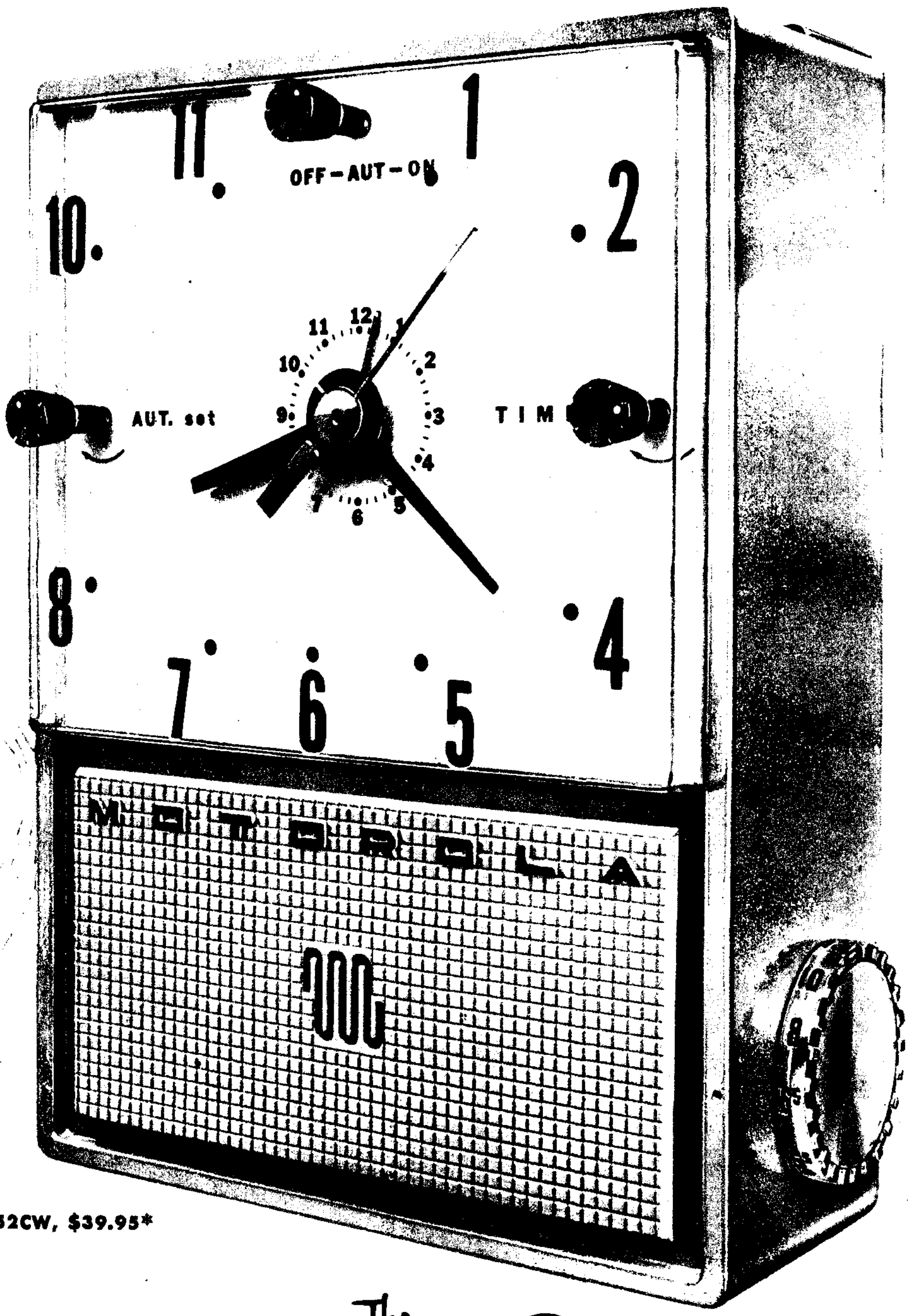

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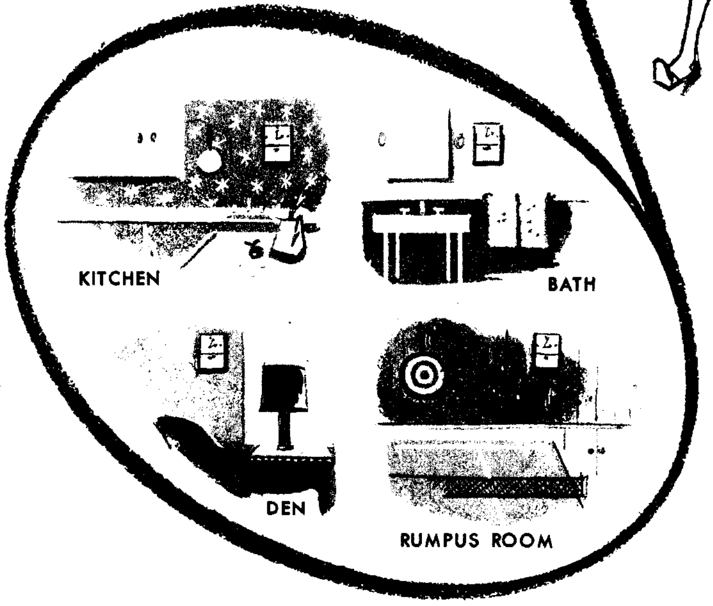

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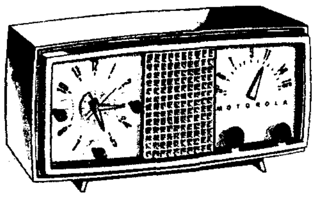

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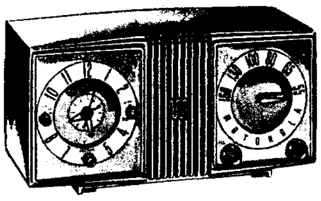

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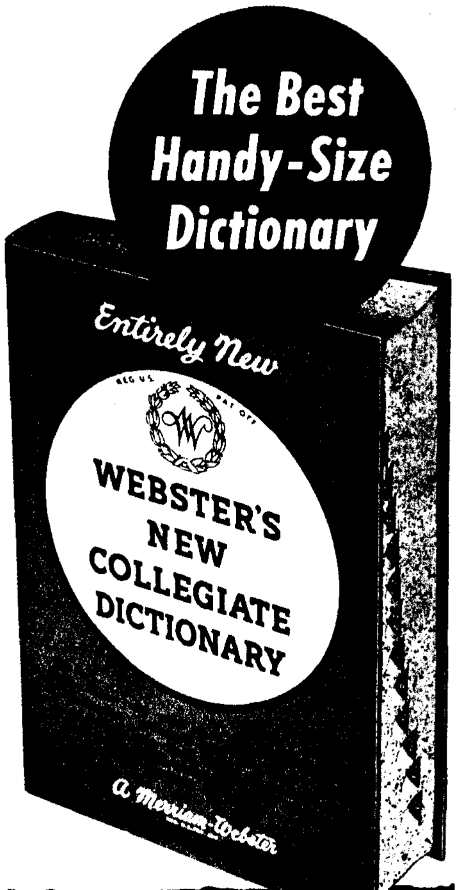
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Springfield 2, Massachusetts

ber three to full throttle. "Wheels down," he shouted, and Homer dumped the lever. The Upstairs Maid dragged forward and down; one wheel jolted into place, then the other bumped down and clicked into lock. Gibson yelled, "Full flaps," and felt the flaps sliding down, taking hold; he was talking to himself, out loud.

"We're in, my friend. We've made it. There's nothing to worry about. We're in. We're in. Just hold tight and we're in. Just take it easy. How do you like that? How do you like that, my friend? We've made it."

A hundred feet from the shore line, he cut the engine, and the Upstairs Maid came sailing over the runway.

"We're in, my friend. Didn't I tell you? Now just bring her down. Bring her down easy. Easy. Easy. Easy does it." Then Gibson was laughing with glee. "She won't come down. She won't quit. What'll we do?"

Homer was laughing too. "Don't worry about her," he said. "There's plenty of runway."

The Upstairs Maid settled easily, lightly; her wheels kissed the ground and smoked, and bounced up and kissed again, clinging this time. Then her nose came down, and she was no longer of the air.

Gibson let her roll herself out, not giving a damn; then he braked her gently, harder, and she was under control. He gave the engine a burst to veer her off the runway, and came to a stop.

He set the emergency brake, wiped his face with his sleeve, and then spoke to Homer. "Shut that engine off. This is as far as we're going."

Homer shut off the engine. A crash truck and an ambulance careened to a stop outside.

"Tell those guys to go back where they came from," said Mike.

Gibson sat there, not moving, watching people converge on the Upstairs Maid. Homer was asking him something, and it didn't register. Then Homer was asking him again. "Do you want to fill out this flight form?"

Gibson took the flight form, looked at it, and handed it back. "Stick it somewhere," he said, absently, and looked out the window again.

The Marie of Texas rolled off the runway and stopped. Then Gibson was beginning to smile—as if he were just coming out of a sound sleep. Then he was speaking, each word distinct. "We will now go and pay our obscene respects to Captain Tex MacColl."

Laughing and roaring like insanity, they floundered off the flight deck and dropped to the ground.

GIBSON hit the ground and ducked out from under the bomb bay, and all of a sudden he'd come uncorked; he was spilling over in a flood. It was a riotous, boisterous dream; it had no reality at all; he sensed that when he finally came groping awake he'd feel like a fool idiot for dreaming up such nonsense.

He stood there by the plane, roaring with laughter, rocking unsteadily on his feet, and watched this mob converging on the Upstairs Maid. He was conscious of Homer and Mike making the same idiotic noises he was, and he saw the enlisted men pouring out of the ball-turret hole like monkeys let loose. He watched for Chester Biggers to come out, but he didn't; then Gibson forgot about him because Sig was there, laughing as if Gibson were the funniest, most wonderful surprise he had ever had, saying, "Lieutenant, you look like something the cat was ashamed to bring into the house." That set Gibson roaring again, and he was pumping Sig's hand because Sig was a wonderful, wonderful guy and Sig was so damn' glad to see him, and Gibson kept on pumping the hand, not wanting to let go of it.

"How are you?" Sig asked, and Gibson gave him an inspired, sidesplitting answer. It was the funniest thing he'd ever said in his life: He said he was fine now but hoped to be all right tomorrow.

Sig wanted to know if the crew was all right, and Gibson said yes, quickly, without thinking; then he had another uproarious inspiration: He said no, Homer wasn't all right, Homer was in terrible shape, Homer was a hero and rated the Purple Heart, and Gibson was laughing so hard he had to lean on Sig. Then he thought of Chester Biggers, and that was like a bucket of ice water. Very serious, pleading, he told Sig to do something about Chester—get him in the ambulance and have him taken to the hospital, and kept there. "Please, Sig, do that. For God's sake, get him where I never have to see him again."

Then big Tony Sulka, the crew chief, had his arms around Gibson's neck, sobbing, hugging him, babbling, and Gibson was so overwhelmed that tears came into his eyes. "Tony," he said, "let's go someplace where they can't see us acting like this." He led Tony around to the other side of the plane, led him to number three engine, which was still ticking and hissing and cracking from the heat, and pointed to it. "Look at that, Sergeant. What the hell ever had you worried about that engine?"

Tony started babbling again. He said that when MacColl had radioed that Gibson had lost two and four, he'd given Gibson up, given him up for dead. He'd figured he was a Jonah crew chief, he'd lost two crews already, he was a Jonah for sure. If Gibson hadn't come back, Tony couldn't have stood it, he'd have killed himself, he was all set to do it. "Oh, Lord, Lieutenant, you'll never know."

And then Gibson heard Tex MacColl. Homer and Mike were pounding him on the back, and he was shouting, haranguing them, belligerent, and Gibson started laughing again. He shook Tex's hand, saying, "Thank you, Captain," and Tex flared, angry. "Don't thank me. There's nothing to thank me for." And that made Gibson laugh even harder, because Tex was still the same good old Tex. He hadn't changed; there was still only one thing that scared hell out of him, and that was himself.

THEN Doc Burt, the flight surgeon, standing on the edge of the mob, caught Gibson's eye and beckoned, and Gibson worked his way over. Very purposefully, Burt took him by the arm, not saying anything, and steered him over to a jeep. He reached under the seat. "How does the idea of this strike you?"

Well, it was funny—Gibson hadn't thought about whisky, but now Burt had it in his hand, unscrewing the top, and suddenly it was the one thing in the world Gibson had to have; he couldn't live without it. He took the bottle, trying not to snatch it, noticing his hand shaking. He was panting to get it. Then the stuff was burning down his throat, starting that breath-taking, miraculous fire in his chest, taking hold, bracing him. And Burt stood there, smiling, knowing what it was doing. "Have another," he said, and Gibson had another, and made Burt take one; then he had a third, and finally he was able to speak. "Brother Burt, this is the way to fight a war."

"I thought it might go pretty good."

"You'll never know."

"It was rough, eh?"

That was another thing Gibson hadn't thought about—whether it was rough or wasn't rough, or what it was. He thought of it now, seriously, objectively, because it still had no reality, and he reached a conclusion. "Yes, it was rough." ▲▲▲

Next Week

BRASS-BOUND SECRET

By VAN CORT

—a science-fiction story about an invention more awesome than the hydrogen bomb.

In the middle of the Western desert, three scientists—closely guarded and held incommunicado—explore one of nature's greatest mysteries. The device they have invented is real. It can be seen, touched, made to function. But what it does is more than the human mind can believe.

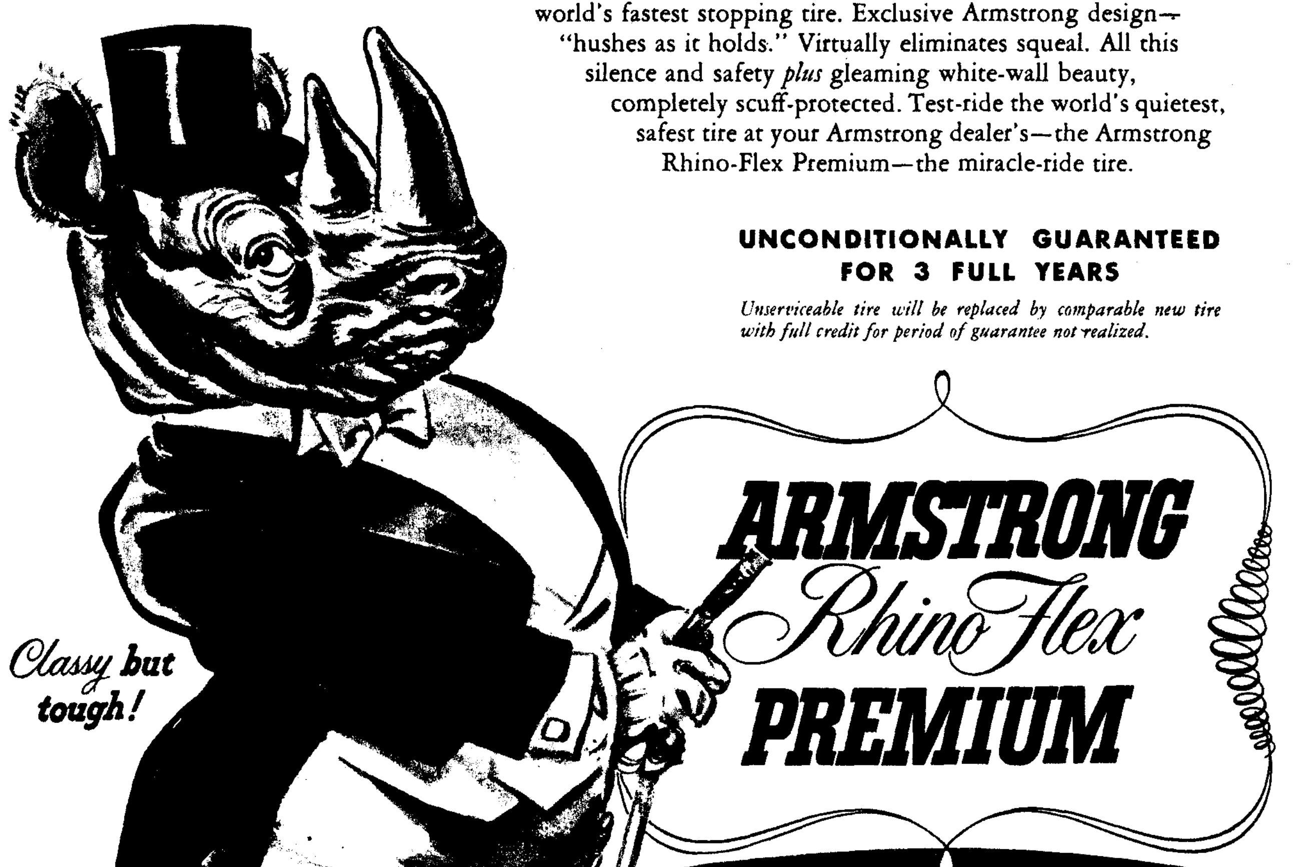
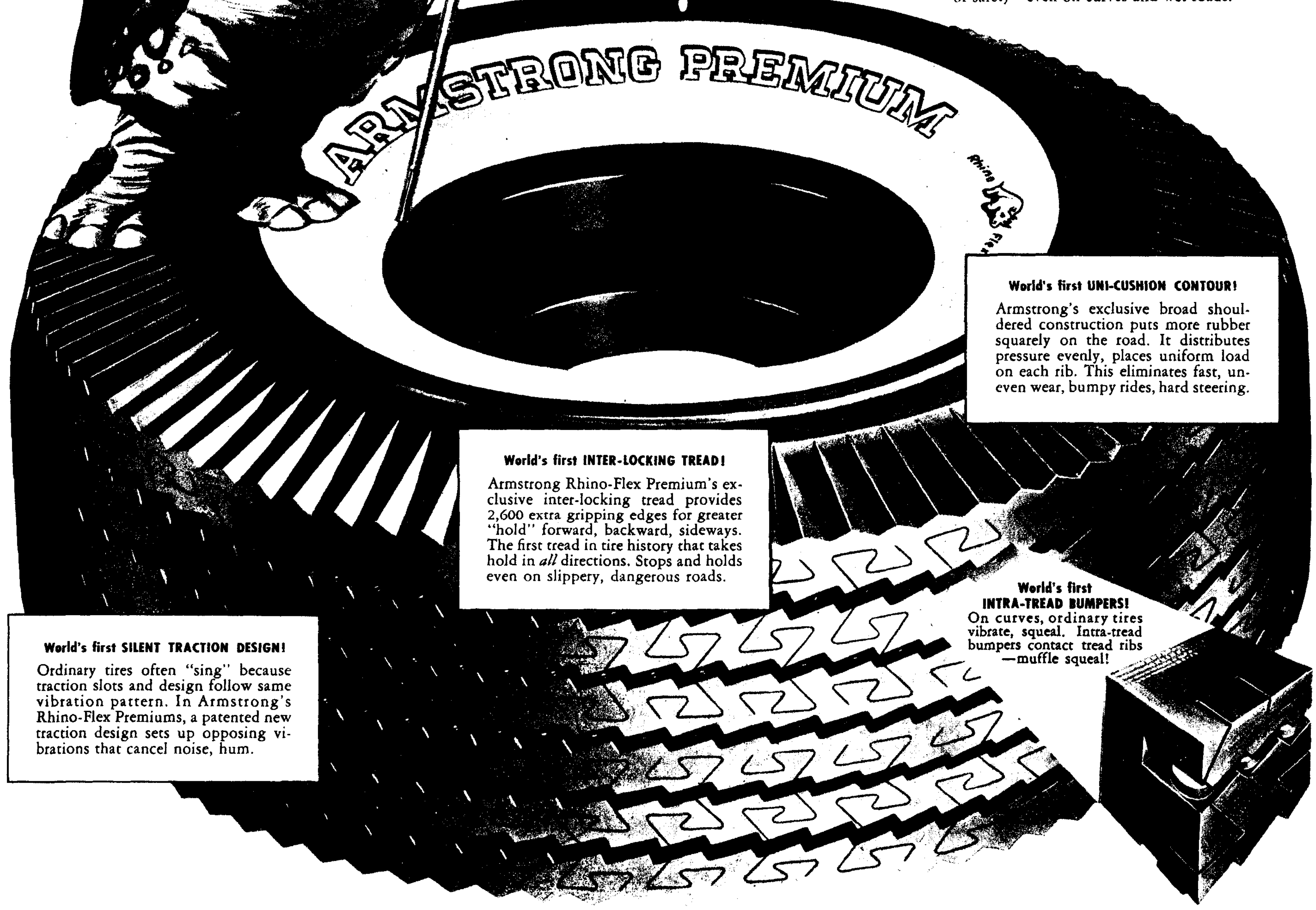
And a single man—a member of the top Army brass—must decide whether this device is a tremendous discovery or the most ingenious work of treason the world has ever seen.

Quietest Tread on Earth... Outgrips, Outwears them all!

World's only interlocking, all-directional safety tread. 2,600 extra gripping edges to hold you safe against side-skids—give you world's fastest stopping tire. Exclusive Armstrong design—"hushes as it holds." Virtually eliminates squeal. All this silence and safety *plus* gleaming white-wall beauty, completely scuff-protected. Test-ride the world's quietest, safest tire at your Armstrong dealer's—the Armstrong Rhino-Flex Premium—the miracle-ride tire.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR 3 FULL YEARS

Unserviceable tire will be replaced by comparable new tire with full credit for period of guarantee not realized.

World's first UNI-CUSHION CONTOUR!

Armstrong's exclusive broad shouldered construction puts more rubber squarely on the road. It distributes pressure evenly, places uniform load on each rib. This eliminates fast, uneven wear, bumpy rides, hard steering.

World's first INTER-LOCKING TREAD!

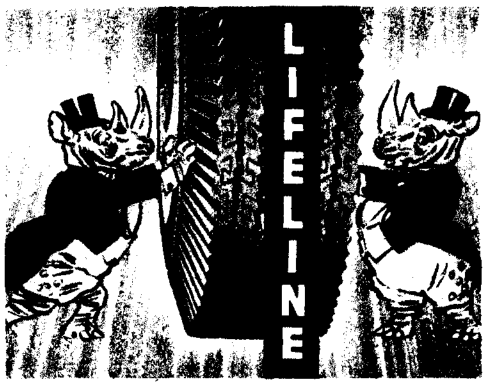
Armstrong Rhino-Flex Premium's exclusive inter-locking tread provides 2,600 extra gripping edges for greater "hold" forward, backward, sideways. The first tread in tire history that takes hold in *all* directions. Stops and holds even on slippery, dangerous roads.

World's first INTRA-TREAD BUMPERS!

On curves, ordinary tires vibrate, squeal. Intra-tread bumpers contact tread ribs —muffle squeal!

World's first SILENT TRACTION DESIGN!

Ordinary tires often "sing" because traction slots and design follow same vibration pattern. In Armstrong's Rhino-Flex Premiums, a patented new traction design sets up opposing vibrations that cancel noise, hum.



Holds straight along the "Lifeline"! No dangerous side-skidding, no zig-zag stopping—even on sharp curves or wet pavements. The Armstrong Interlocking Tread—found in no other tire—grips safely in *all* directions—forward, backward and sideways.

Side-skids like this—major cause of accidents! Here's the problem the whole tire industry has been trying to beat—side-slipping over the "Lifeline." Now Armstrong has the answer. The first and only tire with an all-directional grip. No chance to skid over the line of safety—even on curves and wet roads.

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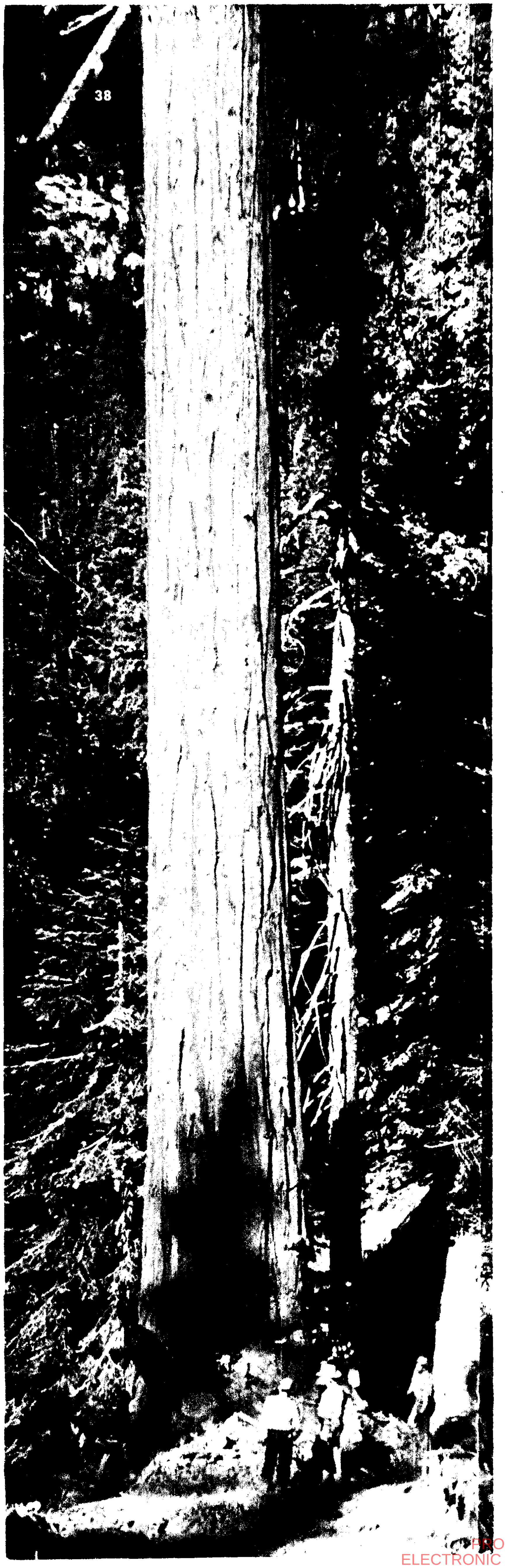
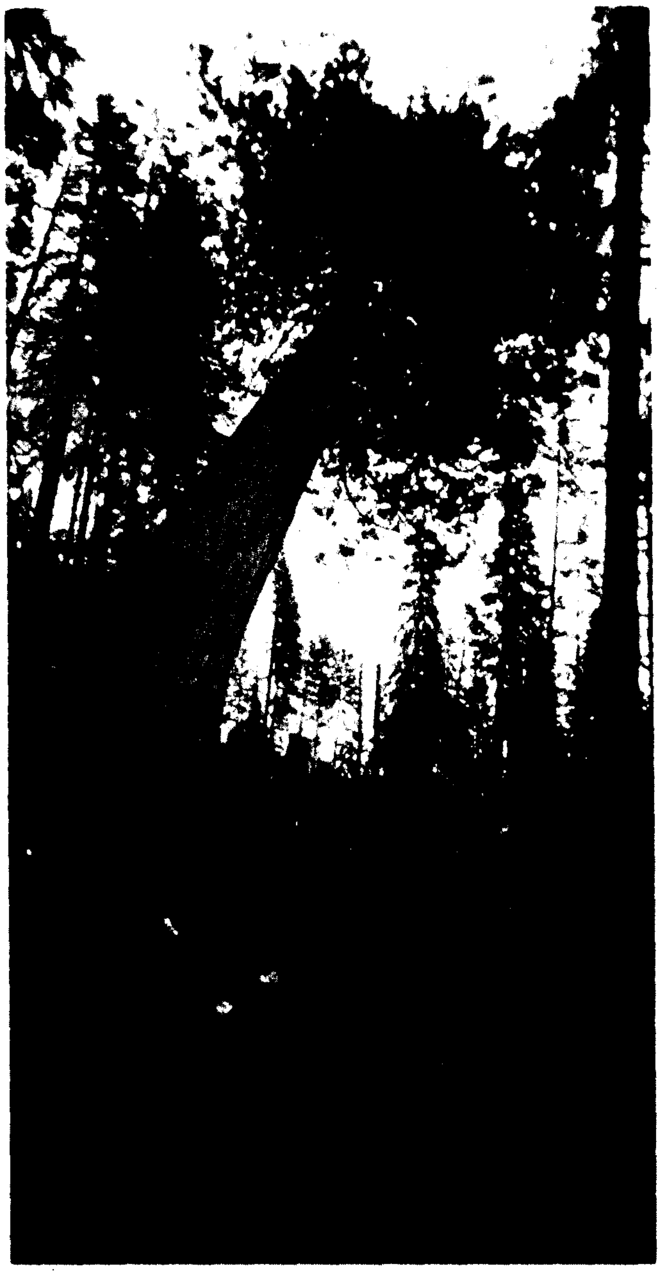
Collier's COLOR CAMERA



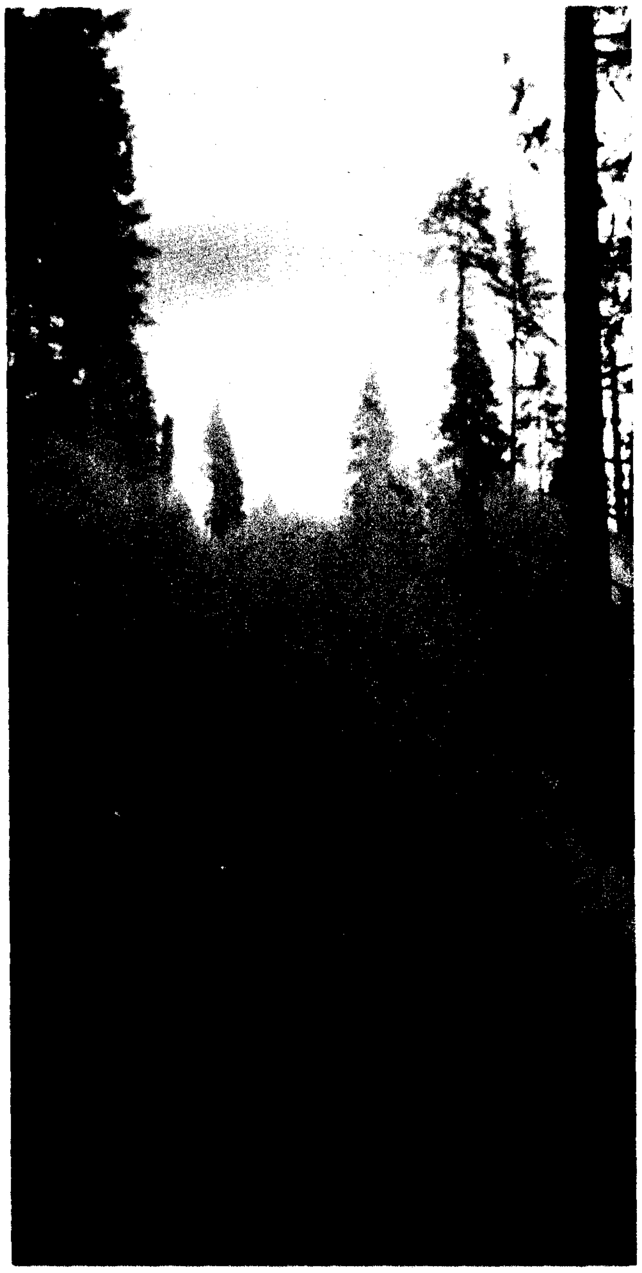
Using power saw, lumberjack begins felling redwood tree by making an undercut wedge. Chunk is sawed out to ensure that tree will fall in desired direction

Loggers remove undercut section, weighing 750 pounds. Tree stood on 800-acre tract owned by Lyman Lumber Company at Springville, Calif., adjoining Sequoia National Park. Cut up, 180-foot tree yielded some 50,000 board feet of lumber

Actual cutting is done on side opposite the undercut. Incision in tree supports scaffold



"Timm . . . berr!" Down she goes! Tree started growing about the time that Christ was born



Striking earth, tree broke in two and parts rolled downhill, creating a vast dust cloud

A REDWOOD TOPPLES

The oldest living things on earth fall in thundering splendor

THE first 300 years are the hardest, for a redwood tree. During that time it is susceptible to all the frailties of other living things. But once the giants of America's Far West have survived three centuries, they become virtually the most durable of God's creations. Thereafter redwoods are almost impervious to fire, undaunted by lightning, immune to disease, unperturbed by the strongest winds and resistant to the gnawings of insects. They settle back in the grandeur of their forest home to let the centuries march by.

Redwoods are native only to California and Oregon. A good many were seedlings when Antony was wooing Cleopatra. They are still growing and conceivably will keep on growing indefinitely. Only man, with his ax and saw, can disturb their ageless serenity. But man has imposed restrictions upon himself, and about 90 per cent of the world's largest and oldest redwoods live protected lives in government-owned groves where it is illegal even to shave off a souvenir chip.

However, some lumbering—for homes and furniture—is carried on in privately owned groves. Winter forces a suspension of the operation, but about this time each year logging resumes.

The sights and sounds of a 2,000-year-old redwood being felled create an awesome spectacle. The task begins with an undercut—a chunk cut out of the tree to make certain it will fall in a safe direction. The loggers then move to the other side and saw through toward the undercut. Just before the tree begins to fall, there is a slow cracking sound and the loggers shout, "Timm . . . berr!" The tree for a moment refuses to break, and, underfoot, the earth shakes and rumbles as the roots struggle to break free. The tree topples. Slowly at first, then faster and faster. It hits with a booming sound—like an enormous drumstick beating the earth. It rolls downhill and huge pine trees in its path snap off like matches. A dust cloud, obscuring the sun, mushrooms up. And then silence. Another giant redwood has been felled, leaving, as the poet Edwin Markham wrote, "a lonesome place against the sky." ▲▲▲

Edward Lyman (front), head of a lumbering firm, inspects split section of tree. Redwood is highly prized for its strength, and its resistance to rot

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

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AT BETTER DEALERS . . . COAST TO COAST

Mr. and Mrs. Kunstweiler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Roberts. I used to write *Rita Roberts* in the margins of all my notebooks. I thought it sounded pretty. Rita Roberts."

Mr. Kunstweiler said nothing at all. He was busy winding his wrist watch.

"I wonder if that's what my mother has against you," Mrs. Kunstweiler said. "She doesn't like the sound of your name."

"Of course not!" Mr. Kunstweiler said peevishly. "She wouldn't be so foolish as all that! She just thinks we're too young, that's all. Besides," he added, smoothing back his hair with both hands, "she hasn't met me."

"Maybe we should have waited," Mrs. Kunstweiler said hesitantly, "until we got back to America."

"Well, too late now," Mr. Kunstweiler said. He laughed in a strange, shrill way.

"Anyway, I love you," Mrs. Kunstweiler said.

There was a silence. He was looking for a place to hang his tie. He finally opened the wardrobe closet. There was a piece of red cord strung across the door, held in place by two thumbtacks. He draped his tie over the cord.

"Do *you?*" Mrs. Kunstweiler demanded.

"What?"

"Love *me?*"

"Of course," he said. "What do you think?"

"Why didn't you say it?" Mrs. Kunstweiler said. "After I say I love you, why don't you say you love me too?"

"I like to say it when I like to say it," Mr. Kunstweiler said.

SHE was sitting on the bed, working the gold wedding ring up and down on her finger. "It's just that it sounds so—empty, that's all. When I say it, and then there's this big pause, it makes me feel terrible."

He came and sat down on the bed. He put his arm around her. "Darling," he said, "I love you so much that sometimes it makes me afraid."

"Oh, darling." She put her head against his chest, but her hat got in the way. She took it off and put it on the bed beside her. "Why afraid?" she asked him.

"What if I lost you?" he said.

"Oh, darling." Mrs. Kunstweiler put both arms around him. "You *couldn't* lose me, darling. I *couldn't* go away from you. Not ever! Darling."

He undid his collar button.

"Are you getting undressed?" Mrs. Kunstweiler said.

"Sure," Mr. Kunstweiler said.

"Already?"

"Well, why not?" he said.

"Well, not already," she said. "My goodness."

Suddenly he kissed her again. She sighed quietly, her head nuzzling against him.

"Will you be angry if I tell you something?" he said.

She shook her head, still huddled against his chest.

"Well, maybe you could brush your teeth or something," he said. "I guess there was plenty of garlic in that steak you had for dinner."

She jumped up, both hands clapped over her mouth, her eyes staring at him, horrified.

"Well, what's the matter?" he said.

ROBERT O. BLECHMAN

It's a Date!

For winter, shed one final tear.
At last, March twenty-first is here,
Proclaimed by robin, worm and bud.
***They* say it's spring. *I* say it's mud.**

—MARGARET FISHBACK

"It's not so terrible. You've smelled of garlic before."

She walked away from him, to the window, her hands still clasped over her mouth. When he went to her, he found she was crying.

"Look here," he said. (Ever since they had decided to get married, he had taken to saying "Look here" in a gruff way.) "Look here," he said. And then he patted her shoulder helplessly. "But you've smelled of garlic before," he said once more, comfortingly, lost.

"But not on my *wedding* night!" Suddenly she began to sob.

He took her in his arms. "Probably I do too," he said. "See if I do too."

She kept on sobbing.

"See," he said.

She raised her face, with tears running, and he exhaled at her heavily.

"No," she said. "You don't. Just as sweet."

He took his white monogrammed handkerchief from his pocket and wiped her face. "Just wash your teeth," he said, "and it will be all right."

So Mrs. Kunstweiler unlocked her suitcase with the proud labels of Milan, Florence and Rome. She took her toothbrush, the new tube of French tooth paste, a bottle of mouthwash and went to the washbowl. For about ten minutes she was busy brushing her teeth. Then she started to unpack. She shook out her dresses and hung them carefully on the wooden hangers, saying nothing at all.

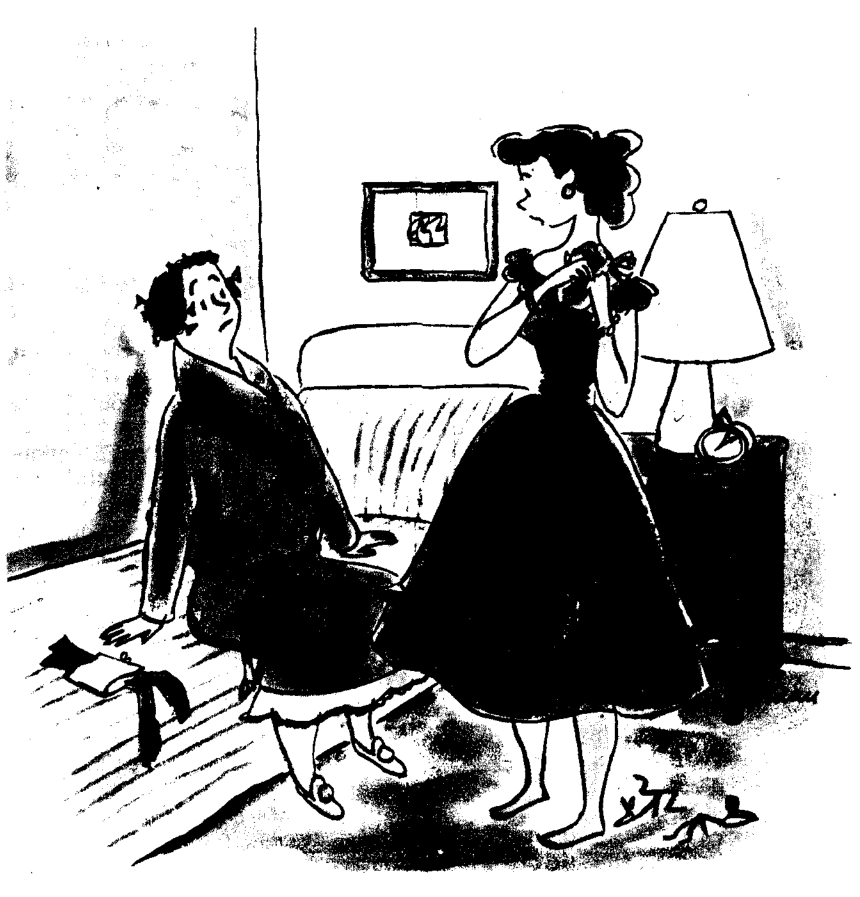
Mr. Kunstweiler watched her for a while. Finally he burst out: "You don't have to do that now!"

"I don't want my things to get crushed," she told him primly.

Mr. Kunstweiler went to the French windows, and in quite a dramatic way he pulled them open and stepped out onto the balcony. The night air was soft with early spring.

FRENCH radio music, tuned low, drifted from an open window across the street, and from the restaurant below came the sound of silverware clinking against plates. A woman in a housecoat stood on the balcony across the way. She looked at him. Then she went back into the room and closed the shutters. Two dark-skinned boys in the street below stopped by the lamppost to light cigarettes. A girl went by, her pocketbook swinging. They watched her. Then they walked after her down the street.

Mrs. Kunstweiler came onto the balcony, and he put his arm around her. They stood close together. Through the large, lighted windows of the Taverne du Palais, they could see the people eating, like play puppets in a doll's



COLLIER'S **"It was a wonderful party, but her father was a bit behind the times and announced that she was engaged to another man . . ."** KATE OSANN

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more vision, with 16% more glass area, including a new one-piece windshield scientifically curved for an undistorted view.

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more of everything you want. More reason than ever to see your Plymouth dealer! He'll be happy to arrange a demonstration drive.

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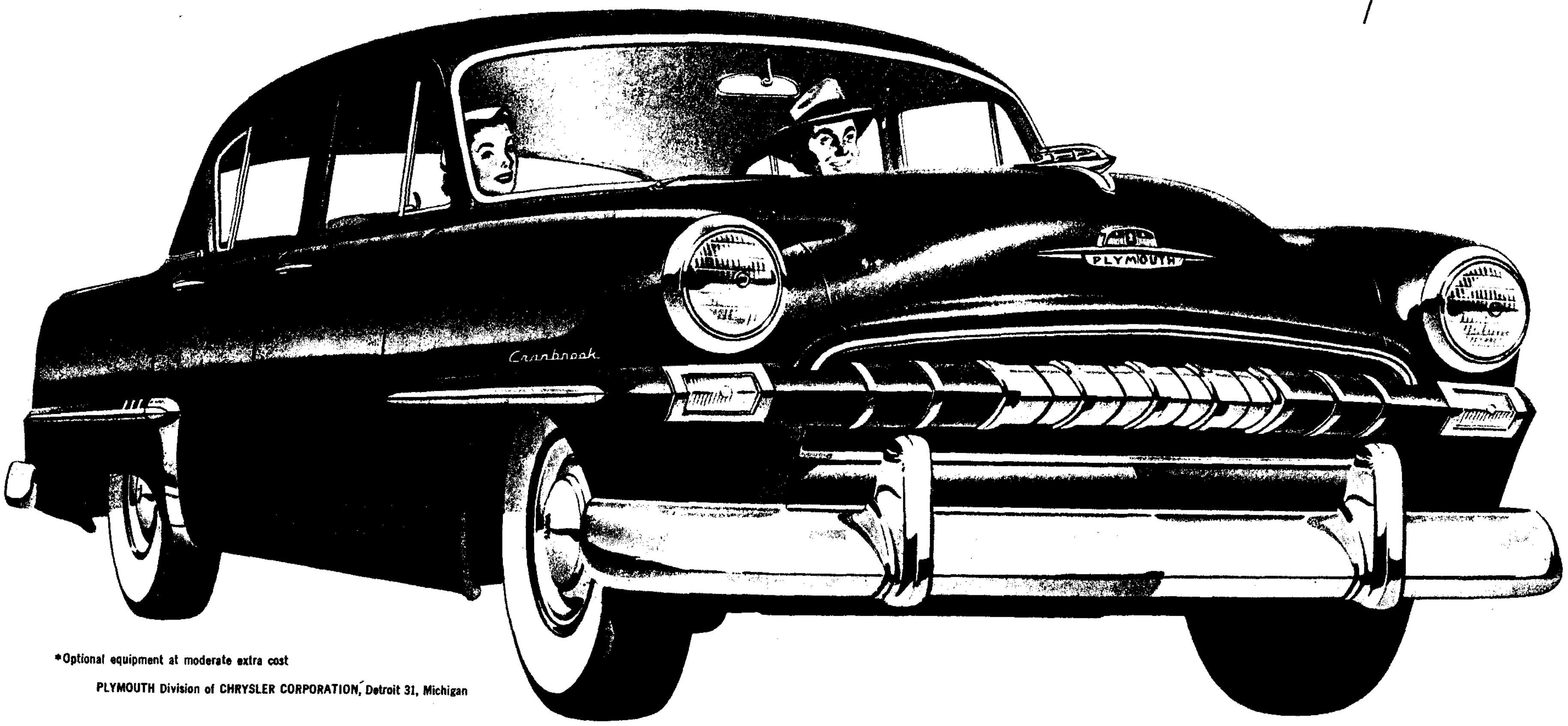

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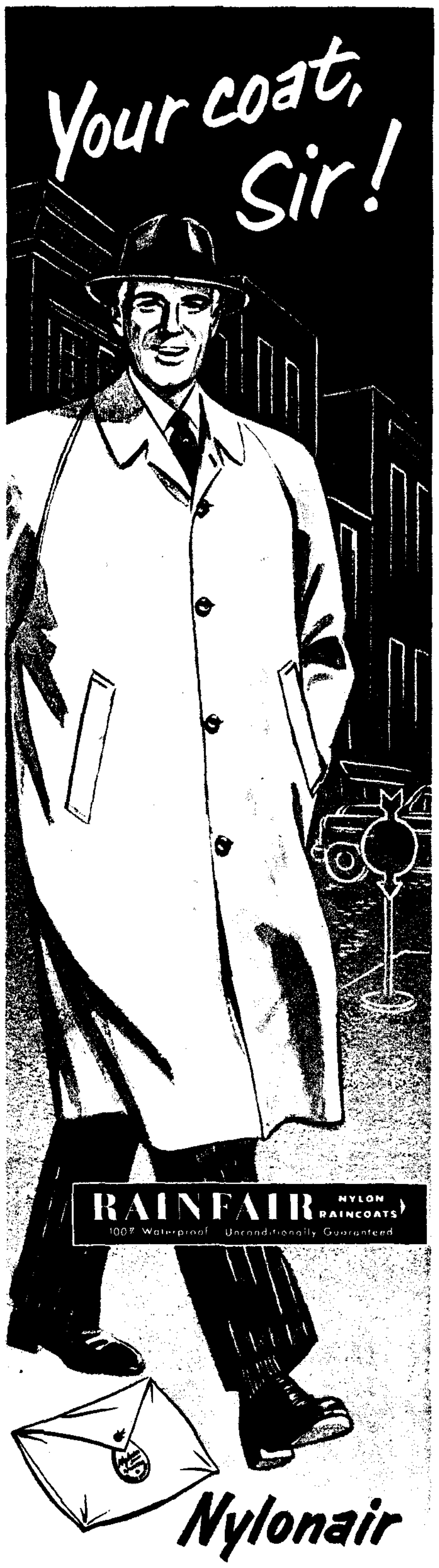

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house. A man came out from the back-door entrance of a movie theater and stood leaning against the wall, looking out into the night. Cars darted like lightning bugs across Place St. Michel. And lamppost lights plunged into the dark waters of the Seine, trembling there.

"Can you believe we're in Paris?" Mrs. Kunstweiler said.

"What I can't believe," he said, "is that I'm married."

She looked at him. "Well," she said, "I mean— I guess there's no rush." She laughed lightly. She had practiced laughing like that in the bathroom mirror at home, throwing back her head so that her throat showed, and laughing lightly.

Mr. Kunstweiler was letting the fingers of his left hand play piano along the iron balcony rail. "What do you mean?" he said.

She shrugged and smiled at him. "*You* were always the one wanting to kiss in the *métro* and everything!" he said suddenly. "And *now!*" He looked at her accusingly and then exclaimed, "You even put your hat back on!"

"Goodness," she said, laughing that same light way again. "Just imagine what the girls in the office are saying. Here I come over to stay with my grandmama in Italy for two months, and on the fourth day I sit next to you on an American Express sight-seeing bus in Rome. And now here I am in Paris, France, married and everything."

"Well," Mr. Kunstweiler said, "not everything."

"They'll be green!" Mrs. Kunstweiler said. "*Purple!* And I'm the youngest one in the office too."

He smiled down at her then. "I guess maybe I should write a personal letter to Mr. Cunard," he said. "If they didn't give that special off-season rate to office personnel, I guess I never would've taken this trip to see my brother's grave at all."

"Just imagine," Mrs. Kunstweiler said, "if we had gone all through life just looking for each other."

HIS fingers stopped tapping on the railing. "If my brother hadn't been killed in Salerno," he said, slowly, "I never would have come to Italy at all. Then we probably never would have met. Not with you living in the Bronx and me at the bottom of Manhattan. It makes you kind of philosophical. One life taken and two other lives started new. In a way, I mean."

"Maybe more than two," Mrs. Kunstweiler said. Then she blushed.

He looked at her meaningfully and took her into his arms again. She turned her face away.

"You only smell of tooth paste," he told her. "It's nice."

"No," she said in a muffled voice, "I know garlic doesn't go away so quick."

"It *does,*" he said. And to prove it he kissed her very hard.

When she broke away she was crying again, only quietly now.

He lifted her chin. "Baby, sweetheart, what's the matter?" he said gently.

She kept on crying.

"I love you," he said.

But still she cried.

"More than anything," he said. "More than my own self. If you told me to jump off this balcony, I would do it," he said. "If it was for any good reason."

Mrs. Kunstweiler wiped the palm of her hand across her eyes. "I wish we were in America," she said, through tears. "In America they don't *have* garlic on food."

"Well, you were the one who wanted to get married in Paris," he said. "I was the one who wanted to get married at home in the little church I always wanted to get married in. You were the one who said you always dreamed of a honeymoon in Paris."

"I know," she said in a small voice.

He took his arm from around her and clapped his two hands together once, in a businesslike way. "So now I think it's about time we go in, don't you?" he said.

She followed him indoors. He closed the shutters and drew the curtains. Then he switched on the light.

"What did you put the light on for?" Mrs. Kunstweiler said.

"To see by," he said.

SHE kept standing by the window. "What's that thing for?" she said, pointing to a white enamel basin which sat in an iron stand near the washstand. "They have them in all the hotels over here. Are they to wash your feet in or something?"

"Look," he said. "Don't you— Haven't you read a book or *anything?*" He was sounding more and more annoyed.

"What kind of book?"

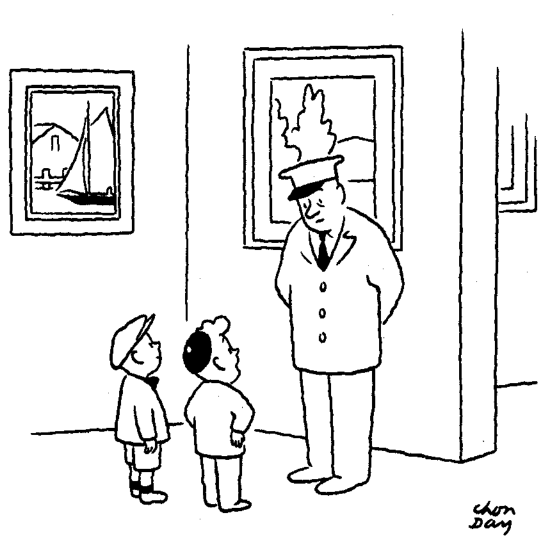
"Well, *you* know." Mr. Kunstweiler was unbuttoning his shirt and one of the buttons popped off and rolled on the floor.

"Certainly *not!*" she said. She went to the sink and began to brush her teeth again. Then she spilled some mouthwash into a glass and gargled loudly.

Suddenly Mr. Kunstweiler switched out the light. He walked over to the sink. "Look here," he said, in his new gruff way. "Spit that stuff out."

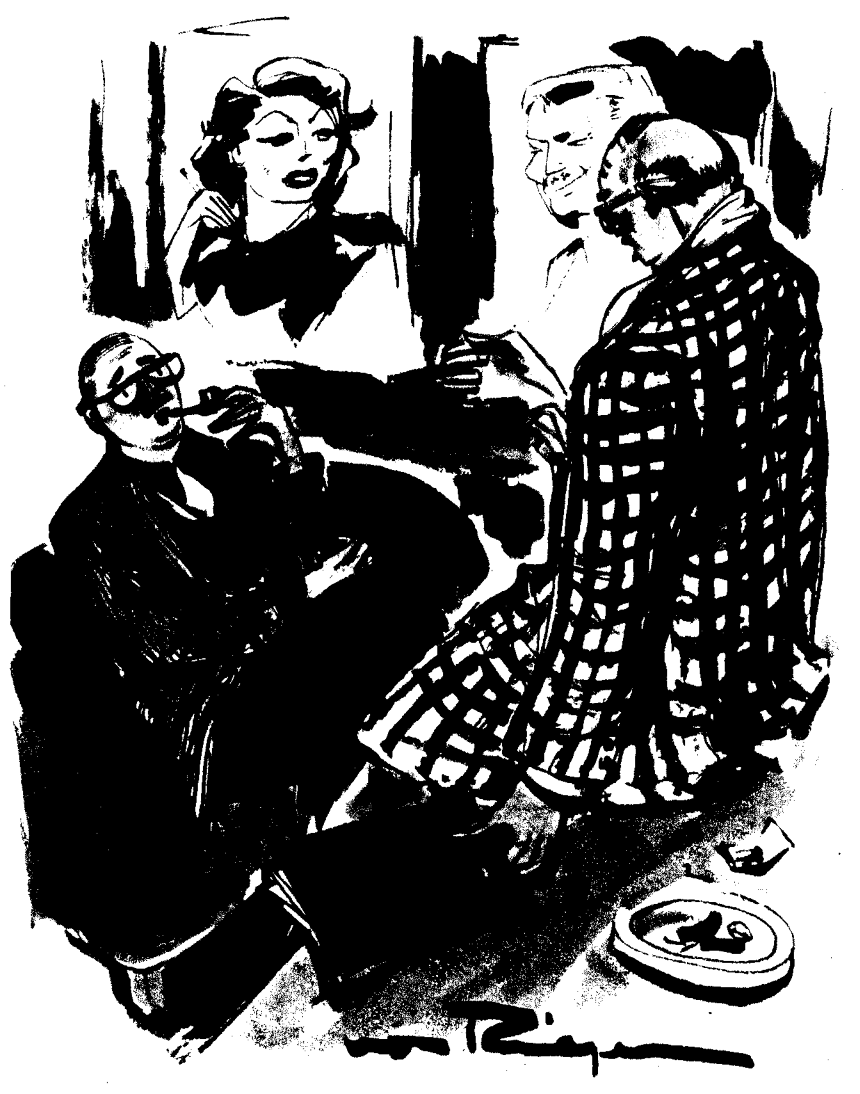
Dutifully she spat into the sink.

Then he took her into his arms. They stood there together in the dark for a long time, kissing each other. Finally she said, very softly, "I guess it does sound pretty, after all. The name Mrs. Kunstweiler, I mean." ▲▲▲



"I was in here yesterday with my mother, but she rushed me past a couple"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY



"Nobody denies he's the smartest producer in Hollywood . . . but he's letting his brains go to his head"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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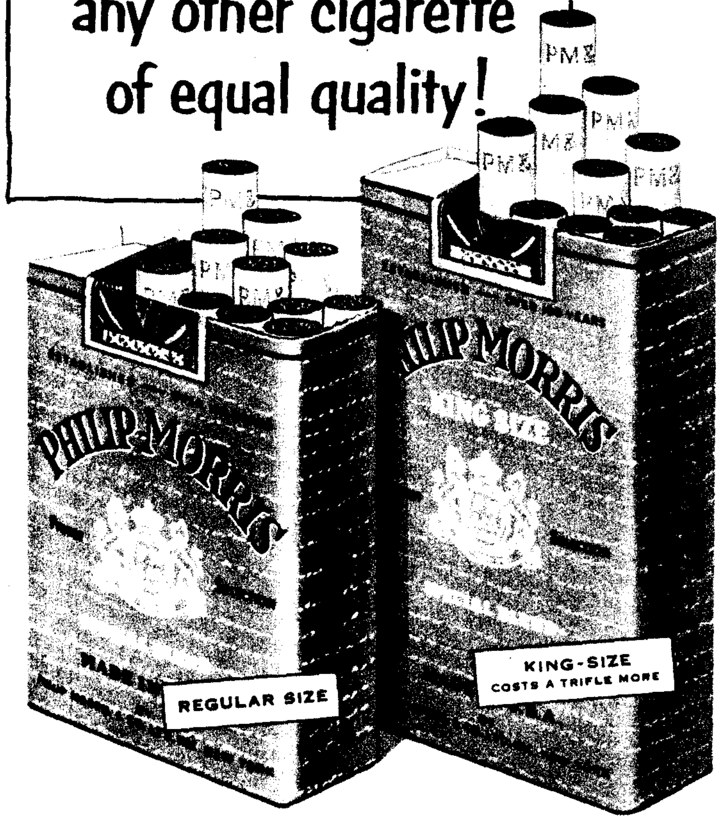
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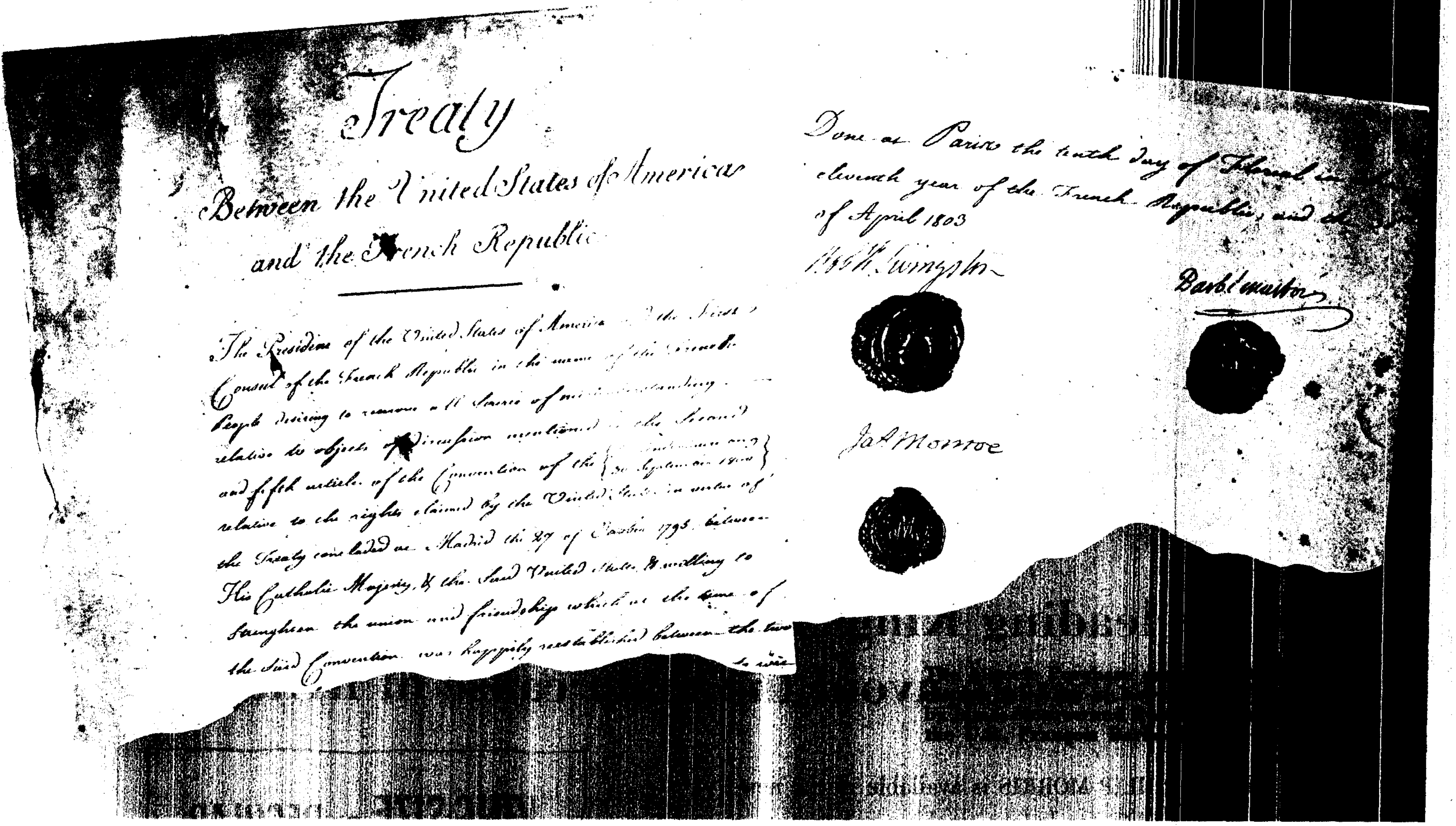


Treaty

Between the United States of America
and the French Republic

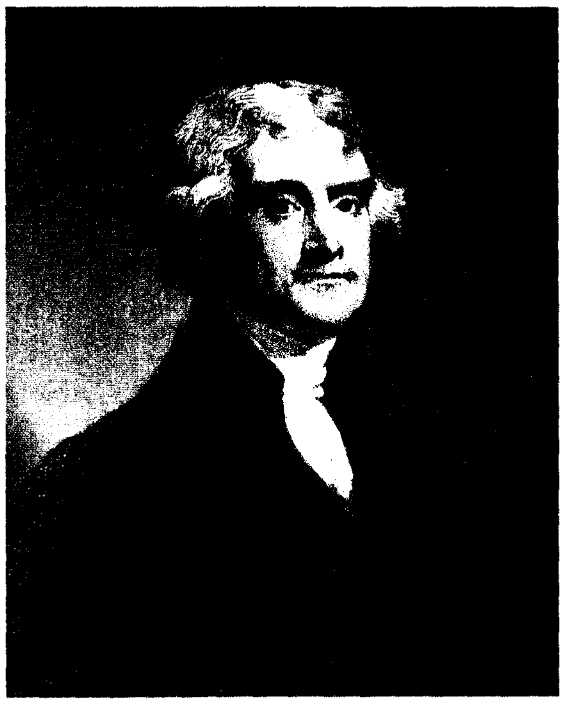
The President of the United States of America and the First Consul of the French Republic in the name of the French People desiring to remove all Source of misunderstanding relative to objects of discussion mentioned in the Second and fifth articles of the Convention of the {[illegible] 30 September 1800} relative to the rights claimed by the United States in virtue of the Treaty concluded at Madrid the 27 of October 1795, between His Catholic Majesty, & the Said United States, & willing to Strengthen the union and friendship which at the time of the Said Convention was happily reestablished between the two [illegible]

Done at Paris the tenth day of Floreal i
eleventh year of the French Republic, and th
of April 1803

Robt R Livingston

Barbé Marbois

Jas Monroe



President Jefferson originally wanted to buy only the city of New Orleans and surrounding area, to give Americans free access to Gulf

MONROE
MARBOIS
1803

Monroe and Livingston (seated) watch the French finance minister, Barbé-Marbois, sign Purchase treaty in Paris. Statue is in St. Louis

Napoleon sold Louisiana because he was going to war with England and feared he couldn't protect territory from British navy

In one bold step, for just $23,000,000, we bought greatness: thousands of square miles of sweeping prairie, rich farmland, underground wealth, invaluable waterways—and the path to world leadership. No other single event in American history was more important

By BERNARD De VOTO

Bernard De Voto is rated top American historian of the West. His latest book, The Course of Empire, the last of three dealing with westward expansion, won the 1952 National Book Award for nonfiction

ONE hundred and fifty years ago this spring, the United States closed one of the biggest real-estate deals of all time, the Louisiana Purchase. We spent a few million dollars; we bought greatness—the wealth, security and power that have brought us world leadership. No event in all American history—not the Civil War, nor the Declaration of Independence nor even the signing of the Constitution—was more important.

The land we bought from France in 1803 consisted of 909,130 square miles, almost all west of the Mississippi. It was mostly wilderness then. Its value today is beyond estimate. The present state of Iowa, amounting to about 6 per cent of the Purchase, cost us $1,400,000. Its corn crop alone was worth $713,000,000 in 1951—and the value of the state's entire farm plant was $5,500,000,000!

Today, no one can imagine what the century and a half of our history since 1803 would have been like if the Purchase had not been made. Yet the price was fantastically small. Figuring down to the last cent, this is what we paid:

Counted as part of the price was an agreement by the U.S. to pay its citizens for shipping losses inflicted by France in an undeclared naval war a few years before. Washington settled the claims for about twenty cents on the dollar, entangling some of them in so much red tape that the account was not closed until 1925; the total was $3,747,268.98. We also paid France $11,250,000 in six per cent twenty-year bonds. Interest came to $8,221,320.50, less discounts of $5,031.75.

For the nine hundred thousand square miles, therefore, we paid $23,213,557.73—about $25.50 per square mile, or just under four cents an acre. Iowa farmland went for that price, and Minnesota pine forest, Wyoming oil and Colorado gold.

The United States got a 7 per cent return on the whole capital investment in the first year following the Purchase, just from receipts at the New Orleans customhouse.

Louisiana extended from the Mississippi to the crest of the Rockies. The territory was bought during a brief armistice in the wars of Europe that were almost continuous from the French Revolution to the downfall of Napoleon. The tensions of those wars, which had long threatened to spread to the United States, made the Purchase possible. It was a peace measure, a defense measure, a war bargain—and a stunning surprise.

Buying Louisiana was by far the boldest step that the United States, then in its fifteenth year under the Constitution, had ever taken. Besides more than doubling the young nation's size, it had vast commercial, social and agricultural significance.

In 1803, the most important geographical feature of the area which the United States now occupies was the Mississippi, whose name means Big River. Its military importance was that its mouth was the strategic key to North America. Its commercial importance was that, until roads and canals were built, it provided the only means by which the crops of the United States west of the Appalachian Mountains could be taken to market. Its social importance was that, with its tributaries, it formed the network of communication. Its economic importance was that in natural resources its great valley, from the Appalachians to the Rockies, from Lake Superior to the Gulf, was the richest area in the whole world. And in 1803 its political importance, international as well as domestic, was that the United States possessed only the eastern half of the valley. A foreign nation owned the western half and controlled the mouth of the river.

At the end of the revolution, the Mississippi became our western boundary. Florida and a strip extending across southern Alabama and Mississippi were Spanish, as well as the area west of the Mississippi. Of this area, the 900,000 square miles called Louisiana had been ceded to Spain by France in 1762, at the end of what American histories call the French and Indian War, to prevent Great Britain from getting it at the forthcoming peace conference (as she was sure to get Canada).

When the United States achieved independence, Great Britain, Spain and France all hoped to confine its development to the area east of the Appalachians. They soon saw that this restriction was impossible, for increasing numbers of Americans were emigrating to Kentucky, Tennessee and, somewhat later, Ohio and Mississippi.

So the three foreign powers shifted their objective to that of weakening the United States by taking the West out of its control. All of them believed that this split could be achieved openly if the United States should be drawn into the wars with which Europe was aflame. If not, efforts to detach the West must be secret and conspiratorial. All three nations, but most notably Spain, had underground apparatus trying to stir up dissatisfaction among the Westerners, so that they would withdraw from the Union and set up for themselves, or join one of the powers.

The Western frontiersmen were a vigorous, boisterous, unruly lot, with a large proportion of the half-horse, half-alligator type that figures so colorfully in our folklore. ("Sired by a hurricane, dam'd by an earthquake, half brother to the cholera, nearly related to the smallpox on the mother's side," Mark Twain wrote.) The ties that held them to the young Republic were loose at best, and were weakened by many grievances against the richer, more populous communities of the seaboard.

Most important, their survival depended on the water transport afforded by the Ohio River, its tributaries and the Mississippi. Practically nothing could be profitably transported across the mountains by pack horse. Almost all bulk freight had to be floated to New Orleans, a Spanish town, and there put aboard ocean-going vessels. This traffic produced the rowdy rivermen and the swarms of rafts, flatboats, broadhorns, mackinaws, keelboats and other homemade craft that grew more numerous every year on the Western waters.

Concessions Exacted from Spain

To close the Mississippi to American commerce would be to strike a shattering blow at American unity. Spain's reported threats to do just that produced a crisis during Washington's second administration, at a time when the United States appeared to be on the verge of war with Great Britain. (Jefferson, who was to make the Louisiana Purchase, was then Secretary of State.) However, by negotiation backed by a show of force, the United States had secured concessions from Spain. For a limited term, we were guaranteed free navigation of the Mississippi and the right of deposit at New Orleans—that is, the right to transfer cargo from river boat to ocean vessel without paying excises.

The crisis which resulted in the Louisiana Purchase was precipitated by Napoleon in 1802. (So it was the aggression of a dictatorship which was feared as justly as Stalin's is now which led to the increase of wealth that made us a world power.)

Napoleon's fixed purpose was to defeat Great Britain. The method he chose was to attack the British Empire, and he led an army to Egypt, intending to go on and conquer India. British sea power frustrated the plan and Napoleon turned to the Western Hemisphere. He would, he thought, restore the French Empire there, and eventually break up the British Empire by conquering Canada.

In 1800, as a first step, he forced Spain to return Louisiana to France, by a secret treaty that did not remain secret long. News of it reached the United States two months after Jefferson became President in 1801, and created intense alarm. For it established France, instead of the weaker Spain, on our western border—Europe's greatest military power, ruled by a dictator whose purpose was world conquest. French possession of Louisiana, Jefferson said in a famous phrase, would force us to "marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." Here, in realistic fear of the world conqueror, is the first statement of a strategy that would lead to the Monroe Doctrine—and to NATO, as well.

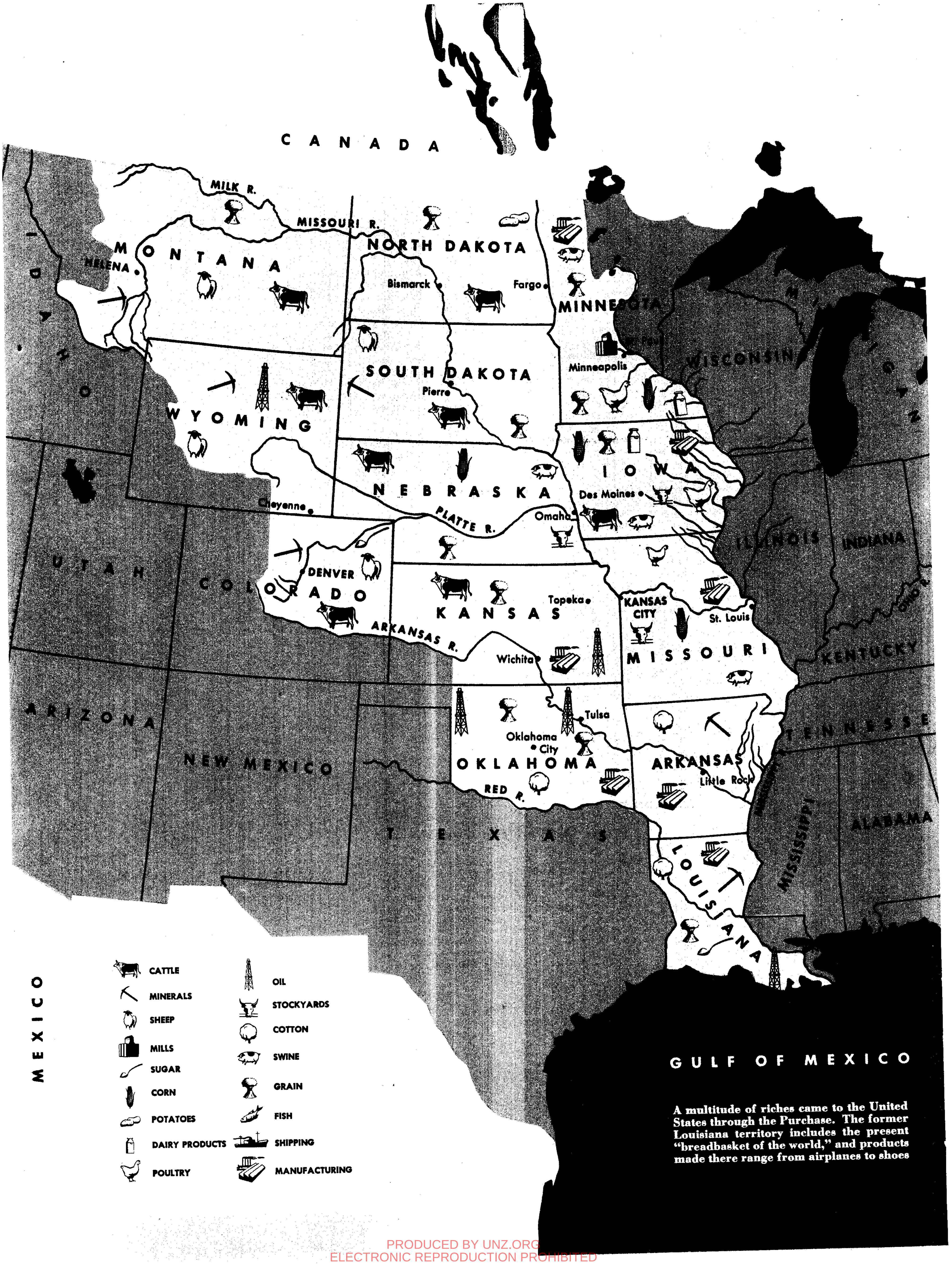
Napoleon then made two more moves, both charged with danger to the United States. Early in 1802, he sent an army to Haiti, to recover the island

What We Got for Our Money

The present value of the old Louisiana Purchase territory is incalculable. Billions of dollars' worth of crops, minerals and livestock products have been produced from its rich soil; billions more have come from river transportation and activities of the port of New Orleans; the land features that attracted hordes of settlers have meant unmeasured wealth in manufactured goods and a variety of other products and services. To give some idea of what we got for our $23,000,000, this table shows the estimated cost of each state in the territory (or part of what later became a state), and the value of just one of its products during a single recent year

STATE	COST	PRODUCT VALUE	
Louisiana*	$1,100,000	Minerals	$616,245,000
Arkansas	1,354,000	Cotton	251,000,000
Missouri	1,776,000	Poultry	145,974,000
Iowa	1,435,000	Corn	713,657,000
Minnesota*	1,420,000	Dairy Products	233,434,000
North Dakota	1,802,000	Barley	72,897,000
South Dakota	1,964,000	Rye	11,381,000
Nebraska	1,969,000	Beef	371,000,000
Kansas*	1,890,000	Wheat	277,448,000
Oklahoma*	1,610,000	Crude Oil	482,620,000
Colorado*	1,100,000	Beet Sugar	22,681,000
Wyoming*	1,875,000	Sheep	120,605,000
Montana*	3,385,000	Copper	27,784,000

*** Bought in part**


CANADA
MILK R.
MISSOURI R.
MONTANA
HELENA
NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck
Fargo
MINNESOTA
St. Paul
Minneapolis
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
IDAHO
SOUTH DAKOTA
Pierre
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
PLATTE R.
Omaha
Cheyenne
IOWA
Des Moines
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
UTAH
COLORADO
DENVER
KANSAS
Topeka
KANSAS CITY
St. Louis
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS R.
Wichita
KENTUCKY
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City
Tulsa
RED R.
ARKANSAS
Little Rock
TENNESSEE
TEXAS
MISSISSIPPI
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
LOUISIANA
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
CATTLE
MINERALS
SHEEP
MILLS
SUGAR
CORN
POTATOES
DAIRY PRODUCTS
POULTRY
OIL
STOCKYARDS
COTTON
SWINE
GRAIN
FISH
SHIPPING
MANUFACTURING

A multitude of riches came to the United States through the Purchase. The former Louisiana territory includes the present "breadbasket of the world," and products made there range from airplanes to shoes from the Negro genius Toussaint L'Ouverture, who had conquered it ostensibly for France, but who was ruling it as a personal dictatorship. At about the same time, Bonaparte mobilized a second army, to hold Louisiana secure against Great Britain, ultimately to invade Canada and meanwhile to put pressure on the United States.

The first army did capture Toussaint, but was itself wiped out by a terrible epidemic of yellow fever. Napoleon had no choice but to divert the other force to Haiti. Yellow fever and guerrilla warfare began to destroy it, too.

Ole Miss Closed to American Commerce

In October, 1802, two years after the signing of the secret treaty, the Spanish minister was still skillfully delaying the transfer of Louisiana to France. In that month, Spanish officials in New Orleans again closed the Mississippi to American commerce. The closure created a situation so serious for the U.S. that a swift solution was imperative.

Of various dangers, the worst one was that the Westerners might raise militia forces and reopen the Mississippi themselves by occupying New Orleans. If they did, both Spain and France would surely declare war, and the United States would be thrust into the strife from which it had so far held aloof. Our national survival might depend on Jefferson's finding a peaceful solution.

Actually, Jefferson and his Secretary of State, James Madison, had been negotiating for a permanent settlement of the whole Mississippi question ever since they had learned that Louisiana was to be returned to France. Through the American minister to France, Robert R. Livingston, they had proposed various means of securing the rights of navigation and deposit.

The most desirable solution, the one Livingston proposed most often, was for the United States to buy the so-called Isle of Orleans, an area that included the city, the mouth of the Mississippi, and adjacent territory east of the river, amounting in all to 2,800 square miles. (At times, Livingston offered to buy a much larger part of Louisiana. He, Jefferson, and many other thoughtful Americans believed that the energy of westward emigration would someday carry the United States across most or all of the trans-Mississippi West.) But for more than a year, the French foreign minister, Talleyrand, refused Livingston any satisfaction, playing a brilliantly meaningless diplomatic chess game and never coming to grips with his proposals.

Nevertheless, Jefferson believed that the precariousness of the world situation would enable him to solve the problem—provided war did not break out first. The principal threat of war was the belligerent outrage of the Westerners. If they could be restrained, then the growing tension between France and Great Britain, and the failure of French arms in Haiti, might make Napoleon more amenable.

To convince the Westerners that their interests were being taken care of, Jefferson sent James Monroe to France as a minister extraordinary to negotiate a settlement. Monroe was prepared to offer various alternatives, but his main aim was the same as Livingston's: the purchase of New Orleans.

By the time Monroe reached France, however, the matter had been settled. The steady destruction of his second army in Haiti made Napoleon abandon his plan to restore the French Empire in North America. Instead he decided to attack Great Britain directly—across the English Channel, and also by way of her allies in Germany. But, he reasoned, at the very outset of such a war, Great Britain, the mistress of the seas, would occupy Louisiana. Such an increase of British wealth and strength must be prevented at any cost.

The best way of preventing it, Napoleon decided, was to dispose of the Louisiana territory before the war began. By selling it to the United States, he would strengthen a rival of Great Britain—and, since the area would lose its identity, the memory of his failure would soon fade from French minds.

With a dramatic suddenness possible only to dictators, Napoleon ordered Talleyrand to find out how much the United States would pay for all Louisiana. When Monroe arrived, ready to buy a town of nine or ten thousand inhabitants, he found his colleague Livingston haggling over the price to be paid for 900,000 square miles of wilderness.

The formalities were simple. A treaty of cession and two conventions covering the payment of the American claims and related matters were signed between May 2 and 9, 1803, but dated back to April 30th. Official notification did not reach Washington till July 14th, but somehow unofficial word got around as early as June 19th. The Senate ratified the treaty on October 20th, the Federalist members (and newspapers) shouting that the Pur-

This is how the present area of the United States was cut up at the time of the Purchase. Lewis and Clark Expedition to the Northwest actually was planned before we owned Louisiana

Not Everybody Was In Favor of It

The Louisiana Purchase, one of the greatest territorial bargains a nation ever got, was bitterly attacked by members of Congress and newspapers before it was ratified by the Senate. Outraged Federalists (and a few Democrats) protested that Jefferson lacked constitutional authority to buy new land, or to promise its settlers statehood; that Louisiana was too far away to govern, and too wild to live in; that the land wasn't Napoleon's to sell; that the new Western tail might someday start wagging the older Eastern dog. Here are some samples:

Representative Roger Griswold, of Connecticut: "Should we not enquire into the validity of our title? Suppose France had ceded to us the Island of Great Britain. Would the mere cession give us the right to the soil and jurisdiction of that country?"

Senator William Plumer, of New Hampshire: "Admission of this western world into the Union would destroy at once the weight and importance of the eastern states and compel them to establish a separate, independent empire."

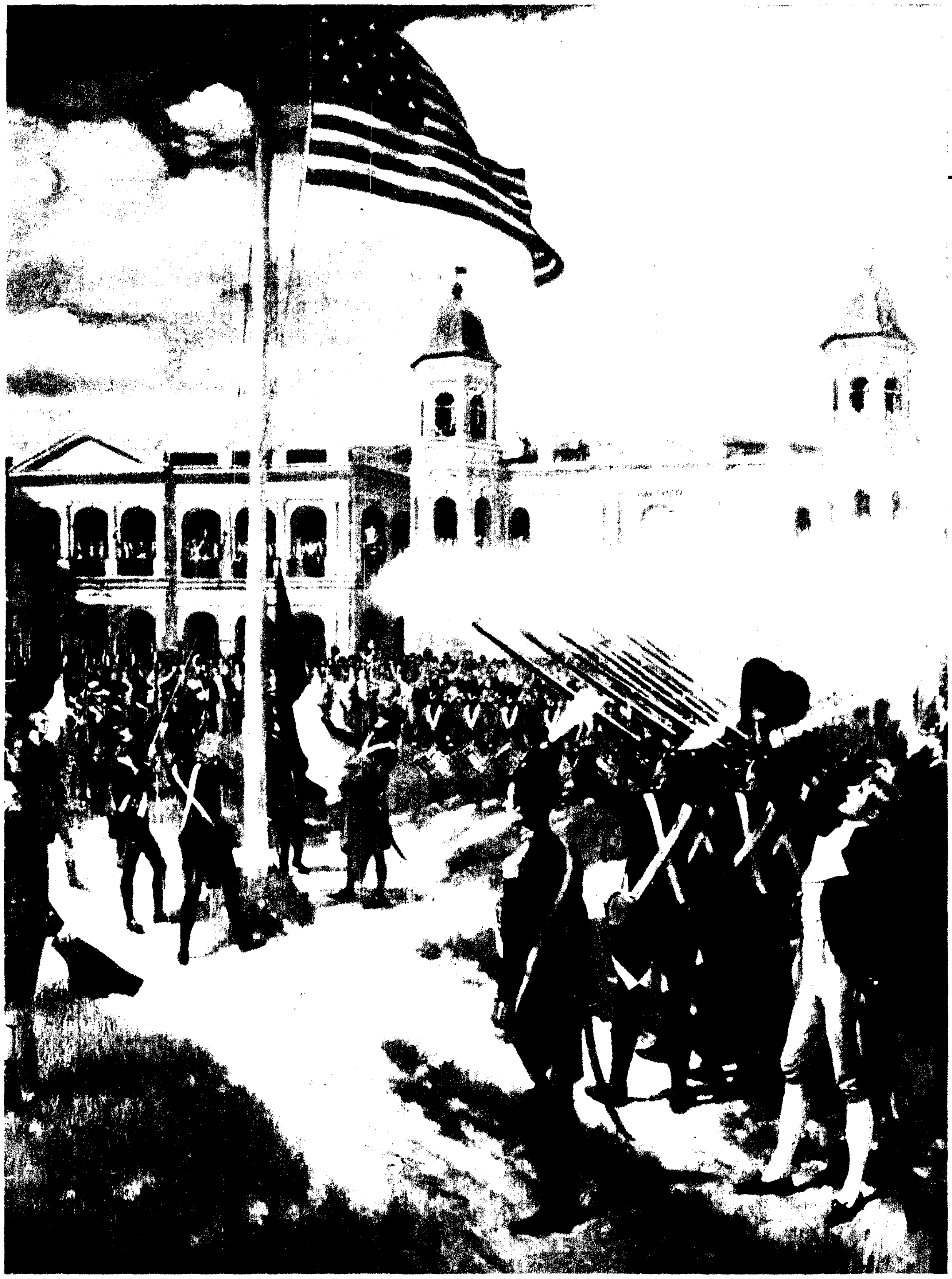
The Trenton Federalist: "Fifteen millions of dollars!!!" (The reference was to the cash payment, not including the accompanying claims settlement agreement.) "For nothing—yes, for nothing; for, to New Jersey and all the Atlantic states, it is worse than nothing. If (Louisiana) is so important to the western people, they ought to pay for it themselves."

Representative Thomas Griffin, of Virginia: "(I) fear this Eden of the New World would prove a cemetery for the bodies of our citizens."

Senator Samuel White, Delaware: "I believe it will be the greatest curse that could ever befall us. Citizens will be removed to the immense distances of two or three thousand miles from the Capitol, where they will scarcely ever feel the rays of the Central Government. Their affections will become alienated; they will gradually begin to view us as strangers. I would rather see it (Louisiana) given to France, to Spain, or to any other nation . . . upon the mere condition that no citizen of the United States should ever settle within its limits."

Jefferson himself doubted the constitutionality of the Purchase, but he dropped plans to ask for a constitutional amendment when it appeared the delay might cause the whole transaction to fall through. Although the Supreme Court of his time might very well have invalidated the Louisiana Purchase, it was never asked for an opinion; some years later, the court ruled the deal constitutional.

We needed the Mississippi—but


COURTESY CABILDO LOUISIANA STATE MUSEUM, NEW ORLEANS

The territory was transferred from France to America in New Orleans on December 20, 1803, with appropriate ceremonies. France had taken it back from Spain less than three weeks previously

chase was unconstitutional. According to constitutional theories accepted at the time, they were probably right (as Jefferson half admitted, privately). Also, by both French and international law, Napoleon's sale was probably illegal: it was never confirmed by the French Senate and Assembly, as it should have been, and it violated the "secret" treaty with Spain, which provided that Louisiana must never be transferred to a third nation.

Napoleon, furthermore, had sold what he did not yet possess. For months, a French prefect sent to govern Louisiana had been waiting in New Orleans for Spain to effect the transfer. On November 30, 1803, he formally received Louisiana from Spain. Twenty days later, in a simple ceremony and to the raucous delight of a handful of Americans, he transferred it to the American commissioners: William C. C. Claiborne, who was governor of Mississippi Territory, and the scoundrelly General James Wilkinson, who was receiving pay from Spain as a spy.

Next December 20th, the state of Louisiana will observe the 150th anniversary of the transfer as the climax to a year-long celebration; President Eisenhower has been invited to attend.

Upper Louisiana, the huge northern province of which St. Louis was the seat of government, was transferred from French to American control on March 9, 1804. The French empire had disappeared from the continent of North America forever. The first and greatest step in the expansion of the United States had been completed.

* * *

Thus we acquired the vast area which La Salle, the first white man to descend the Mississippi to its mouth, had claimed for France in 1682 and had named in honor of Louis XIV.

Just what did the Louisiana territory consist of?

The part of the state now named Louisiana that lies west of the Mississippi was part of the Purchase, as well as the city of New Orleans, which lies east of it. Six entire states were included: Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota. Minnesota west of the Mississippi was included, and all Oklahoma except the narrow panhandle that stretches west of the 100th meridian, with Texas to the south and Kansas and Colorado to the north.

The 100th meridian is important because the area west of it and south of the Arkansas River belonged to Spain, and always had. For the same reason, the southwestern corner of Kansas was excluded; the rest of the state was part of the Purchase. So was Colorado north of the Arkansas and east of the Continental Divide, and so were Wyoming and Montana east of the divide.

Only a minute fraction of this vast wilderness had ever been seen by white men. Such maps as existed were based on guess, fantasy and whim. So there were ambiguities about the northern boundary. The complex negotiations that settled them produced some curiosities. Thus there is a portion of Minnesota that lies north of the 49th parallel and has no land connection with the United States, of which it is the most northerly extension except for Alaska. This is the so-called Northwest Angle, on the western shore of Lake of the Woods. The lake to the south of it is American but the land west of it is Canadian—because when the treaty that declared it American was made, the source of the Mississippi was believed to be farther north and west than it is.

North to south, the original Louisiana extends through nearly twenty degrees of latitude, just under 1,400 miles. The east-west width is greatest at the northern boundary and shrinks to less than 150 miles in the narrowest part of the state of Louisiana. At the mouth of the Missouri it is fifteen degrees, more than a thousand miles.

The diversity and variety of the countryside included in these limits stagger the imagination.

Temperatures Vary Along the River

The lowest average winter temperature in the United States, under 10 degrees F., is that of northeastern Montana, North Dakota and northwestern Minnesota; a segment of this zone contains almost all the stations that have ever reported temperatures lower than 60 below. But at New Orleans the average winter temperature is 55 degrees, and only lower Florida and southern California have warmer winters.

The Mississippi rises in the evergreen forest of Minnesota, a lake country, Paul Bunyan's country. Come down the river by boat (it will have to be a canoe at first), and you will traverse wild-rice country, pass oak openings and prairies, cross the cultures of corn and cotton and sugar cane, and the last several hundred miles of your journey will be among live oaks, Spanish moss, canebrakes, bayous and alligators.

Or drive west, say on U.S. 20 from Dubuque. When you start you will be in what's called a moist, subhumid climate, where the rainfall is more than 32 inches a year. As you go west you will cross a dry, subhumid zone, then a semiarid one, and will end in an arid zone where the rainfall is less than 15 inches. You will cross the central lowland prairies and the Great Plains—the tall-grass country, the short-grass country and the sagebrush desert.

All this time you will be climbing the gradient of the continental incline. The Mississippi is never higher than 500 feet above sea level—but Denver is a mile high, Cheyenne a thousand feet higher and peaks of the Rockies rise above 14,000 feet.

The wealth that was latent in Louisiana has proved to be equally diverse. Despite the cities and industries that have grown up in the former wilderness, its greatest importance is agricultural. Corn is grown everywhere except in the western fringe where the rainfall is scanty, but Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska are part of the corn belt proper, which has the best-balanced and most profitable agriculture in the world. Wherever there is corn there are hogs; the corn belt also is our principal cattle-feeding region; and dairy farming is important in most of it, too. It also grows wheat, hay and oats—three of the six principal American crops. The others are corn, tobacco and cotton—and Arkansas and Louisiana are part of the cotton belt.

Wheat farming, which lends itself to large-scale operations, prefers the flat country. Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska are a winter-wheat region; a long winter makes the Dakotas a part of the spring-wheat belt, which extends into Canada. But the enormous wheat ranches, which make such striking subjects for photography, with their endless lines of combines marching across the land like a tank corps, are in Montana.

Where climate becomes unfavorable for corn, in parts of Kansas and Oklahoma, sorghum takes its place. Where it is too capricious for wheat, in parts of the Dakotas, the hardier barley is grown.

In the Old Western Cattle Country

These crops are the great staples with which the United States feeds much of the world. They obscure the fact that practically everything else is grown in this region of practically every kind of soil and climate: rice in Arkansas, tobacco in Missouri, tung oil in Louisiana, soybeans in many places. And the whole western portion of the area is stock country. It was originally the open range, the setting of the now romantic drama of the cattle kingdom. It is cattle country still, although sheep are important in Wyoming, and in Colorado and Montana.

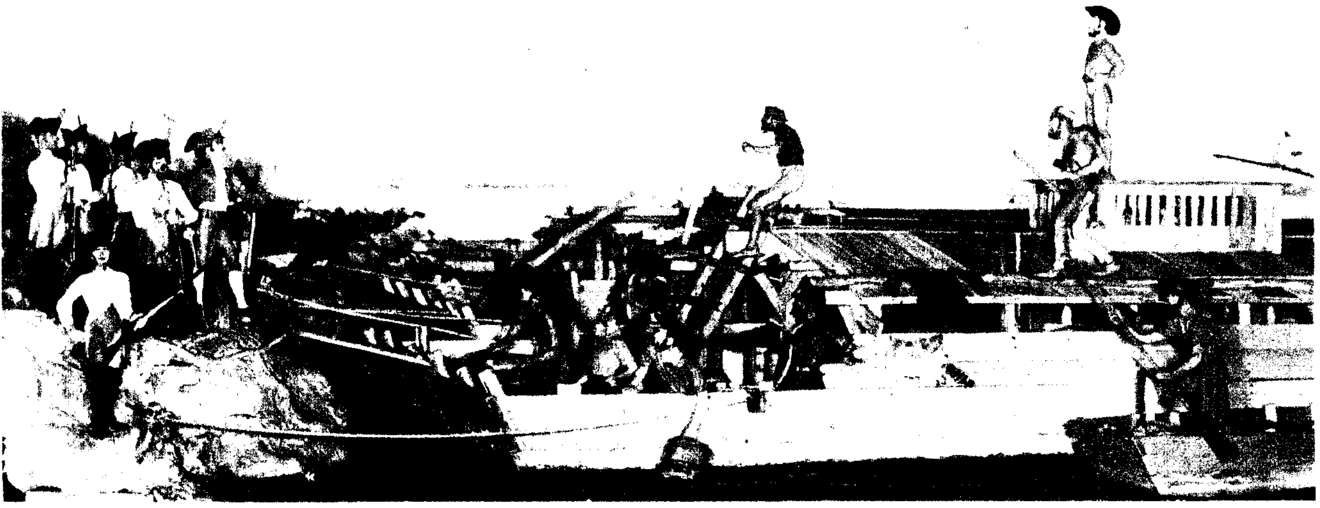
Since the region is mostly prairie and plain, timber is important only along the fringes, in Minnesota, Arkansas, Louisiana and the Rocky Mountains. There is a timbered island in the Black Hills of South Dakota and there are others in the Ozark and Wichita Mountains. But the great rafts of logs and lumber that once floated down the Mississippi, one of which carried Huckleberry Finn to immortality, came from Wisconsin, which was not part of the Purchase.

No single image could symbolize the whole Louisiana Territory as it is today, but there is a montage of symbols which instantly identifies it to every American. They are the symbols of the wide, fat land: grain elevators against the sky or against the aching loneliness of the plains, silos and corncribs by the thousand, reapers and threshing machines, combines spouting chaff to the wind that is never still, the rattling belts of hay loaders and balers, gangs of plows or harrows pulled by tractors, windmills and cotton pickers and cane-crushers, and always the barn that dwarfs the farmhouse and crouches in the angle of its windbreak.

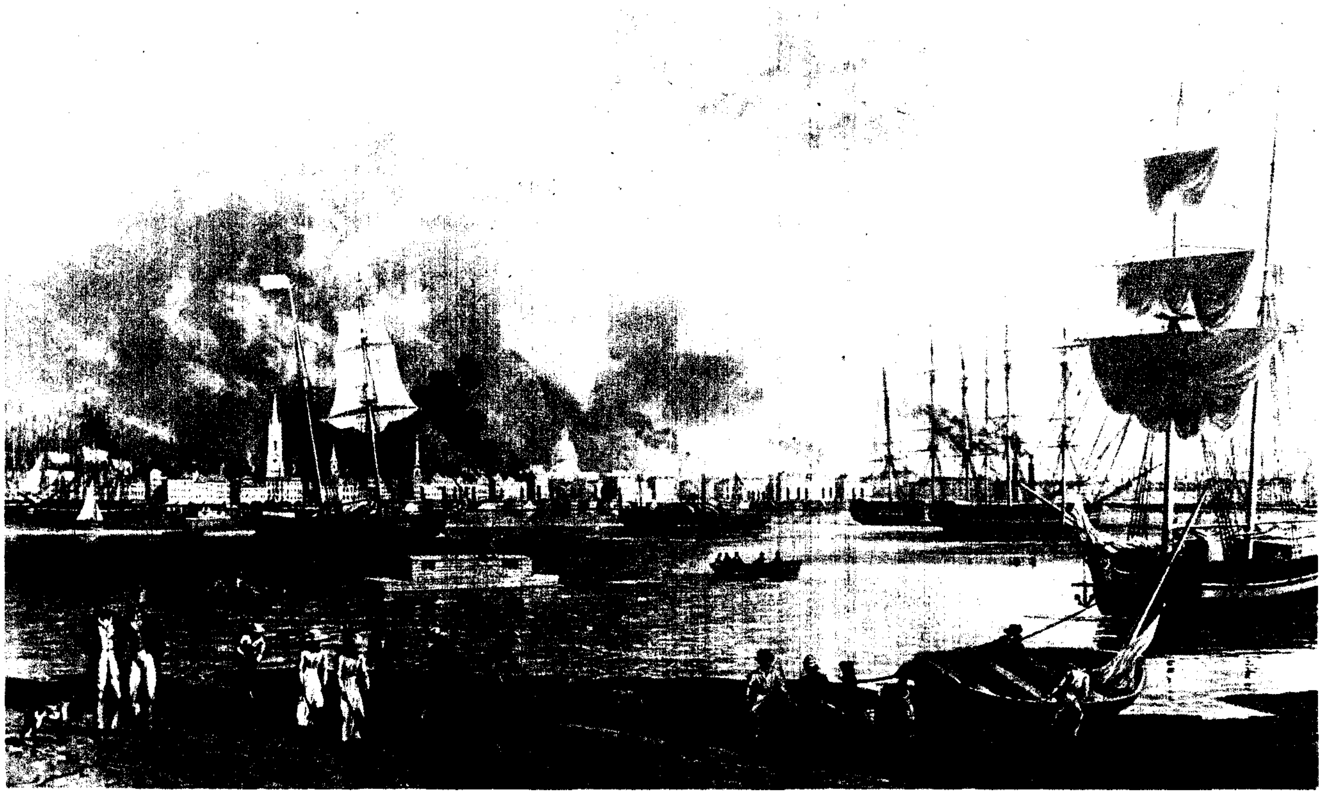
But the land has other symbols, most notably the latticed towers of oil wells. Kansas and Oklahoma are in the Mid-Continental field, Wyoming and Montana in the Rocky Mountain Province. There is oil in Louisiana and Colorado, and the most promising recent strike is in North Dakota.

There are metals or other minerals in nearly every part of the Purchase. The sulphur deposits of Louisiana, with their extension in Texas, are the richest in the world. It was the gold of South Dakota's Black Hills that made the town of Deadwood a legend and brought on the Sioux wars and the Custer massacre. Before that there was a spectacular gold rush to Colorado—"Pikes Peak or Bust"—and Colorado silver added such roaring towns as Leadville and Cripple Creek to the album of Western spectacle. Montana was gold-rush country too—spawning towns like Alder Gulch and Last Chance Gulch, now Virginia City and Helena.

Missouri mines zinc and manganese and bauxite; Iowa, zinc and lead. Coal beds underlie parts of Iowa and Kansas and recur in Wyoming, Colorado and Montana. The bituminous deposits are

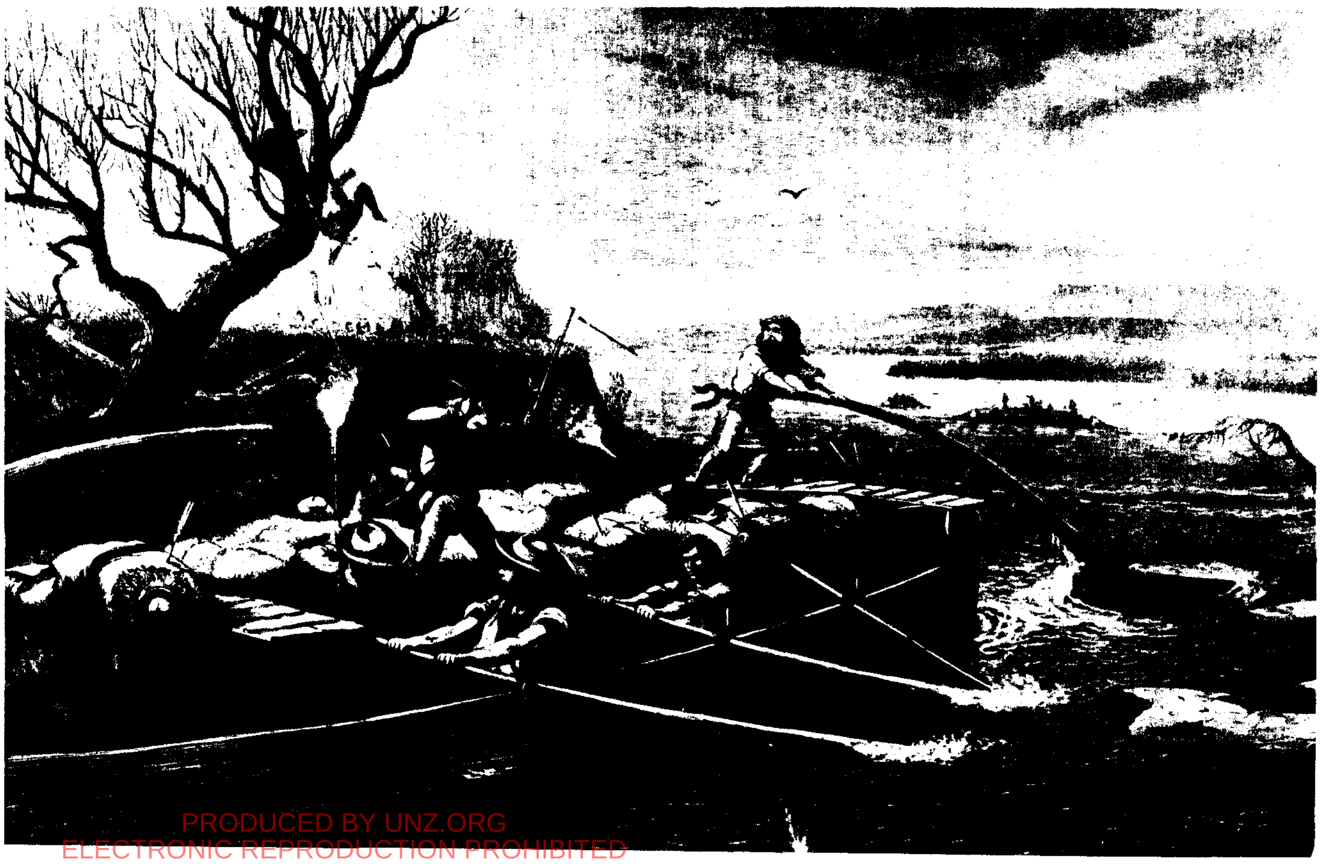

DIORAMA IN MUSEUM OF NATIONAL EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS

Crisis which made clear our need for New Orleans occurred in 1802, when Spanish suddenly closed the port to American river traffic. Some enraged Americans talked of seizing the city by force


HOWARD-TILTON MEMORIAL LIBRARY, TULANE UNIVERSITY

In first 15 years after Purchase, New Orleans tripled in size, as steamboats brought goods down Mississippi from the interior for transfer to seagoing ships. This picture was painted in the 1820s

While Mississippi was becoming commercial artery, hunters and traders were moving up Missouri River. Country was still wild; explorers like these fur traders often were attacked by Indians



well developed, and vast stores of lignite await an era that will be forced to use low-grade fuels. That same future time will also utilize the enormous but now mostly untouched resources of low-grade iron, some of them in Missouri and Arkansas, but the bulk of them in the Rocky Mountains. There are pearls in the lower rivers, and diamonds are mined in Arkansas. Semiprecious stones abound in many parts of the Purchase.

* * *

Louisiana meant illimitable size, illimitable distance. The distances within the United States seemed overwhelming *before* the Purchase; the vast areas the Purchase added seemed likely to smother the nation.

Jefferson himself wondered whether we would long be able to govern a region so far from Washington, with communication so difficult and so slow. Of the hundreds of craft that floated down to New Orleans, now an American town, only the keelboats could go back upriver and they only by being rowed, poled and towed in as grinding a labor as Americans have ever had to perform. A boat required two months or more to ascend from New Orleans to St. Louis.

What, then, about continuing up the Ohio to the rapidly multiplying settlements—or up the Arkansas or the Missouri into the unkown lands?

But for communication and transportation, the true measure of distance is not miles, but time. And it is a striking fact that every step of American expansion has produced an increase in our cultural energies, much as an electric current is stepped up by an induction coil. Such an acceleration now brought about one of the greatest of American inventions, the river steamboat. In 1812, nine years after the Louisiana Purchase, Nicholas Roosevelt took a steamboat from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. On the return it could get no farther than Natchez, but in 1815 one made it from New Orleans to Pittsburgh in 54 days.

The time and distance barrier was broken. The next year saw the first of the type that was to conquer the Western waters, the Mississippi steamboat, designed for the needs of inland rivers.

She had a flat and shallow hull, the engines on the main deck instead of in the hold, paddle wheels at the stern or the sides, and the black smoke of pitch pine vomiting from tall stacks. She could travel, they said, on a heavy dew—or on a light one, when necessary. When there was no dew she could walk over the shoals on a pair of shears or stilts, or with a device for increasing buoyancy, like the one invented by a riverman named Abraham Lincoln. And now the flush age began.

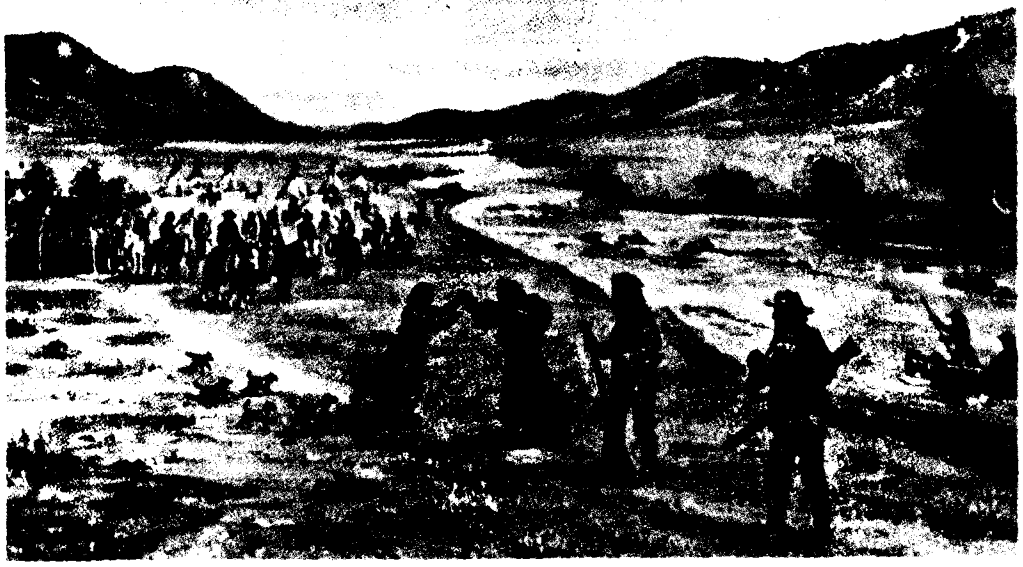
Everything converged on New Orleans, which tripled in size during the first 15 years following the Purchase. The Mississippi became one of the great highways of the world and New Orleans one of the great ports. It was the commercial depot of all inland America. The voyage to the Atlantic ports began here, and the voyage to Mexico, to Central America, to South America, to Africa.

Tonnage doubled and redoubled and the row of steamboat stacks along the water front lengthened to two miles. Roustabouts rolled that barrel, toted that bale. The Natchez and the Robert E. Lee, racing from New Orleans to St. Louis, piled lightwood and cotton and sides of bacon on the fires and wedged the safety valve shut; the Lee won, covering the 1,278-mile distance in 94 hours. If the boats blew their boilers, no one cared, so great was the torrent of profits, immigrants and new boats.

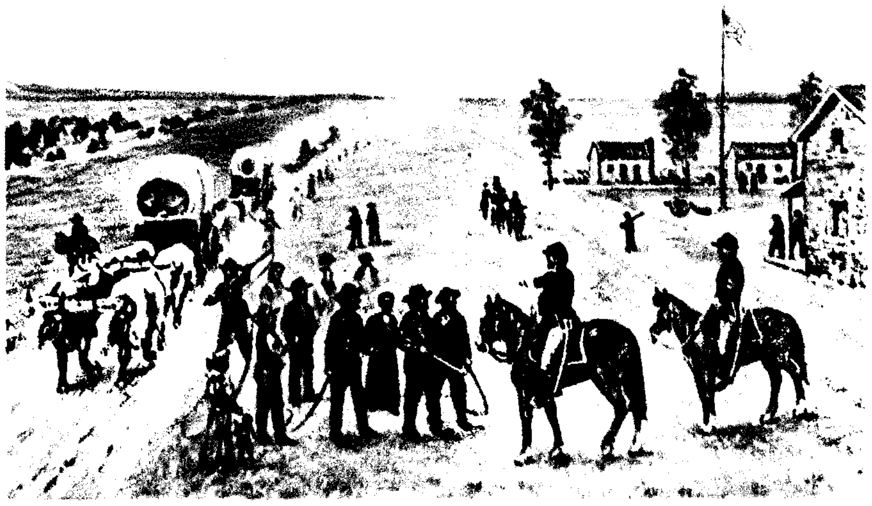
Presently forces began to operate that would confine New Orleans to being merely the greatest city of the South, but in that bedazzled time it seemed certain to become the greatest in the country. It is a great terminal today, and in 1953 its promise for the future is just what it was in 1803. Only five years ago it got a foreign trade zone, which makes it what the half-horse, half-alligator Americans wanted to make it then: a free port.

Glance at the western bank of the Mississippi,

PAINTINGS © HOWARD R. DRIGGS

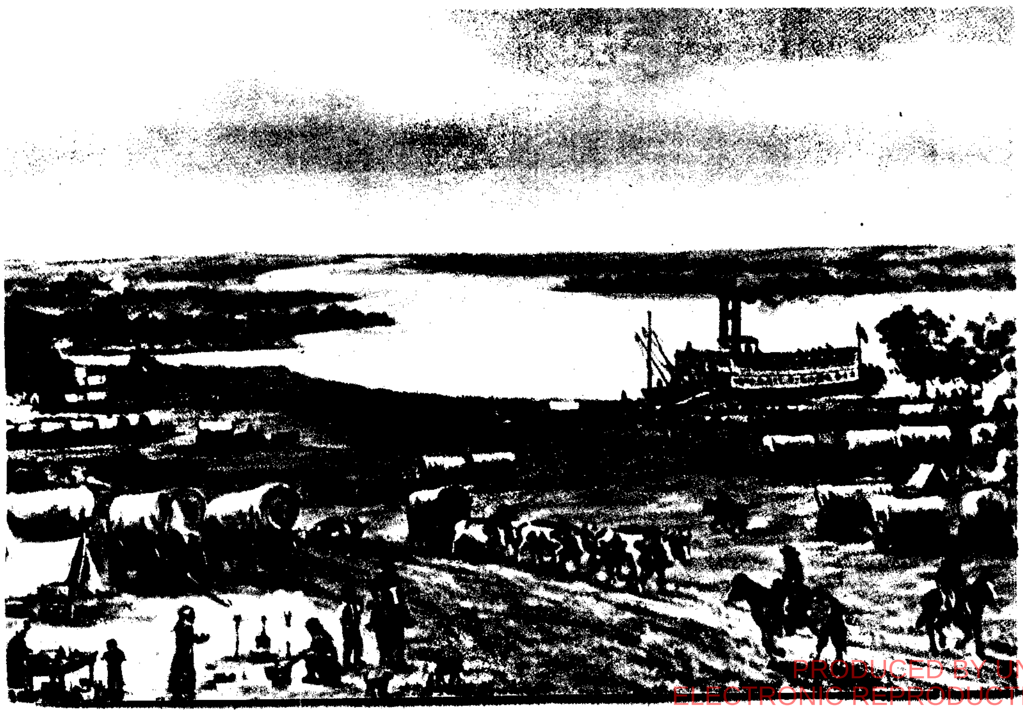


Lewis and Clark broke trail for western expansion. Indian relations were smoothed by Shoshone girl Sacajawea, shown greeting her tribe in Montana

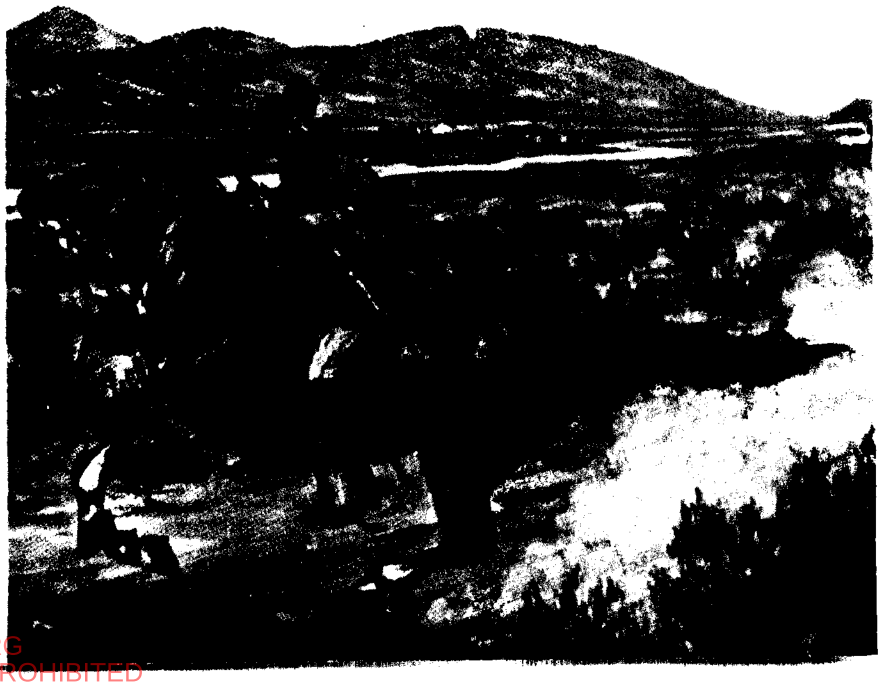


Fort Kearney—site of Kearney, Nebraska—was erected by U.S. Army on the Oregon Trail to protect pioneers from attack by plains Indians

Westbound settlers took steamboat to site of present Kansas City, where Missouri River turns north. That was jumping-off place for wagon travel



Pony express risked Indian attack, too. Scene is valley of Sweetwater River, near Continental Divide, where the Oregon Trail left Louisiana



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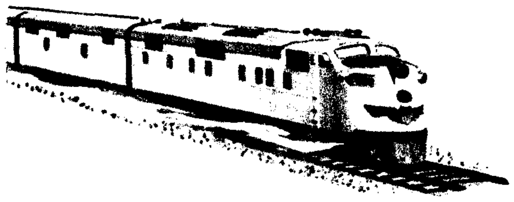

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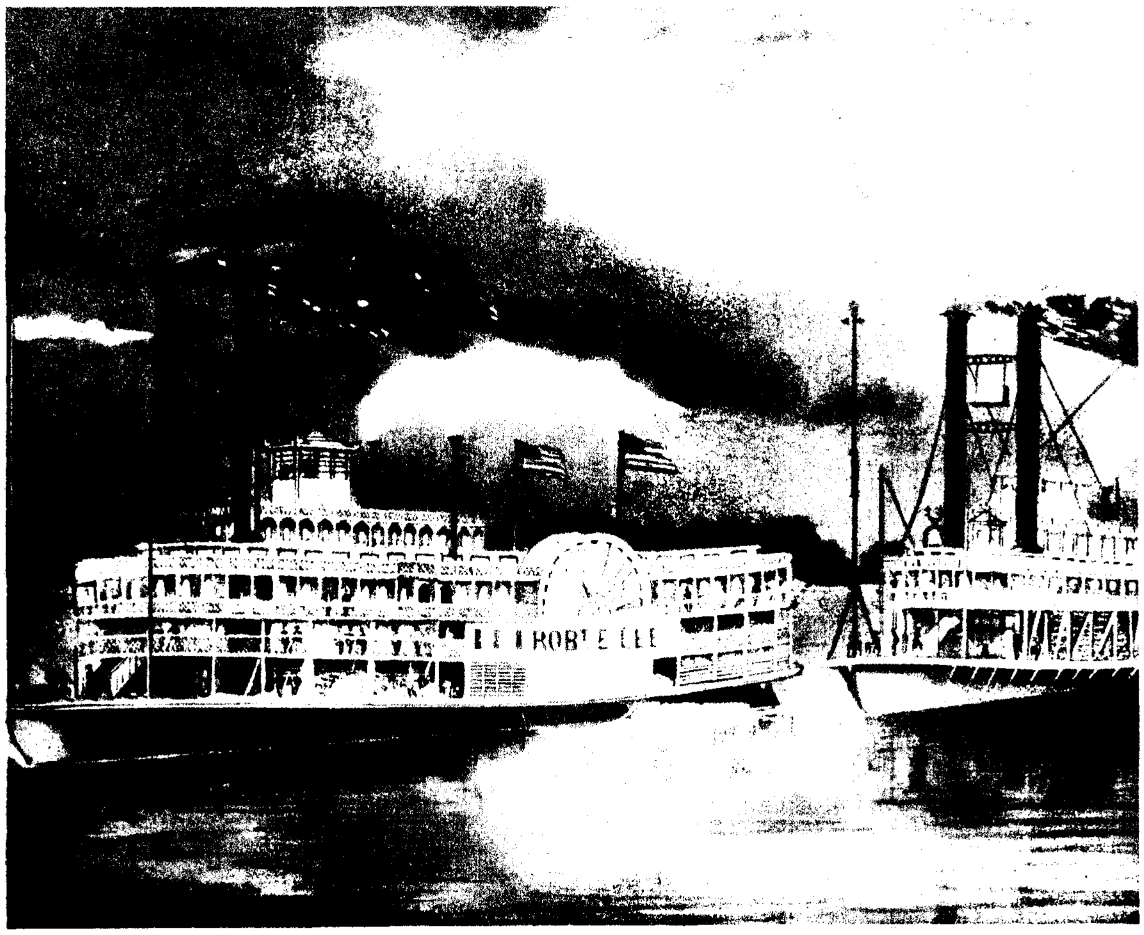
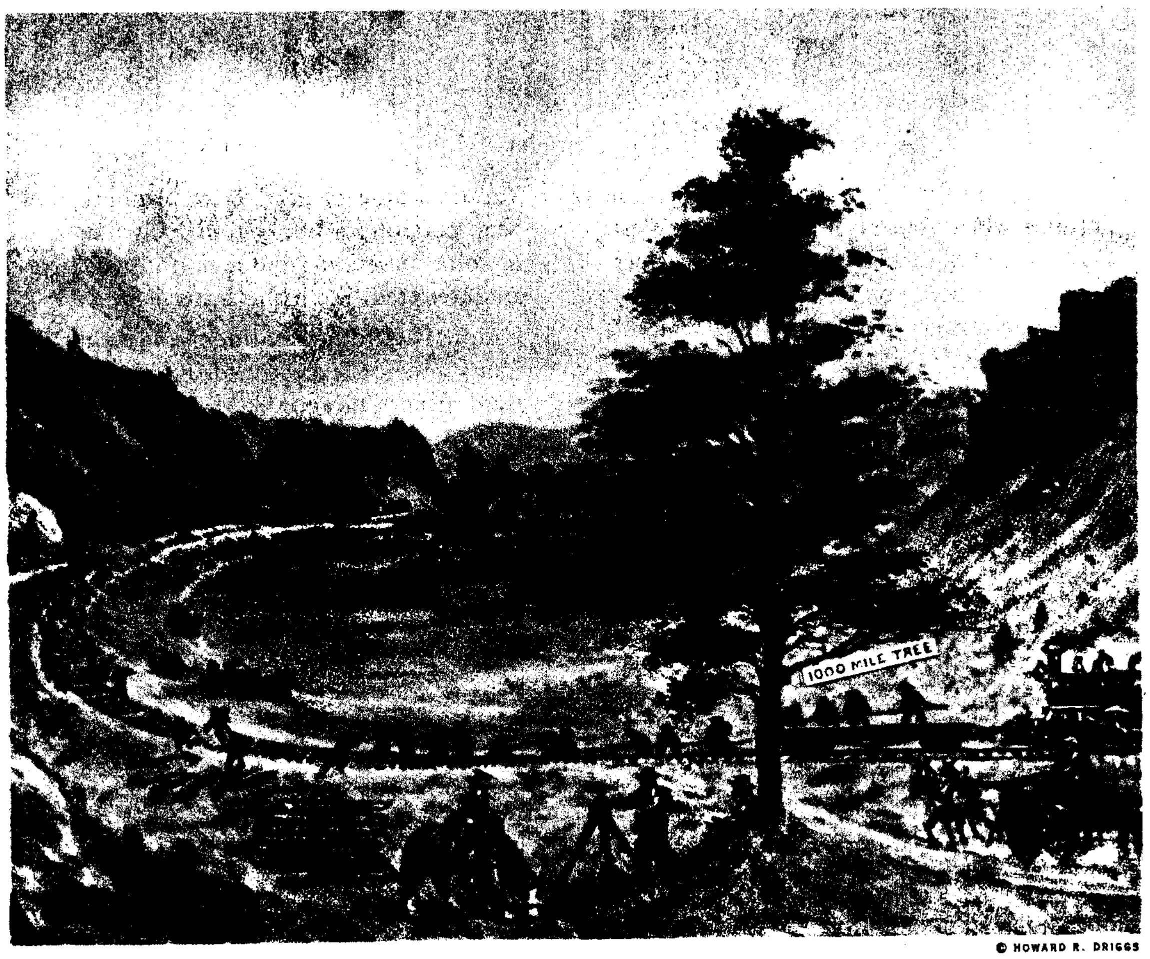
It was a vast area—too vast, folks said. Rails and river boats cut it to size



River boats, able to go upstream as well as down, solved the territory's communication and transport problems. Business was so good, boatmen would risk boiler blowups by tying down safety valves to get more speed. This shows famous race between Robert E. Lee and Natchez



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Railroads went where steamboats couldn't, following the overland trails to the West. The Union Pacific (pictured here under construction in Utah, 1,000 miles from Omaha) followed the Oregon Trail, and the Santa Fe railroad went along famous trail for which it was named

where the villages were always waked to furious activity, Mark Twain says, by the cry, "Steamboat a-comin'!" Below St. Louis, there is no important city on the west bank, but above it the steamboat age created Keokuk, Davenport, Dubuque and many others on up to the head of navigation.

On the upper Mississippi, a hamlet called Pig's Eye grew up, to be more decorously christened St. Paul. It was on the east bank, and therefore American soil before the Purchase. But the best approach to St. Anthony's Falls was from the west. When the falls were harnessed to power the mills that converted the inland empire's wheat to flour, Minneapolis grew up on the purchased land. (Both the Twin Cities span the river now.)

Stump-Pulling Boats in Red River

The Red River, in what is now the state of Louisiana, led through a country that was to remain almost exclusively agricultural. The river was undependably navigable at best, even after Henry Shreve's weird stump-pulling boats got rid of its Great Raft of matted snags. But the steamboat age created Shreveport, which was named for him. Farther north, the Arkansas was navigable almost to the Oklahoma line and the steamboats created Little Rock. Tulsa and Wichita are in its valley, too, but the steamboats weren't able to go that far.

Go on up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missouri, that unruly stream whose name means what the white men have called it through all the years they have struggled with it, the Big Muddy. You are 1,100 river miles from the Gulf. Up in the portion of Montana that lies west of Yellowstone Park is Red Rock River, the ultimate source of the Missouri. The Red Rock River is farther (again in river miles) from the seacoast than any other fresh water on earth that drains into the ocean: 3,892 miles from the Gulf.

"The meeting of the waters," a celebrated fountain in St. Louis is called, and unquestionably the meeting of the Missouri and the Mississippi is the world's most important river junction.

The junction was in the Louisiana Territory. In 1764, on the first high ground south of the meeting place, Pierre Laclède and his young nephew René Auguste Chouteau built a fur-trade post that became the city of St. Louis. In 1947, the city of St. Louis announced a competition for the design of a monument or memorial that would best symbolize its past, present and future. The competition was won by Eero Saarinen & Associates, whose design centers on an arch made of stainless steel, 590 feet high, which will rise from the St. Louis water front, on the west bank of the Mississippi, in the old Louisiana Territory.

There could be no better symbol. The junction of the two great rivers is the arch of the North American continent. Through that arch, through the city of St. Louis, the American people streamed westward to occupy, settle and develop the vastness that had been called Louisiana. Later, they pushed beyond Louisiana all the way to the Pacific.

Fur traders went up the Missouri by pirogue and keelboat, battling the currents and forever-changing channels, menaced by snags and sucks and whirlpools and sandbanks and caving banks, maddened by gnats and mosquitoes, preyed upon by hostile Indians. By 1792, they had got as far as the site of Bismarck and thought themselves close to the Pacific. They were to get no farther for 12 years.

In the same week that he sent Monroe to France, Jefferson secretly asked Congress to authorize an expedition which would ascend the Missouri. It was to explore the Louisiana which he did not know he was about to buy, and to go on and descend the Columbia River, whose mouth Captain Robert Gray had discovered in 1792. In 1804, Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark set off up the Big Muddy at the head of a forty-five-man expedition. In 1806, they were

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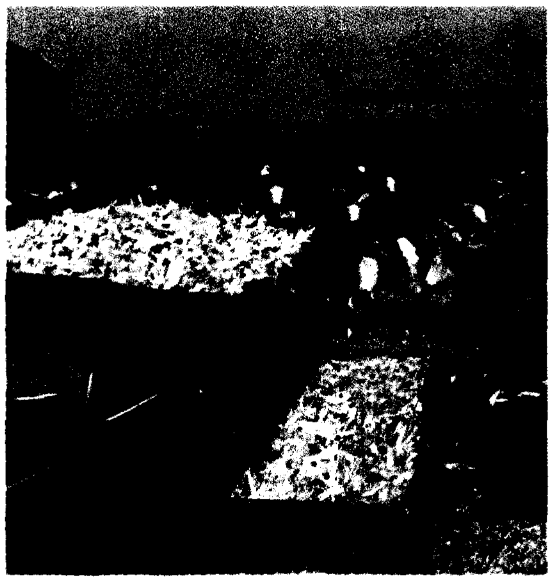
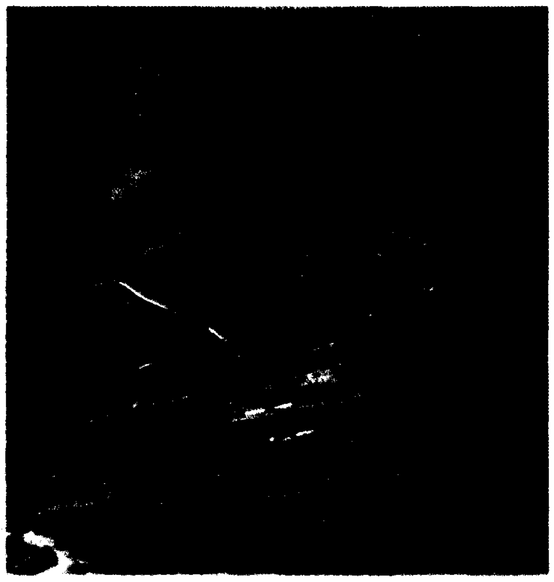
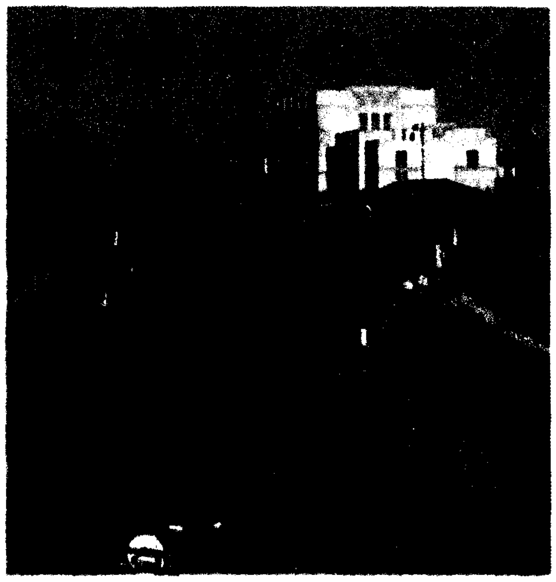


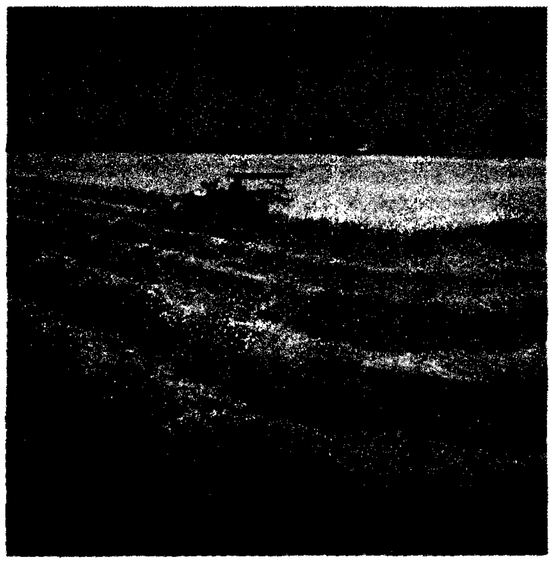
Iowa is world's most productive corn area, also has large income from stockyards. Photo shows cattle, hogs being fattened on corn diet



Montana copper mines are just across Purchase border, but refineries are inside area. This is Anaconda plant at Great Falls



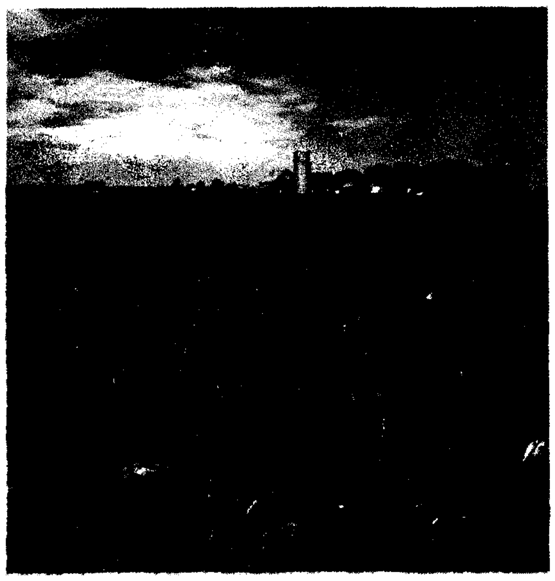
Nebraska, besides being great agricultural state, is important transportation hub. This shows Union Pacific railroad yards at Omaha



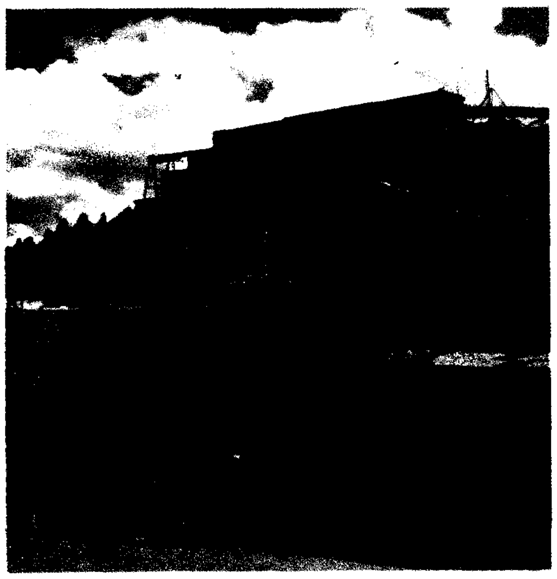
North Dakota, which has severe winters, is part of spring wheat belt extending into Canada. This wheat farm is near Grand Forks

Wyoming sheep ranch, near the Big Horn River. The state is the most important sheep raising area in the former Purchase territory

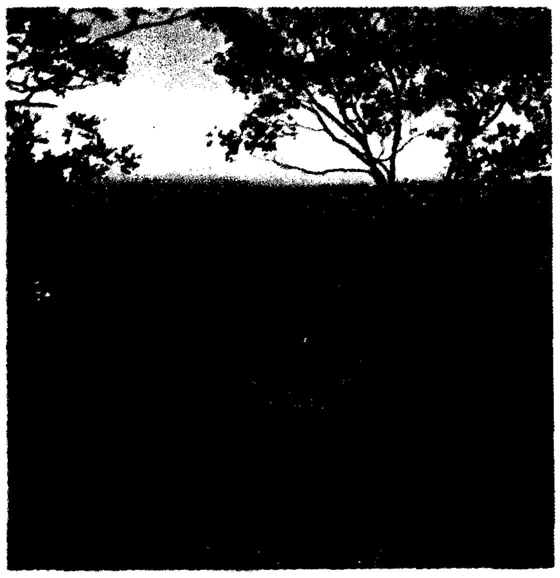
Oklahoma derives vast part of its income from petroleum and natural gas wells. This picture shows gas plant located in Maysville



Colorado, besides being important mining region, is one of America's main sources of beet sugar. Farm shown is in Morgan County



South Dakota is a major mining state. This is the Homestake Mine in town of Lead, largest gold mine in the Western Hemisphere



Arkansas is one of few Purchase states with valuable timber. Wood supplies pulp for paper mills, state's most important industry

ld Louisiana territory is one of the most productive areas in the whole world today

back in St. Louis, having made the incredible 8,000-mile journey they had been ordered to. They were an unmistakable portent of the future.

As with the other river towns, the cities of the Missouri were founded principally by the steamboats. In fact, to list the Missouri River cities is to show how deep into the continent the steamboat age carried us. It is also to map one main course of our development: Jefferson City and Kansas City (at the mouth of the Kansas River), in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Council Bluffs (just above the mouth of the Platte River), and Sioux City, Iowa; Pierre, South Dakota; Bismarck, North Dakota.

The head of navigation was Fort Benton, Montana. It is not a ghost town now, but it is quiet compared to what it was in the pyrotechnic era when the boats dumped the gold seekers and the freight ashore and hurried off down-river lest they miss the high water and be stranded there for a year.

There was a limitation to the river-boat age, and eventually there had to be an end to it. Steamboats could go varying distances up the larger rivers, pirogues and dugouts could go varying distances up the smaller ones. But of the Mississippi's western tributaries, only the Missouri was an important waterway. And it was intolerably roundabout, precarious, laborious and time-consuming.

The steamboat also began to suffer from competition. In the older United States, more and better roads were built as time went on. Then came the canals—beginning with the Erie Canal, the most important one—and then railroads. Roads, canals and railroads took the products of the interior—which had once gone down-river to New Orleans—to the Eastern cities and seaports.

The principal routes of travel shifted from north-south—the direction of the navigable rivers—to east-west, and the steamboat came to be of limited value. The shift was inevitable. The geography of the American continent said that the American people must travel mainly west. That movement began when they disembarked at Jamestown and Plymouth; it continued till they reached the Pacific.

Tide of Migration Flows Westward

The purchase of Louisiana made sure that the Americans would surge across its distant western boundary and go on beyond it as far as there was land. They began this surge before the frontier reached western Missouri, before there was more than a thin fringe of settlements in eastern Iowa, before there were any settlements at all in Kansas or Minnesota. In the United States, to travel toward the sunset has always been to travel toward the dawn. Tomorrow has always lain to the west.

Every year, more thousands of emigrants came from the East and from Europe. Every year, they pushed farther west. Every year, there were more farms, settlements, towns; more commerce, greater tonnage, larger crops to be transported; more prairies to be broken to the plow; more distant areas to push into. The steamboats could not reach enough of the areas and could not carry enough of the settlers and the freight.

When, later, the Civil War—a far more grievous cause than Spanish rivalry—closed the Mississippi for four years, the steamboat age began to end. Since then, river traffic has been mainly the freight for which speed is not essential—coal, oil, steel, grain. A Diesel towboat pushing a line of barges has replaced the Natchez and the Eclipse, spouting sparks for a Currier and Ives print.

But the trails still followed the river valleys. In the years after the Purchase cattle and swine came down the valley of the Red River, the snorting bull teams of the freighters labored up it—and that valley led to the far edge of the Purchase and on to Texas. The valley of the Arkansas led to New Mexico. And there was a more important valley, that of the Platte River, which led to the Pacific.

To get to either the upper Arkansas or the Platte, the Americans had first to go to St. Louis. As New Orleans lost importance, St. Louis gained it.

The westbound adventurers usually went by steamboat up the Missouri to where it turns north, which is where the Kansas River comes in from the west. There or thereabout was the jumping-off place, where you took to land travel. There the trains of huge, ox-drawn freight wagons formed for Santa Fe, and the smaller trains of emigrants formed for Everywhere.

Freighters at a Historic Road Fork

The trail was an expanse of intermingling ruts that became a road. Both the freighters and the wagons traveled it for about seventy-five miles, and then they reached a momentous road fork. The freighters kept to the branch that led southwest. Swaying and creaking on through prairie heat and violent storms, they reached the valley of the Arkansas and turned up it. (Such Kansas towns as Lawrence, Topeka, Dodge City would spring up at their campsites.)

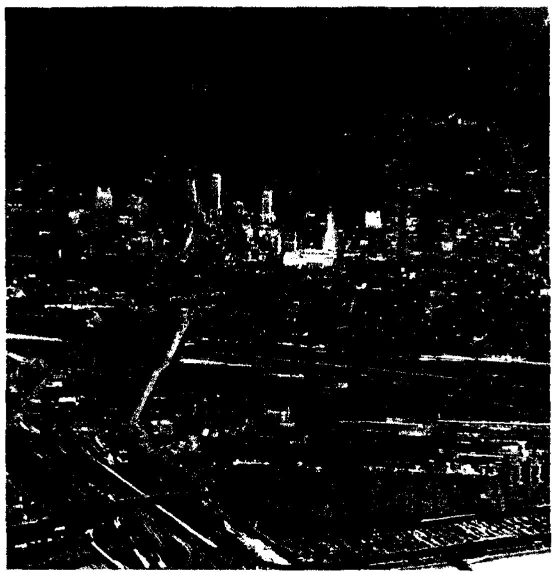
When they crossed to the right bank of the river they left the United States and were in Mexico. They were taking American manufactures to Santa Fe and would bring back silver and the mules that were Mexican but are called Missouri mules to this day. The traffic they were engaged in—the commerce of the prairies, it was called—became a leverage that steadily forced New Mexico away from Mexico. It was little more than a formality when, in 1846, the small, jovial armies of our only war of conquest followed the wagons down the Santa Fe Trail to make New Mexico American.

At the fork in the trail seventy-five miles beyond the Missouri, the most significant road sign ever erected in the United States pointed up the right-hand fork. It was a board with a crudely whittled index finger and a crudely lettered legend that read, "Road to Oregon." It marked the beginning of the great emigrant road—branching later into the Oregon Trail, the Salt Lake Trail, the California Trail, but still a single trail where it crossed Louisiana. It angled across Kansas to the valley of the Platte in Nebraska, then west and northwest. Beyond the site of Casper, Wyoming, the trail left the Platte Valley for that of a smaller stream, the Sweetwater River. Just beyond the Sweetwater we should erect another arch. For Louisiana ended here, at South Pass, and the Continental Divide began.

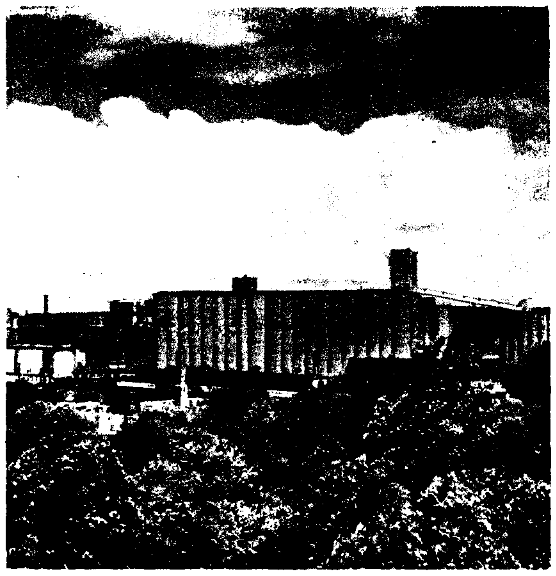
Motorists feel the same wonder that emigrants felt a hundred years ago—the divide they drive across is in a depression. When the emigrant wagons crossed it, they left the United States behind. From here on, all rivers flowed toward the Pacific; they were in Oregon. Mexico was in sight to the southwest. But they had not left the United States behind for very long: they pulled it after them through this western arch. Oregon became American as far north as 49 degrees; the part of Mexico that was called California, which includes Utah and Nevada, became American, too.

This trail was the route of our great migration, whose symbol is the whitetop, the covered wagon. It was the road of the emigrant farmers and drovers, of the gold rush, of the overland stagecoach, of the pony express. It is marked by such cities as Grand Island, Kearney and North Platte in Nebraska, and Casper, Wyoming. They all began as river fords or stage stations, but they were to develop as railroad towns.

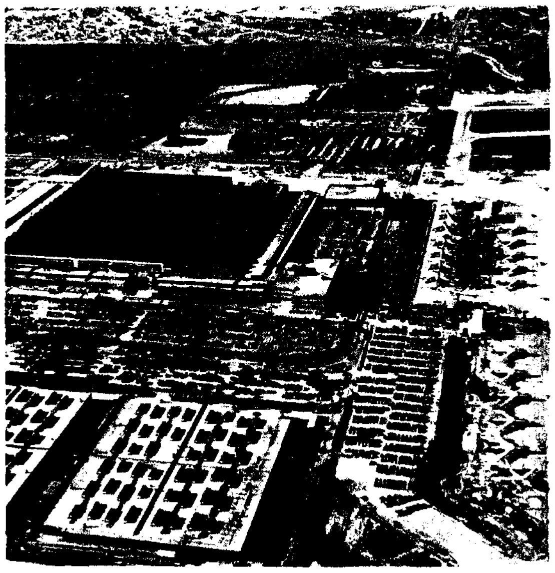
For the vastness of the Louisiana Purchase made one more thing necessary before it could be "brought in," before its parts could become states. The first tier of states, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, was settled easily enough, and so was the eastern edge of Kansas. But beyond them development stalled, bogged down in space and distance. While the plains were



Missouri became stockyard state because many of the important Western cattle trails led there. These are the Kansas City yards



Minnesota, connecting wheat belt with Mississippi, developed flour industry. Mills shown are at Minneapolis, world flour capital



Kansas, famed as farm state, also has big aircraft industry, centered around Wichita. This is a photograph of the Boeing factory

What did the Purchase mean? One people, one government, in a continental unit

still empty of everything but buffalo and migratory Indians, the surge of emigrants and gold seekers had created large populations on the Pacific Coast. Moreover, it took four months to reach San Francisco by ox team and, usually, as long or longer to reach it by ship round Cape Horn.

Once more, the industrial genius of the United States had to compress distance by shortening time. The answer was the railroad. Almost all the Western roads were built by government subsidy, by land grant. The first, the Pacific Railroad, whose Louisiana Purchase half is the Union Pacific, was finished in 1869. The Union Pacific created Omaha as surely as gold discoveries created Denver.

The Union Pacific follows the Oregon Trail across the Purchase; the Santa Fe, of course, follows the trail whose name it inherited. The Northern Pacific heads across North Dakota and turns up the valley of the Yellowstone River, the Milwaukee crosses South Dakota angling for Marias Pass south of Glacier National Park, the Rock Island goes southwestward across Kansas.

These railroads are like the spokes of a wheel across the old Louisiana Territory and there are others in concentric circles that cross them till a modern railroad map of the old Purchase territory looks like a web. This web is what brought the Purchase to harvest. The farm lands of that western half had been bought for $25 a square mile, but while they remained unsettled and unused their value was zero dollars per square mile. It was the railroads that took the men to the empty land and gave it its present value, which is beyond calculation.

In our own time, we have seen distance compressed still farther by the Diesel locomotive, the streamliner, and especially the airliner, till you can reach San Francisco from St. Louis in an afternoon. But the great work was completed when the railroads were built. The full meaning of the Louisiana Purchase was in.

* * *

That meaning is too great to be comprehended, even now. We can look back and understand more than Jefferson could in 1803, but looking ahead we can foresee only, as he did, that the future will be on a gigantic scale.

There were those candlelit evenings in the President's house, which was not yet called the White House, when Jefferson and his Cabinet discussed the Spanish and French threats and how the Mississippi's mouth could be secured. There were those other evenings in Livingston's house in Paris when he and Monroe and Barbé-Marbois, the finance minister who took over the negotiations from Talleyrand, discussed the price that a young and weak republic should pay for 900,000 square miles. Those evenings changed the shape of American history, and of world history, too.

From New Orleans to Minneapolis, from St. Louis to Denver. Six states, the greater part of seven others. Corn, wheat, cotton; oil, gold, silver, copper. The Louisiana Purchase can be put in terms of such distances and areas, such crops and minerals.

It can also be put in terms of tonnages, carloadings, manufactures. Or in terms of the millions of Americans who have lived and died in it, the 22,000,000 who live in it today, and their houses and schools and hospitals and museums. It can be put in visual symbols, such as the prairie schooner and the streamliner, the oil derrick and the combine. It can be put in songs which everyone knows, from Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee, to "Good-by to my paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne."

But however it may be put, it is still too momentous to be understood.

FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEY

Louisiana's biggest city, New Orleans, key to the entire Purchase transaction, has become one of the busiest United States ports, competing strongly with those on the East Coast. Compare this view of the New Orleans water front with that of 130 years ago, page 49

Great illuminated arch of stainless steel is to be erected at St. Louis, gateway to the West, as part of regional celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase

Well over a hundred years ago, when Americans were a more exuberant people than they are now, they had a phrase that probably expressed as much of it as can be put in words: manifest destiny. It is rhetorical and arrogant, but less aggressive than some have thought. What it meant to our ancestors was that the United States was not going to stop at the Rocky Mountains, that it was the nation's destiny to push farther. Common sense and something beyond sense insisted that there must be a single nation all the way to San Francisco Bay. The Louisiana Purchase created Manifest Destiny.

There was the head of a military college in the state of Louisiana. He liked Southerners a good deal better than Northerners, and the fieriest of them did not despise abolitionists more than he did. Wrangling about slavery disgusted him—but when there began to be talk about states seceding from the Union, he warned his Southern friends. The United States would not permit secession, he said: the United States would fight to prevent it. Why?

General Sherman States a Principle

To this college president—his name was William Tecumseh Sherman—the answer was perfectly clear. A confederacy of Southern states could no more be permitted to close the Mississippi than Spain or France had been. "The Mississippi, source and mouth, must be controlled by one government," he told them; and General Sherman packed up his possessions and started north.

And Lincoln said that the land itself "demands union and abhors separation." He pointed out that the area which the United States occupied "is well adapted to be the home of one national family and it is not well adapted for two or more."

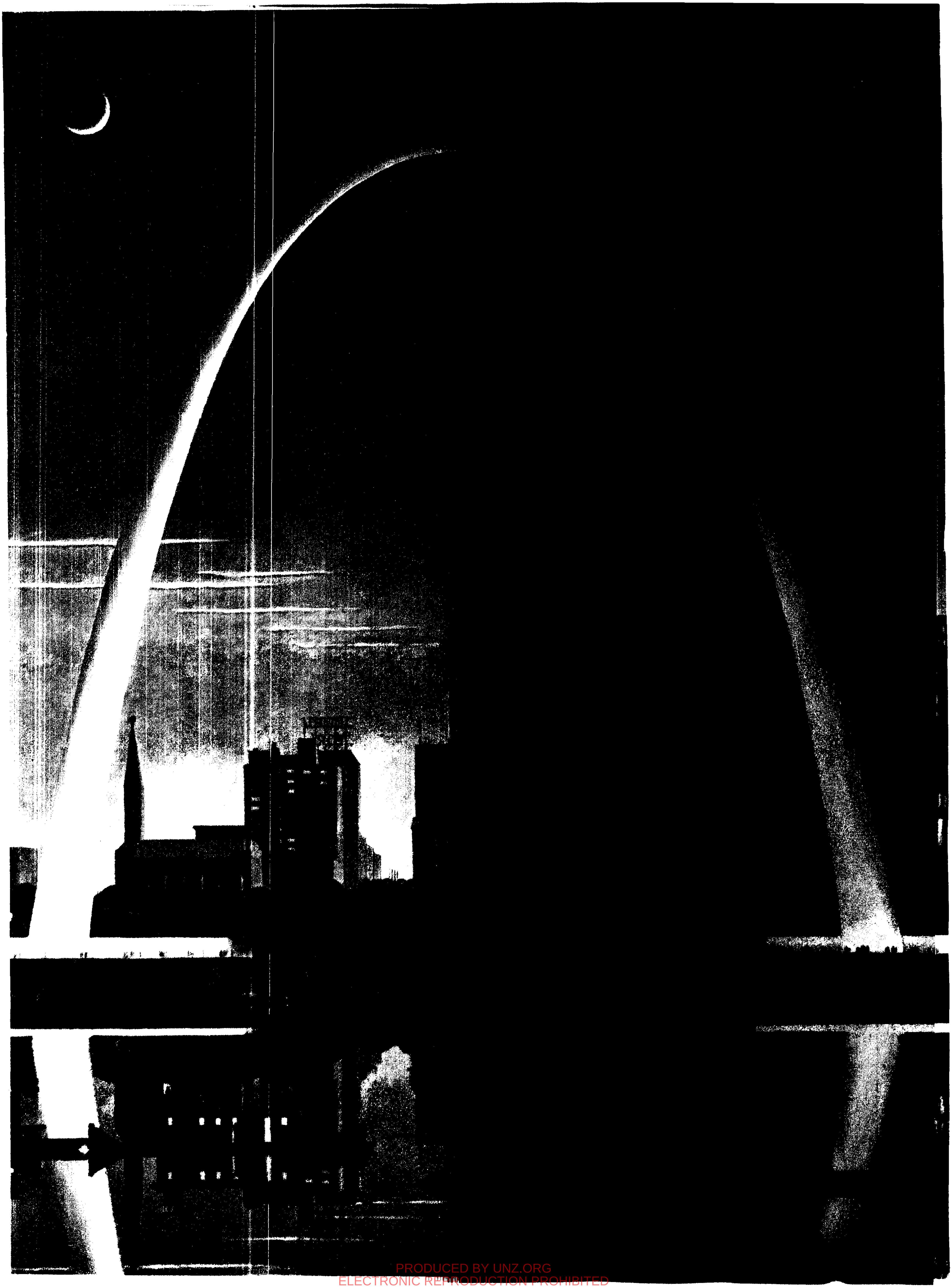
That is the basic fact: there could not be a United States and a Republic of the South and a Republic of the West. American citizens had to be able to travel from St. Paul to New Orleans without being stopped by a frontier guard. They had to be able to cross from St. Paul to Minneapolis without entering a foreign country. But if from St. Paul to Minneapolis, then also from St. Paul to San Francisco and from St. Louis to San Francisco.

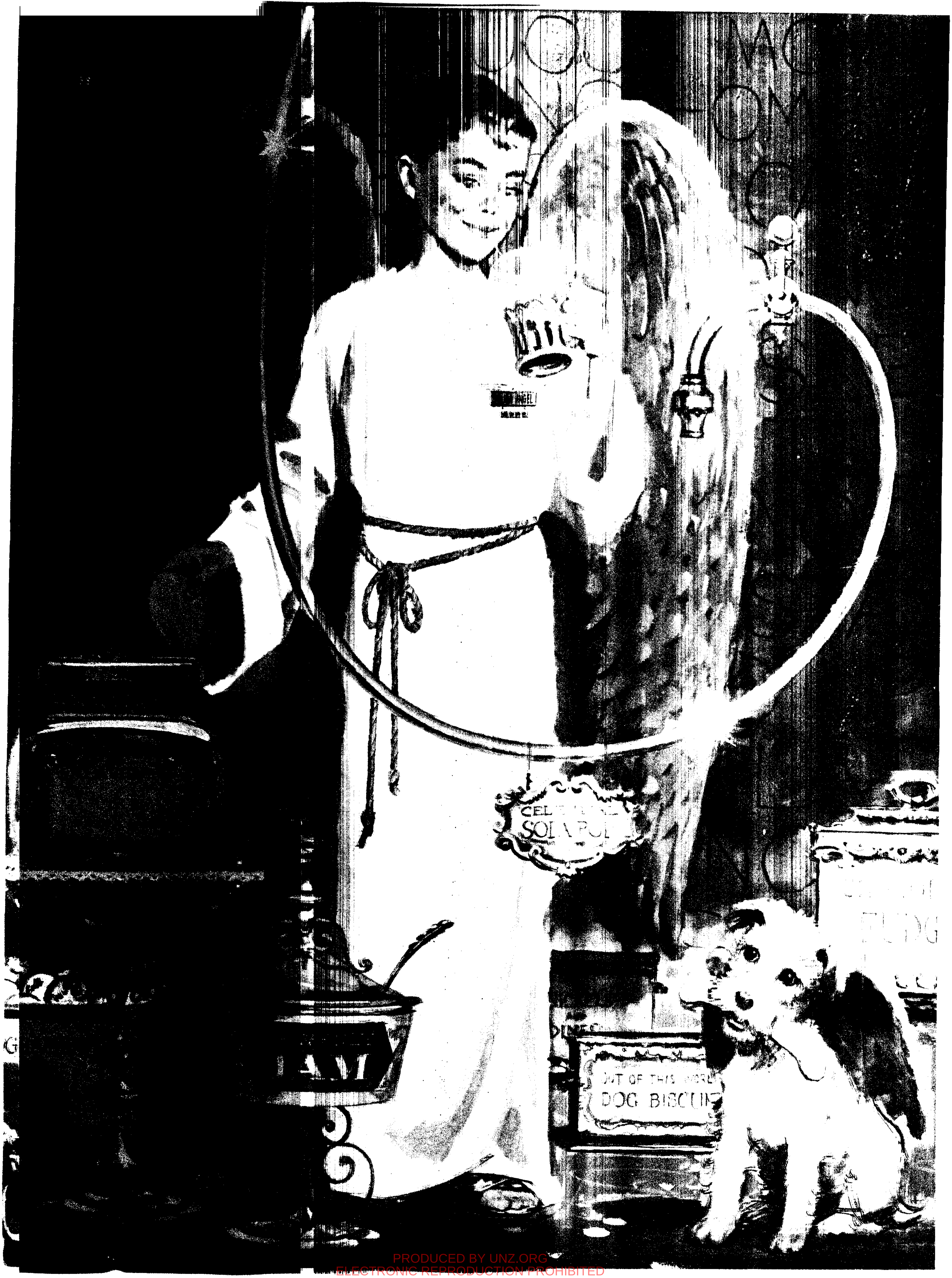
The Mississippi Valley is not only the richest area in the world, it is also the largest area "adapted to be the home of one national family." In January, 1803, the United States owned only the eastern half—a family confined to half a a house.

Before 1803 ran out, the United States got the other half of the house. You could now cross from East St. Louis to St. Louis without crossing a national boundary. You could, in fact, go from New York to Denver without crossing one, and from Minneapolis to New Orleans.

But once you could go from New York to Denver, then it had become certain that at no very distant time you would be able to go on to San Francisco. New York to San Francisco, Key West to Seattle, Bangor to Los Angeles—a single people under a single government in a continental unit. That is what the Louisiana Purchase meant. It meant the unity, the wealth and the power that have kept the United States secure against division from within and dismemberment from without.

Eero Saarinen's arch is to rise from a park on the Mississippi water front at St. Louis. The park is to symbolize the Louisiana Purchase and all that has followed from it. It is to be called the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial. And that is just. For Jefferson was the author or architect of the Louisiana Purchase and the Louisiana Purchase was the principal force in what was then our future and is now our history. ▲▲▲

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The End of the World

By ROBERT FONTAINE

I WAS coming home from school when a man stopped me on the street and said, "Tomorrow is the end of the world." He was a tall man with a beard, and he wore a ragged white garment. He looked like pictures I had seen of the prophets in Bible times.

I wanted to ask him why tomorrow, but he patted my head and went across the street, narrowly missing a swift-moving trolley car.

What the man had said made me stop and think. I thought: The end of the world *could* just as well be tomorrow as in a thousand years. Maybe this man is right. He *looks* right. He has a long beard and a deep voice. He looks as right as my Sunday-school superintendent.

I looked up at the sky. The sun was shining bright. The trees were already quite green, although it was still early spring. Everyone was walking up and down the street just as if it wasn't the end of the world tomorrow. I felt rather pleased to have been told it was. Other people would be taken unawares, some of them in peculiar positions, like buying a steamship ticket for a six-month cruise or investing in life insurance.

The idea made me laugh, the idea of all the people being fooled. I was eleven or twelve, and, of course, that is the age when everybody in the world is fooling *you,* so it was very nice to feel they were being fooled for a change.

Some of the people would whip their children and never have a chance to say they were sorry. Some of them would fight with their friends, and the world would end before they could make up.

I was at a great advantage. I wondered, as I walked along Rideau Street, why I had been given this special knowledge. For a while I toyed with the notion that it had not been an old man who had spoken to me at all; it had been a vision, a bright light, an angel, such as I often prayed to for fair weather for picnics and ball games.

He had been sent to me because, in spite of my faults, I was a pretty good boy. I had sifted ashes all winter and helped my mother clean house and run errands willingly. Well, perhaps not willingly, but I had run them.

I was almost home—these thoughts having taken considerable time—when I met Sally. She was the girl I was in love with, but she was a little older than I, and thus she found me annoying.

I stopped her and stood on my toes, trying to be as tall as she. I said solemnly, "The world is going to end tomorrow."

She laughed and said, "I never heard of anything so silly. Why should it?"

"Why shouldn't it?" I said cannily.

Sally peered into my eyes, a little worried. "Who told you that? The Reverend McKintosh?"

"An angel appeared to me."

Sally's eyes widened. "You're nutsy-coo-coo," she said, and hastened away.

I felt sorry for her. She was not going to join the angel band—not right away, at least.

That notion made me hesitate. I should, I thought, have asked the man what was going to happen to *me.* I ran hastily up Friel Street to Rideau to see if he was still there. Sure enough he was. He was standing on the corner, speaking to a handful of people.

When I got there, I pushed my way between the people and said, "Mister, mister! What's going to happen to *me?*"

The old man smiled. "You will be an angel and with the angels stand."

"Thank you," I said. "Thank you so much."

At this moment, two policemen came up and took the old man by the arm and led him quietly away. I laughed to think how funny it would be if they were to put him in jail for ten years when the world was going to end tomorrow.

I skipped home and decided, after some thought, to tell my mother and father and my Uncle Louis about it. I guess it was supposed to be a secret, but I believed the old man would not mind me telling my immediate family.

"Uncle Louis!" I shouted. He was, as usual, asleep, on the divan, where he slept and dreamed his life away, growing rosy and fat and lazy.

He opened one eye. "Eh?"

"Think of it, my uncle. Tomorrow is the end of the world!"

He opened the other eye. I waited for him to jump up in surprise and prepare to put his affairs in order. He did nothing of the sort. He shrugged and said calmly, "If not tomorrow, then the next day." And he went back to sleep.

I rushed to the kitchen, where my mother was making enough pies for a week. "Stop!" I shouted. My mother wiped her floured hands on her apron and raised her eyebrows. "Stop," I said. "Make only enough for tonight. Tomorrow is the end of the world."

"Is it now," she said. She was a Scot and not very emotional, on the surface anyway.

"I was told."

"By whom were you told?"

I hesitated. After all, who knows who the man was? "I was visited by an angel."

"Were you now."

"On Rideau Street. He said tomorrow the world would end. And I would be an angel and with the angels stand."

"It couldn't happen to a nicer lad," my mother said, smiling, and went back to her pies. I stared at her hopelessly. "Think of it," I said, trying to make it sound important. Here I was with the most important news of the year, practically, and no one was paying any attention to me. I was resentful. It was not often I knew more than the others. "Think of it. I do not have to do my homework tonight. I do not have to go to the dentist Monday. I am free after tonight!"

I was excited. My face felt hot; my heart beat fast. There was adventure ahead of us all. How would it feel to be an angel, after hearing about them for so many years in Sunday school? How would it feel to fly, and disappear and reappear, and make magic, and be always loved and in love? And all this was to begin tomorrow.

My mother smiled gently, stopped working, put her arms out and drew me to her. A tear was in her eye, but she said nothing. "You, too, will be an angel," I assured her.

"Thank you," she said.

I HEARD my father come in and put his violin in the corner behind the door. I could smell his cigar, the smell that always meant he was not far away. I ran to meet him. He hugged me. "Papa," I cried with abandon. "Papa. You do not have to go to work any more."

"Ah, *you* have a job, eh?"

"No. Tomorrow is the end of the world."

My father looked at me, with his head cocked a little to one side. Then he cocked it to the other side. "Of such a thing, one should be sure," he said, stroking his chin.

"I was visited. By—by an angel—a host of angels—all singing and playing harps. They told me. No homework. No dentist. No piano lessons. I am to be an angel and with the angels stand."

My father stuck out his lower lip and widened his eyes. "No more candy, either. No more hockey. No more apples from the tree in the garden. No more picnics."

I was solemn a moment, but then I brightened. "But we will be angels."

"And what will we do then?"

I was thoughtful. "Fly—in the clouds. Sing. Play harps."

"After playing a violin all my life to earn my living, I do not fancy an eternity on the harp."

"Angels have other things to do. Exciting things. Magic things. I don't know what. But I'm sure—Papa, let us sing together, to celebrate, eh? 'When He cometh, when He cometh . . .' "

My father laughed and joined me. ". . . to make up His jew-els, all His jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own."

My mother came in and my uncle awoke. "Well?" she said.

"I suppose," my father said, "you have heard about the end of the world tomorrow?"

"I have," my mother said dryly.

"Well, since tomorrow is as likely as any other day, we thought we might sing something appropriate. What do we have for our last meal?"

My mother said, *"Filet mignon* and *vin rose."*

"A magnificent choice for the occasion."

My Uncle Louis rose on one arm. "I, myself, would have chosen squab and Chablis."

SHORTLY after dinner, I went to bed and said my prayers. I asked to be forgiven for everything I could think of. I also asked a blanket forgiveness for my mother and father. I felt my Uncle Louis required a special prayer, so I started all over with him. I prayed that tomorrow, when we all flew together to paradise, we would be fitting for the angels' company.

I concluded with a brief list of my achievements and then slowly drifted off to sleep.

All the next day, through a quiet, tense breakfast (during which I was pained to see my family showed no signs of realizing this was the end), through school (during which I regretted not having done my homework) and through dinner that night, I waited for a sign.

Of course, I told myself, this is the day. But the man did not say at what hour. We have still until midnight. At that time, or near that time, no doubt, we shall all sprout wings, become light, and float away to indescribable joy.

While waiting, I fell asleep. When I awoke, the hands on my clock said one in the morning. The day had passed and nothing had happened. I never was more disappointed in my life. I had to go back to the world of homework, dentists and piano lessons. Paradise was still far off. The man, alas, had been lying. That was why the police took him off. I was glad of it. He had no right to raise my hopes like that.

I went back to sleep angrily. In the morning, the sun was shining, and the birds outside my window were singing. The air was cool and clear.

I stood at the window and smiled. It was not so bad, this world, after all. Here one had the sky, the stars, the trees, the flowers, hockey, basketball, love, the movies, Christmas and so many things one could hardly count them. They would do for a while. And the dentist, he was not a bad fellow, and one would soon be done with him. Miss Walters, the piano teacher, was quite pretty, and in time, one would know all there was to know about the piano. Homework, well, one did it and it was over, and it probably served a useful purpose.

I went down to breakfast humming. My Uncle Louis was stretched out on the divan, munching on a bunch of grapes. "Ah," he said, "so we still have the world with us, eh?"

I suppressed a smile. "It will end yet," I warned him.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Ruark Sizes Up NAGUIB

Egypt's strong man is a tough spit-and-polish general, but he's not above baby-kissing to win his people's affection. Is he the savior of his country, or a future desert Hitler?

By ROBERT C. RUARK

Naguib chats with Ruark on front porch of the general's small stucco villa in a Cairo suburb. Ruark describes the house as "about $6,000 worth of bungalow in our country"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHESTER KRONFELD

Robert C. Ruark, well-known American newspaper columnist, visited Africa recently. He stopped off in Cairo to interview General Mohammed Naguib

Cairo, Egypt

THE strong man of Egypt, Major General Mohammed Naguib, handed me an extra cup of after-breakfast coffee on the narrow veranda of his modest little stucco villa in a Cairo suburb. He crumbled a cheap black Italian cigarillo into a stubby pipe and gestured toward the photographer, who was fussing with his camera.

"I don't understand photography at all," Naguib said. "I suppose that to be a good photographer you must have some talent for bringing out the character of a man, catching his true self with the lens. I wonder what he will make of me."

I mentioned that the photographer was the man who took the famous picture of Farouk at Capri, just after Naguib's muscular young men had chased the king of Egypt into exile last July. It was a classic picture; the wastrel king was shambling across the patio of a swimming pool. His great hairy belly hung over his swim trunks, and a floppy white hat was jammed over his fat-puffed face.

Naguib looked at the photographer, Chester Kronfeld, with a new respect. That picture had been circulated throughout Egypt as a prime example of how little the Egyptians lost when they gave Farouk the boot.

"That's exactly what I mean," Naguib said with animation. "A good photographer brings out character. With Farouk, all his character was in his belly."

It is perhaps too early to say just where Mohammed Naguib's character is located, but it is certainly not in his belly. He is a lean, hard man, mentally and physically—a tough man of great intelligence and fierce drive. In his hands may lie the power one day to solidify the sprawling Middle East. Certainly he holds Egypt firmly in his fist—as firmly, say, as Hitler held Germany in the days before World War II. He has—as this is written—made none of the major personal mistakes of some dictators. He has remained frugal, modest and the servant of the many.

To appreciate the grip that Naguib holds on Egypt, you should spend a couple of days with him, as I did, following a schedule that starts usually at 7:00 A.M. and ends about one or two the next morning. You would see a mass hysterical appreciation of Mohammed Naguib that approaches total mesmerism. Wherever he goes he attracts thousands of people. They clutch at his clothes. They throw themselves at his feet and try to kiss his hands. They wedge against the black, bulletproof limousine that is his state car. (The car is one of many autos formerly owned by Farouk. Naguib personally owns only an Opel, a small car built in Germany, on which, at last count, he had not completed the payments.)

Whenever he appears, people cram the streets to salute him and cry: "Hail to Mohammed Naguib, who saved Egypt!" They jam the streets so completely that the slowly moving vehicles of the general's party must push through the massed humanity like so many snowplows.

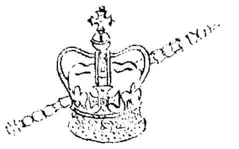
The children of Egypt already have begun to venerate him. We went with him on a visit to a government school. He systematically inspected every classroom and was met in each by a carefully rehearsed chant: "Welcome to Mohammed Naguib, who saved Egypt."

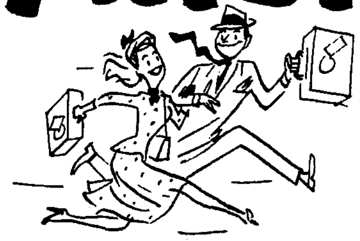
He shook hands with or patted several hundred children. He asked them if they were studying hard and obeying their parents. They piped up that they were keeping clean, working hard, minding Mama and Papa, and obeying teacher—so that they might build a new Egypt and live up to the requirements of Mohammed Naguib, who had saved Egypt.

Naguib beamed and released an easy charm and sort of brusque, male gentleness. He even posed on a playground slide with the adoring young. A great many of the children were dressed in mili-

WIN LUXURY TRIP ABROAD FOR 2 PERSONS IN THE KENTUCKY CLUB

"SEE THE CORONATION" CONTEST





HERE'S THE GLAMOUR TRIP of the year! You see the beautiful Coronation Parade . . . have a total of 12 exciting days abroad . . . are treated like royalty every step of the way. Hotels, sightseeing, entertainment arranged by travel experts, so that you can see most—do most.

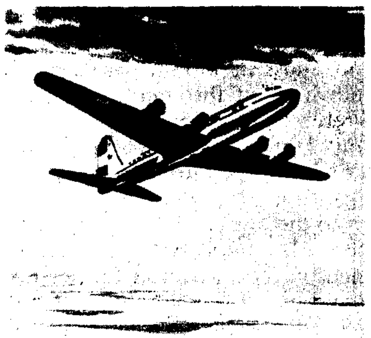
It's easy to win! Awards will be made for best titles for the cartoon shown below. A good way to start is to fill your pipe with Kentucky Club—the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos. It's so smooth and mild and satisfying it will help you think better.

WIVES! BRIDES! TRIP INCLUDES YOU

Help your husband or husband-to-be to win. Trip is for *two* people. Yes, women can enter this contest. First, buy a package of Kentucky Club. Then write a winning headline. For example, a headline might be, "Sic him, Butch, make him switch to mild Kentucky Club." Don't send in this headline. Think of better ones. Start NOW.

SEE the sights of London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris.

SEE the pomp and pageantry of Britain's Coronation Parade.



FLY KLM Royal Dutch Airlines famous *Royal Route.*

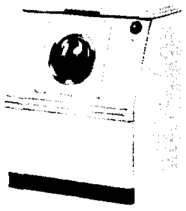
SEE the Folies Bergère and Paris night life.

FIRST PRIZE—YOU WIN ALL THIS

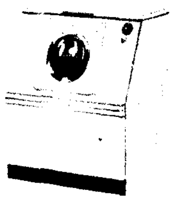
- First class plane or rail transportation from your home to New York and return. Suite overnight at famous Waldorf-Astoria.
- First class plane transportation via KLM's luxurious *Cosmopolitan* to London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris and return.
- Choice seats to see the Coronation Parade.
- Total of 12 glamorous, exciting days in Britain, Holland, Belgium and France—including rooms and meals at finest hotels . . . sightseeing by private car in all four countries . . . an evening at the Folies Bergère . . . dinner at world-famous Maxime's, and at De Vyf Vlyghen . . . all arranged for you by The House of Travel, Inc.
- Famous Keystone Movie Camera and Projector, to film your trip.
- All this *plus* $400.00 to spend as you want.

TOTAL OF 306 PRIZES

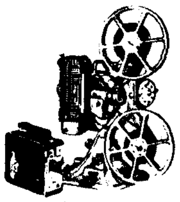
2nd PRIZE
WESTINGHOUSE
TV set. 21-inch Consolette with electronic clarifier. Single dial control.



3rd PRIZE
WESTINGHOUSE
Laundromat. Automatic laundry. Washes, rinses, shuts itself off.



4th PRIZE
WESTINGHOUSE
Clothes Dryer. Tumbles clothes through heated air. Exclusive Dry-Dial.



5th PRIZE
KEYSTONE
8mm. Movie Camera and Projector. The world's most wanted home movie equipment.

6th to 306th Prizes—Beautiful Pipemaker pipe.

OFFICIAL RULES

1. In 25 words or less write a headline for above cartoon. Two of the words must be "Kentucky Club." Use entry blank or ordinary paper. Print your name and address.

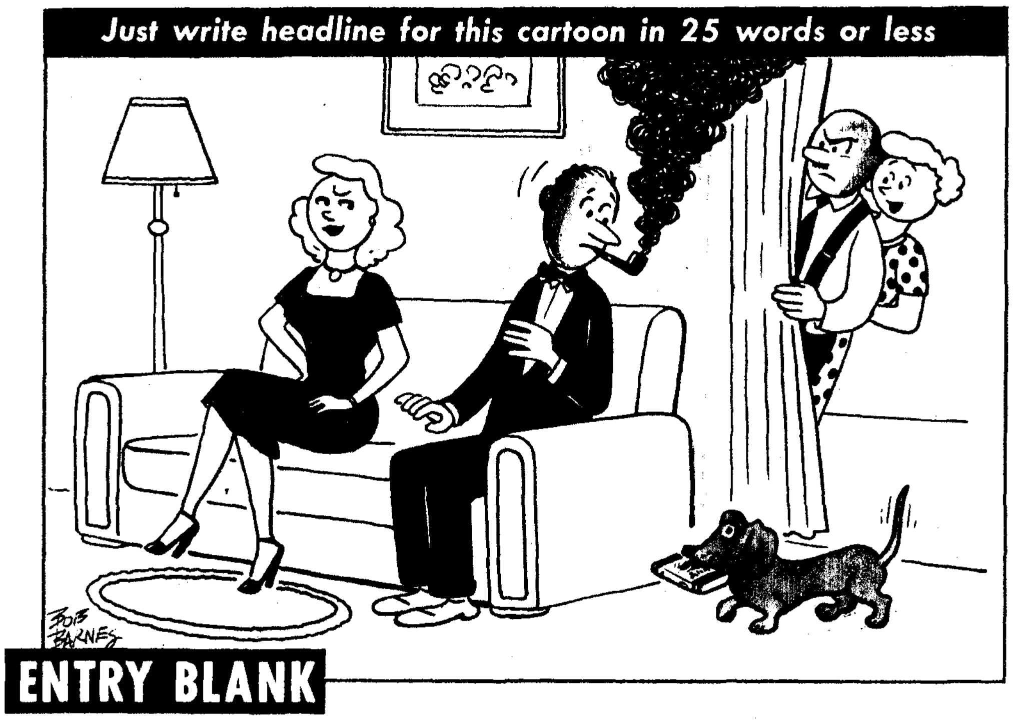
2. Send as many entries as you wish to "See the Coronation" Contest, P. O. Box 93, New York 46, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by the dividend coupon that is packed with each package of Kentucky Club. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, April 10, 1953 and received by April 15, 1953. No entries returned. All become the property of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes as listed elsewhere on this page will be awarded by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decisions final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club Tobacco, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant.

5. Winners will be notified by mail approximately four weeks after close of contest. List of winners available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Just write headline for this cartoon in 25 words or less



ENTRY BLANK

Just write headline for Kentucky Club cartoon in not over 25 words. Two of the words must be "Kentucky Club."

Headline..

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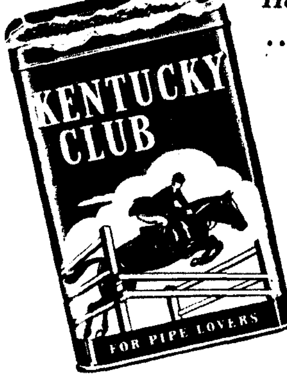


Mail to—"SEE THE CORONATION" CONTEST, Dept. C
P. O. Box 93, New York 46, New York.

Send with your entry a Kentucky Club Dividend Coupon. You will find a Dividend Coupon in every package of Kentucky Club. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 10, 1953.

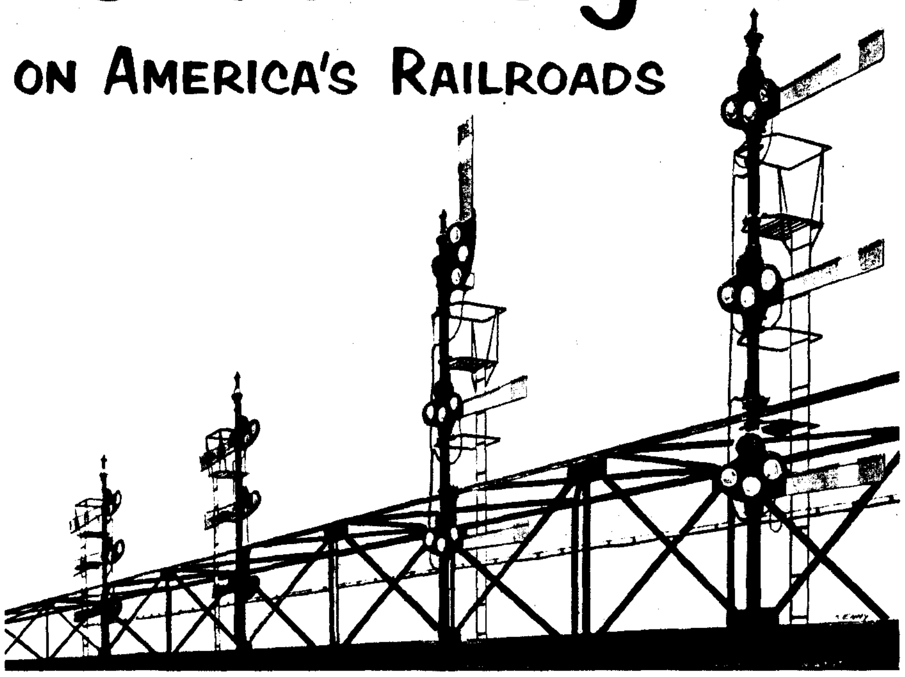
Print your name and address here:

Name..

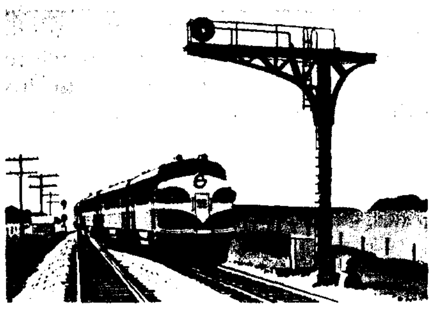
Street...

City...................................Zone......State.............

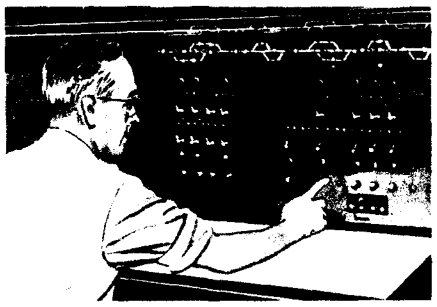
HOW THEY
"Call the Signals"
ON AMERICA'S RAILROADS



Railroad signals have come a long way from the time when a colored ball hoisted to the top of a pole signaled that the track ahead was clear. Today, trains run more than 2,000,000 miles every day on American railroads, under the world's most complete, most effective and safest system of traffic control.

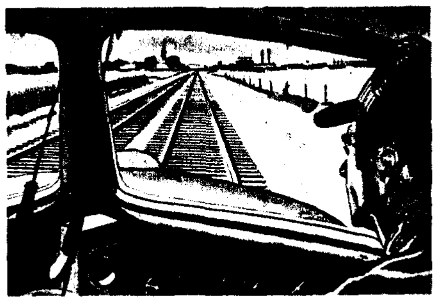


Basic in this traffic control is the automatic block signal system by means of which a train in a "block" or section of track reports its presence to all approaching trains. This is done automatically through electrical operation of signals which tells the engineers of other trains whether to stop, to proceed with caution, or to go ahead.



On sections of line equipped with Centralized Traffic Control, all trains automatically report their exact positions and movements through lights on a map on a central control board. By moving little levers on this board an operator can set signals and throw switches that govern the movement of trains as far away as 200 miles.

The way trains are directed through great terminals is another modern marvel. Lights on a map tell the operator the position of every train. Through his control board he lines up signals and switches which are so "interlocked" as to make it impossible to set up conflicting routes as trains are guided automatically through the maze of terminal tracks.



On some lines of exceptionally heavy traffic, signals inside the locomotive cab, itself, provide the engineer and fireman with constant information about changing traffic conditions ahead. And, supplementing all these means of *automatic* signaling is the radio or induction train telephone by which conversations are carried on between trains and stations, and between train and train.

The great improvements in "calling the signals" on America's railroads are typical of the progress from research which benefits not just the railroads, themselves, but all of us in a nation whose production rolls on rails of steel.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

You'll enjoy THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

tary uniforms and they were learning the basic precepts of military science even though they were not yet seven years old.

When he prepared to leave, the tots from this and another school massed in the courtyard to scream: "Naguib! Naguib! Naguib!"

The shout was echoed by people jamming adjacent streets, and re-echoed by more crowds on surrounding housetops.

The mass adulation of Naguib must be seen to be believed. I was in Germany in the mid-thirties. I do not remember that Adolf Hitler had a similar grip on the spontaneous affections of his people. The Hitlerian grasp was vastly more contrived.

To Rule for Three Years

Naguib's hold on the people is no less total than his hold on the military, and the military's hold on the government is equally absolute. Naguib last month formally took over the power to rule Egypt for three years. He issued a proclamation giving himself the right to appoint and dismiss cabinet ministers (nominally the right of the king) and set up a "congress" comprising his 13-man military council and the cabinet to handle legislation. The powers of Prince-Regent Abdel Moneim, who acts for Farouk's infant son, King Fuad II, were limited to signing laws made by decree. After the three-year period, Naguib promised, Egypt will be given a constitutional and democratic regime.

Naguib is both comander in chief of the army and premier of the government. And he has assigned an army officer to each cabinet minister. Maybe the officer won't say much or do much. But he's there to see that Naguib's self-styled five-year plan for the salvation of Egypt gets every chance to succeed.

How Naguib's plan will turn out is open to conjecture. Right now it seems to be working fine, mostly because Naguib himself has proved almost too good to be true. In fact the most constant appraisal you hear of him is that he is a good man, surrounded by basically good men. There has been no new graft in the Egyptian government since Naguib seized power at 1:30 A.M. last July 23d, and he is ruthlessly stamping out the corruption that already existed. So far, he has kicked out possibly 7,000 to 8,000 government officials in his official housecleaning.

Naguib and his followers also have won the respect of the people by keeping most of the promises they made in the early days of their rise to power. For example, they have abolished all honorary titles, such as pasha and bey. They have socked the rich with new taxes and lowered the prices for the poor on such necessities as sugar and cotton cloth. They have abolished censorship. They have done away with the curfew imposed at the start of Naguib's coup.

And, most important to the poor, Naguib has put through a sweeping land-reform program which is not without humor even to the rich victims of broken estates. He chopped up Egypt's big farms, gave 3 per cent bonds to the owners, and put the land up for sale at the exact evaluation claimed by the owners in former tax declarations. I know one battered ex-bey who was moved to rueful laughter at his own expense. "Everybody knows," he said, "that when you list your worth for the tax collector, you put down your holdings at the lowest possible figure. Naguib caught us with our own trap."

Naguib also has done a masterful public-relations job with minority groups in Egypt. Although he is a hero of the 1948 Palestine war and still speaks of Israel as "the enemy," he visited Egyptian Jews in their synagogues and assured them they are free to follow their religious beliefs so long as they do not forget that politically they are Egyptians. He has given the same assurance to the Christians and Copts, who also make up heavy portions of Egypt's

Naguib jokes with his three sons: (left to right) Salah el Din, 14, Aly, 13, and Youssef, 8. The eldest changed his name from Farouk

population. He seems intent on solidifying Egypt before he flexes his muscles in other directions.

Even the military—source of the July coup—has undergone a marked change under Naguib. Once seedy, corrupt, shiftless and heartless, the armed forces now are taut and prideful. Naguib weeded out the grafters, the incompetents and the malcontents from the military as sternly as he plucked the corrupt from government offices. Hundreds of officers have been ousted or retired; many have been jailed.

An officer does not even have to be wrong to be fired. Recently an officer in the Egyptian air corps telephoned a friend to say, "Well, I was a wing commander this morning. I am a mister this afternoon."

"What did you do wrong?" the friend asked.

"Nothing," the ex-officer said cheerfully. "But then I didn't do much that was very right, either. They decided they didn't need me any more. *Inshallah* (God's will)!"

No More Officers' Servants

Naguib also has fired all officers' orderlies and servants and set them to soldiering; prior to the coup, each officer from captain up to field rank was allowed a personal orderly, and field-grade officers were permitted two servants to work as menials in their homes. Naguib himself has only one servant in his home—a white-robed private servant whose salary comes out of Naguib's own pocket.

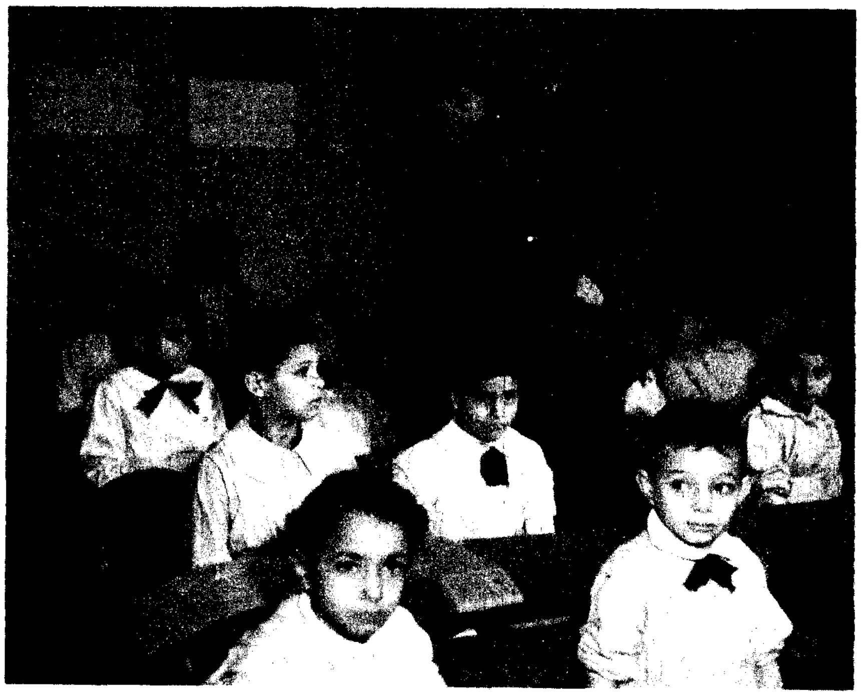
Despite his newly exalted position, Naguib has refused to promote himself above his nominal military rank of major general. No other Egyptian officer has accepted promotion since the coup, either. Moreover, Naguib has instilled in his officers a sense of responsibility to their men. He often empties his own wallet when he visits his troops. He even distributes his own cigarettes to the men—who, I believe, accept them only to be polite, for Naguib's tobacco, Italian Toscani, is strong enough to gag a camel. Some old soldiers fall on their knees and kiss his hand.

Naguib's personal military setup is sparse and very young. The average age of his committee of thirteen is only thirty-four. His personal aide is a captain. His highly efficient public-relations officer, Captain Sami, is in his early thirties. The general travels with no retinue worthy of the name. When I rode with him in his official car from his home to an early assignment, the only other person in the auto was the chauffeur, who had a Tommy gun on the seat beside him. A jeep carrying four MPs preceded us, and an outriding motorcycle and a small sedan with some officers in it completed our tiny motorcade.

As a matter of fact, the general would be a pushover for an assassin. His house is guarded, of course, but simply and by no means impregnably. There is a tangle of barbed wire around the front yard, a sentry box, and a single barrier to prevent the unchecked passage of autos. But his neighbors stroll in and out, and so do visiting firemen. I kept hoping, as I rode with him and followed him about his chores, that nobody would pick that day to bang him down. He passes fearlessly through crowds. Sometimes he is almost suffocated by the press of the people and is handed about like a baton. Anyone could shoot him; anyone could stick a knife in him. You could probably kill him with a club.

I was with him when he pushed his way with a handful of aides through a crowded Cairo railway station to attend a charity ceremony. Suddenly at least 10,000 screaming, clawing, biting admirers engulfed him, and his interference disappeared in the wave of the faithful. I found myself jostled to the edge of the chaos with an old party in a white turban who turned out to be the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem.

But Naguib has the true Koranic attitude of kismet—*"Mektoub, mek-*



When he visited a government school, Naguib systematically inspected every classroom and shook hands with or patted hundreds of students

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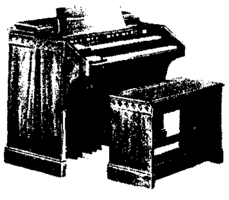

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"If it is not for us," says Naguib, "Egypt would have gone to the Communists"

toub," as the Arabs say. ("What will be, will be.") So has his whole retinue of passionate followers. The young officers, bitter over the government's delivery of shoddy equipment and useless ammunition to the army during the Palestine war, have gone ahead with a sort of blind fatalism ever since they first began to plot the July revolt. Even after the coup, the officers all firmly believed that they would be eventually shot or hanged, and the skepticism still clings.

The wife of one officer told an American friend recently that every time she told her Hassan good-by in the morning, it was with the stoic expectation of not seeing him again that night, or ever. *"Inshallah,"* is the motto of Naguib and his people. This feeling of complete fatalism explains why the faithful presume that Allah in his wisdom will spare Mohammed Naguib for the greater good of Egypt.

Described As a "Nice Guy"

Good man, bad man, destiny's tot or whatever, Mohammed Naguib is the easiest-to-see big man that I ever encountered. I arrived in Cairo early on a Saturday morning. I paid a call on Captain Sami at army headquarters, accompanied by Hassan el Samra, an airlines executive who is a friend of Sami. Sami said that if I dropped in at the Foreign Ministry, and also wangled a short note from my own embassy saying I wasn't a typhoid carrier or an international spy, he'd see what he could do. At 5:00 P.M. on Saturday, El Samra called me at the Semiramis Hotel. "Go to bed early," he said. "You've got a breakfast date tomorrow with the general at 7:30 A.M. You can tag around with him all day, if you want. He's a nice guy."

The nice guy wasn't ready when we arrived, but we didn't have any difficulty getting past the guards. We ambled up to Naguib's little stucco villa —about $6,000 worth of bungalow in our country—sat down on the front porch with the bougainvillaea on it and began to talk to the general's kids, who were just leaving for school. They're good-looking kids, and full of the devil.

There's Salah el Din, fourteen, who used to be named Farouk until his namesake got the bounce at Papa's hands. There's Aly, thirteen, and there's Youssef, eight, who seems a little bit livelier and more devilish than the others. They do not appear to take Papa very seriously as a world-molder. They ride his shoulders and joke with him as most kids manhandle a fond parent.

The three boys were waiting around for the car to take them to school when Papa himself appeared. He made a couple of jokes about their progress in school, posed for a slew of pictures with them, and then hustled them off, a bit late but certain in the knowledge that school was not likely to start until they got there. Then he hollered for the single servant to fetch coffee.

Naguib was in uniform, as always, but in or out of military attire Mohammed Naguib would be a man to notice. What he looked like kept bothering me, until mentally I drew a long mustache on him. Then he was a dead ringer for the Joseph Stalin of 20 years ago. However, Naguib's own mustache is cropped close, the face is stronger than Stalin's, and there is more twinkle potential in his eyes. The eyes are compelling—light against his swarthy skin, alternately cold or merry against the solid bone-hard structure of his face. He's a little man—five feet six and a half—but he's compact as a bullet and his economy of movement usually makes you think he is bigger than he actually is.

He is courteous to a point of being mannered, and he is curiously humble in his courtesy. We sat down in his little sitting room for coffee and a chat while waiting for his car to come. The other sitting room in the five- or six-room bungalow is for family only and is off limits to outsiders. His wife, or wives, did not appear, since the general is a devout Moslem and Moslem women do not appear before strangers.

The room itself was reminiscent of all the little parlors in all the semidetached suburban middle-class houses the world over. There was the usual gilt-framed mirror, a little mottled on the glass. The chandelier had glass dingdongs on it. There were some fairly outrageous artificial flowers, and the real flowers in two vases had withered. There was a blue, pierced cloth on a gilt center table, six rather rickety gold-and-green chairs, a couple of well-worn carpets on the floor. There were two photographs of the general, one a smudgy color portrait and the other an Atlantic City-ish picture framed in a seashell. The door was slightly ajar to the other sitting room, where he'd just finished his usual breakfast of yoghurt, brown bread and tea. It had a couple of rose-colored divans in it. Everything seemed to have been subject to a strong course in installment-plan discipline.

The general tapped his leg with a riding crop and yawned. He said he'd been up until 2:00 A.M. at some meeting or other. Now he had to go kiss a flock of babies at a nursery school and if I wanted to come, fine.

"But the best day is Wednesday," he said. "I got to go to an aircraft-repair plant to see some stunt flying. I got to see the king of Libya and do something with some movie stars at a charity do in the railroad station. We're sending two trains full of clothes for the poor to both ends of Egypt. You can probably get better pictures then, but you're welcome for today if you'd like."

I said I'd like. Especially if I could ride with him.

"Absolutely," he said.

I commented on his English, which is excellent.

"I speak a lot of languages," he said. "Learned them when I was a subaltern, just to keep busy. I speak English, German, French, Italian and, of course, Arabic. And I read in all of them. My Italian is not so good. I never have a chance to use it much. You have to use a language frequently or it rusts, like military equipment. Rusty equipment is no good. I know."

Can't Rest Till He's Seen It All

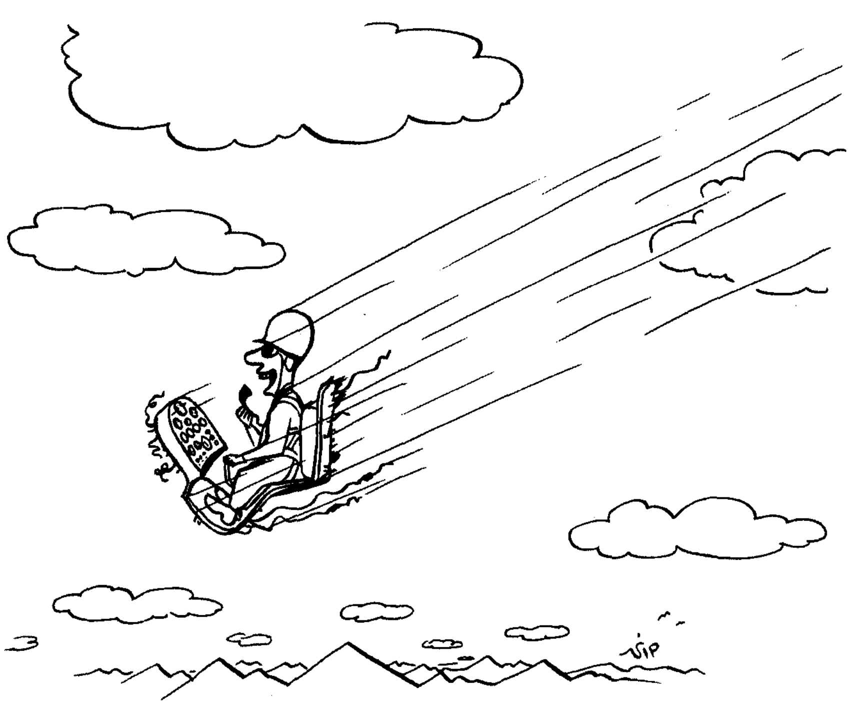
The general had been on a 16-hour day ever since the coup. Wasn't he getting awfully tired of the rat race?

"I must see it all for myself," he said, very seriously. "It must see me. I can't stop moving until I have seen it all. I have never had much in the way of hobbies except reading. I miss the reading. I used to read everything, in all the languages I knew. And I miss going out into the desert. I used to love that. I am always happy when I find an excuse to go and visit my troops in the desert. I used to play a little tennis. There is no time for tennis any more. There is no time for anything except to get this country on its feet.

"I tell you," Naguib said, "if it is not for the change of government—if it is not for me and my associates—this country would have gone to the Communists. It would have gone easily, with no trouble at all. Here is the car. Let us go to see the babies."

The car once owned by Farouk pulled up, and Naguib handed me into the back seat. We drove away, past stiff salutes. The streets were lined on both sides with the ragged and the well-gabardined, the modern business suits studded amongst the galabias (flowing

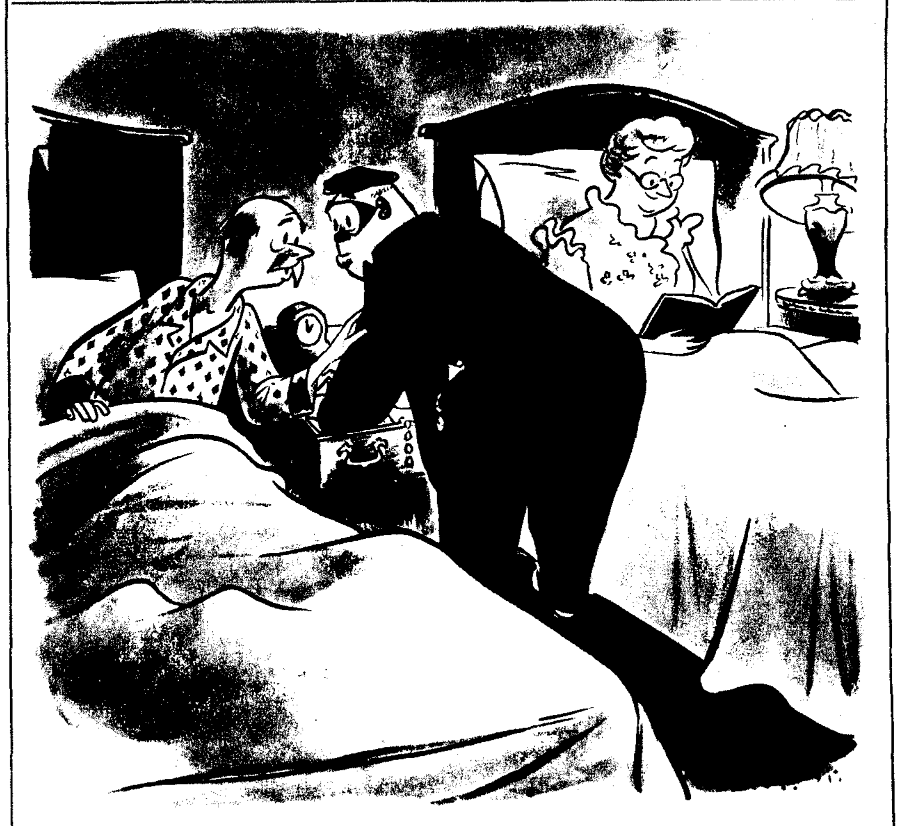
VIP'S WAR



"Well, right now I'm flying on instruments only, but . . ."

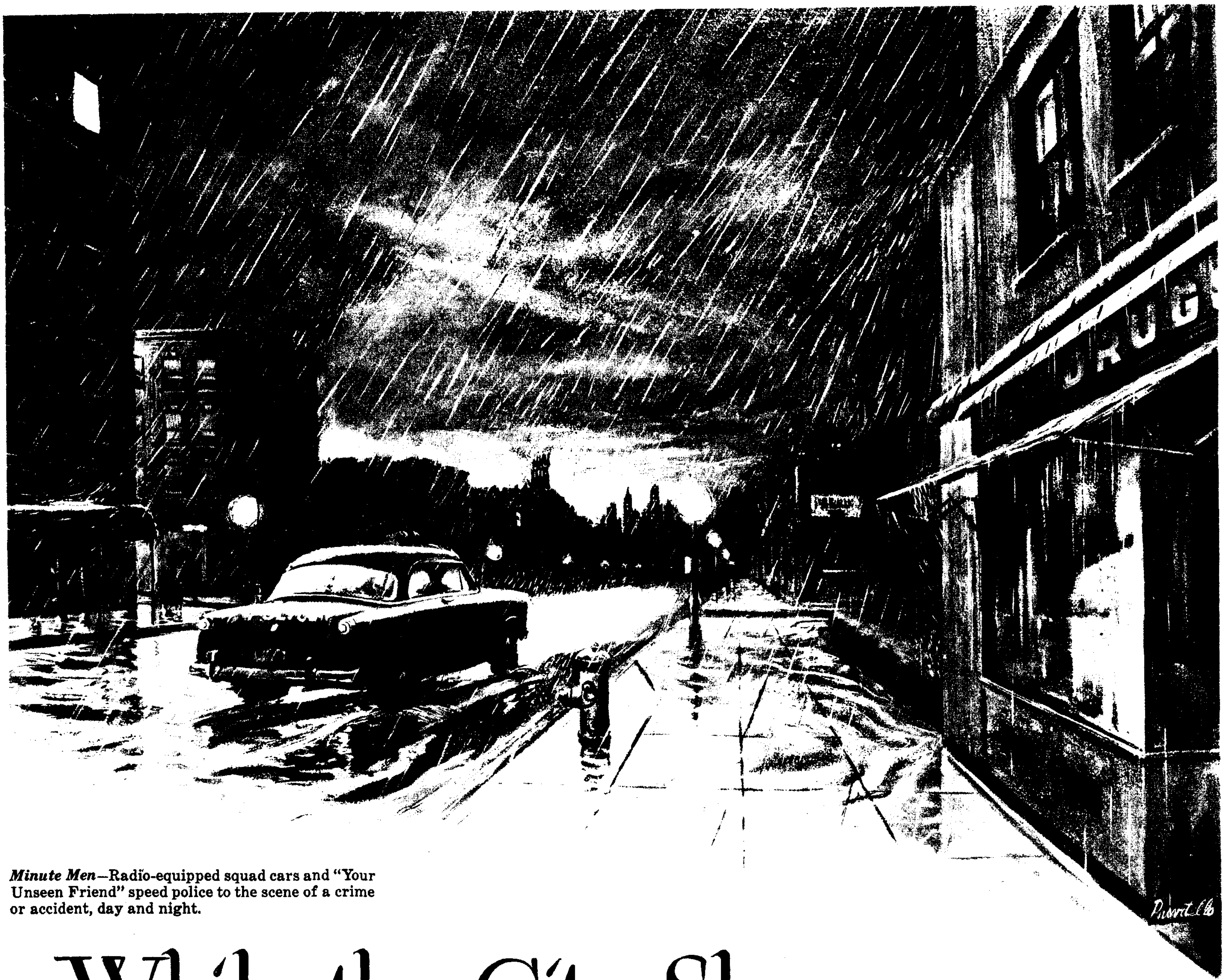
COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

BUTCH



"You mind stealing her book, too, before you leave? She'd have that light on all night"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS



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"...there shall be ONE fold and ONE shepherd"

Jim Brown read these words in the Gospel of St. John and was deeply disturbed.

Elsewhere in his Bible...in the Epistle to the Ephesians...he noted the exhortation of St. Paul that there be "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

"Where," he asked Father Crane, "is this unity of which the Bible speaks? How is anyone to know which is 'the one Fold...the one Faith...the one Baptism,' when Christ's followers are divided into hundreds of denominations, many holding conflicting beliefs?"

The priest agreed that good and sincere people are indeed confused by the claims and counter-claims of a divided Christianity. Instead of traveling on a single highway clearly marked with the words: "Come — follow me," they find themselves wandering in a network of roads with signs pointing in all directions.

"But how," Jim persisted, "can the average person know what to do? When doctrinal claims contradict one another, how am I to know which is right and which is wrong?"

A study of Christian history, Father Crane replied, will provide a better answer for the troubled and confused than would a study of conflicting creeds.

"History will tell you, Jim," the priest went on, "that Christ proclaimed His intention to establish a Church, with Peter as its head and the other Apostles as its bishops. History further tells us that this is the Catholic Church, which was established during the time of the Apostles, with Peter as its first leader — the first Pope."

The Mass, Father Crane continued, was the central act of public worship in the early Church, as it is today. There were seven Sacraments for the early Christians — seven for Catholics the world over today. Catholics of 1,900 years ago confessed to a priest, and they do so today. Catholics believed then, as now, that Baptism removes original sin ... that matrimony is a Sacrament, not just a civil ceremony...that bishops and priests receive their powers through a Sacrament instituted by Christ.

"Many people," Father Crane concluded, "are either uninformed or misinformed about the Catholic Faith. They would, *in many cases*, want to be Catholics if they knew the truth. So all that we ask of you...and all other sincere people...is that you investigate — that you learn for yourself what the Catholic Church teaches and what Catholics, since the days of the Apostles, have sincerely believed."

"...there shall be ONE fold and ONE shepherd."

Free

If you want to know why Christ's followers are no longer united in "ONE fold"...under "ONE Shepherd"...write today for our free pamphlet describing the 16th Century upheaval which gave birth to the divided Christianity of our times. Write today ...ask for Pamphlet No. C-39.

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Personal
To Women With Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

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outer garment), fedoras pinpointed against the red tarbooshes and the high-piled turbans. We were only a few blocks from home when a car headed toward our small cavalcade. Sparks flew from Naguib's eyes.

"Stop!" he yelled at our driver. Naguib was halfway out of the back seat, the door open, one foot on the ground, when he checked himself.

"My temper," he murmured. "I thought that other car was heading wrong up a one-way street. I was wrong. I see this is a two-way street. He's got *a right to* be here."

"I must instill in these people a sense of responsibility," General Naguib continued, after he had stuffed his pipe again with his special brand of old rags. "What I tell the people is this: Do not look to the government to do it for you, and then whine to the government that it is not being done. Work hard, I tell them. Respect yourselves. Be cleaner. Be healthier. Keep your families together. But mainly, work. Work for yourselves and you are working for the government. Work for the government, and then the government will be working for you. Do that, and I will listen to you day and night. Do not do that, and I will turn my head away. I don't know how you say it, but what I mean is that you cannot expect to sit in ignorance and idleness and then expect the government to put it right. The government will do all it can. The rest is up to you."

A Lesson in American Slang

"We have a phrase in America," I suggested. " 'Put up or shut up.' "

"What was that again?" the general asked. "Put up or shut up?"

"Yes, sir. Put up or shut up."

"That is very good," Naguib said. "I will remember that very happily. Put up or shut up. It will be a good motto for Egypt. Ah, we are here. Let us go and inspect the babies. I will like you to take some pictures, please."

We walked into the courtyard of the nursery school and began the inspection. Naguib is probably the world's most willing subject for a photographer. He knows camera angles now and will pose at anything, including catching kids on sliding boards. He ran Kronfeld ragged, suggesting a picture here, another there. It was noon when he was through, and every baby in the place had been patted, kissed or handshaken. At that point, I didn't care if I never saw another baby.

Naguib shook hands with me as he got into the car.

"I must go to many meetings," he said. "Very dull. You must be sure and meet me early on Wednesday."

Nobody "Knocks" the General

After we parted, I tried to find somebody who thought Naguib was bad for Egypt. As a matter of fact, all the time I was in Egypt I kept looking for someone who would knock the general. I never found him. Not even the downcast aristocracy knocked him. Maybe they regretted him and deplored him, but they didn't have anything concrete against the man or the way he was running Egypt. He has made no effort toward personal aggrandizement. He lives on his $6,000 salary. Nobody has got rich around his throne. The worst they say about Naguib is that he needn't have happened at all, if Farouk had not been such a fool—such an arrogant, weak, flagrant fool. Naguib agrees heartily.

The sincerest compliment paid him has come from the Communists. They did little during the years when the Egyptian poor were getting poorer, the sick sicker, the miserable more miserable. The timeworn Communist plan for the enslavement of the earth was working, click-clack, on schedule. When the anti-British riots came in January, 1952, with the burning and the looting, the Communists beamed. They didn't have to work. Then, too, Farouk and his way of life, the few big rich and the millions of the miserable, the beggars and the impoverished fellahin—they were all working to forward the Communist plan.

But a week after Naguib took over, the Communists began working feverishly. Time was no longer on their side; Naguib had snatched Egypt from the greased skids that lead into the Communist pit.

Can Naguib lead Egypt to economic and political security? Will he remain a benevolent dictator?

It is difficult to assess the potential of any dictator. Some start out with the people at heart and in mind, and progress into egomania and corruption. But Naguib has been a single-minded

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Next Week in Collier's

man, a dedicated man, ever since he ran away from his native Wad Medani in the Sudan to bum his way 1,000 miles to Cairo to try to enter the Royal Military Academy. Too short to meet the required five-foot seven-inch height limit of those days, he did stretching exercises for a year and only just managed to achieve his present five feet six and one half inches. The academy officers admired his pugnacity enough to let him in anyhow, and he passed a two-and-one-half-year course with honors in nine months. He whiled away his early days as a subaltern by learning four extra languages, passing the bar, and completing a special degree in the interpretation of Koranic law.

He was a brigadier in the war with Israel, but exposed himself to fire constantly. A bullet smashed his pipe on one occasion at the Negeb front, and a superior criticized him for taking unnecessary chances.

"No risk is unnecessary if it makes men fight better," Naguib said. Later a bullet got him through the shoulder, and then another hit him in a lung. He was left for dead on the battlefield, but was retrieved later and nursed back to health by a brother, Mahmoud.

One of His Proudest Moments

Everything Naguib sets his hand to receives his full concentration, whether it's a birthday meeting with Sayed Idris el Senussi, the king of Libya, a visit to an aircraft factory, or a tense conference to discuss the fate of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Being half Sudanese, Naguib had one of his proudest moments last month when he announced that Britain had agreed to give the Sudan immediate self-government and the right to choose later between full independence and union with Egypt.

So long as Naguib is in power, he will run the country according to army spit and polish, because Naguib is all army. His grandfather was with British General Charles Gordon during the Sudanese rebels' siege of Khartoum in 1885. His father served with British Field Marshal Lord Kitchener in the subsequent liberation of the Sudan from the rebels. Naguib is a general first, in his self-discipline and in the discipline of those around him.

As a rigid follower of the tenets of Mohammedanism, Naguib does not permit himself many public pleasures. Some say he likes a touch of Scotch in private. Some say he is fond of the girls, and likes to relax with a pretty face. There is no definite record that he has more than one wife, although he is allowed four under Moslem law.

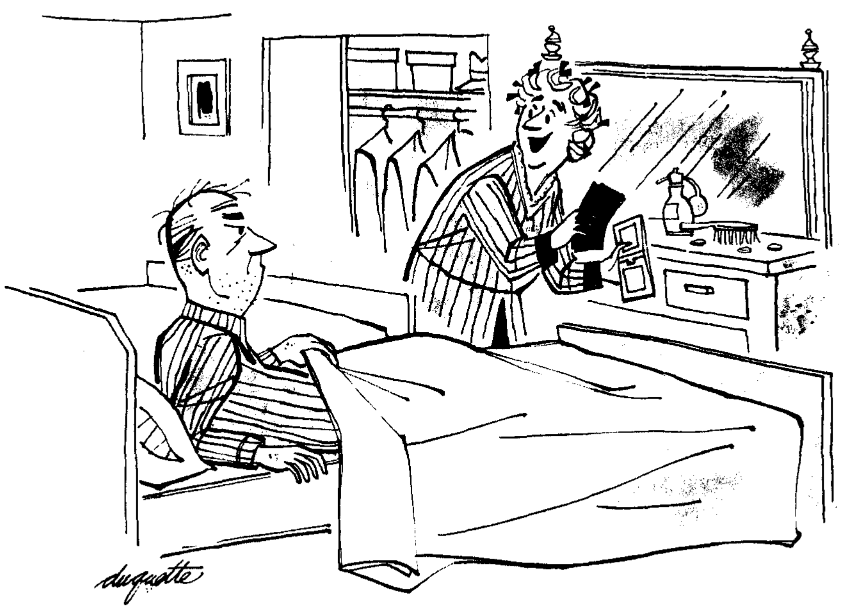
Hopes for Money from U.S.

His whole soul at the moment seems devoted to making Egypt haul itself up by its bootstraps, a process he fondly hopes will be aided by United States money. Naguib's hopes, in fact, partly explain Egypt's fresh and friendly feeling toward America. Only a year or so ago, Egyptians still bitterly resented American sympathy for Israel during the Palestine war. One Egyptian told me, "We were so bloody furious at America that we forgot to hate the English." Despite the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Sudan, Egyptians are still irked by Britain's reluctance to withdraw her troops from the Suez Canal Zone.

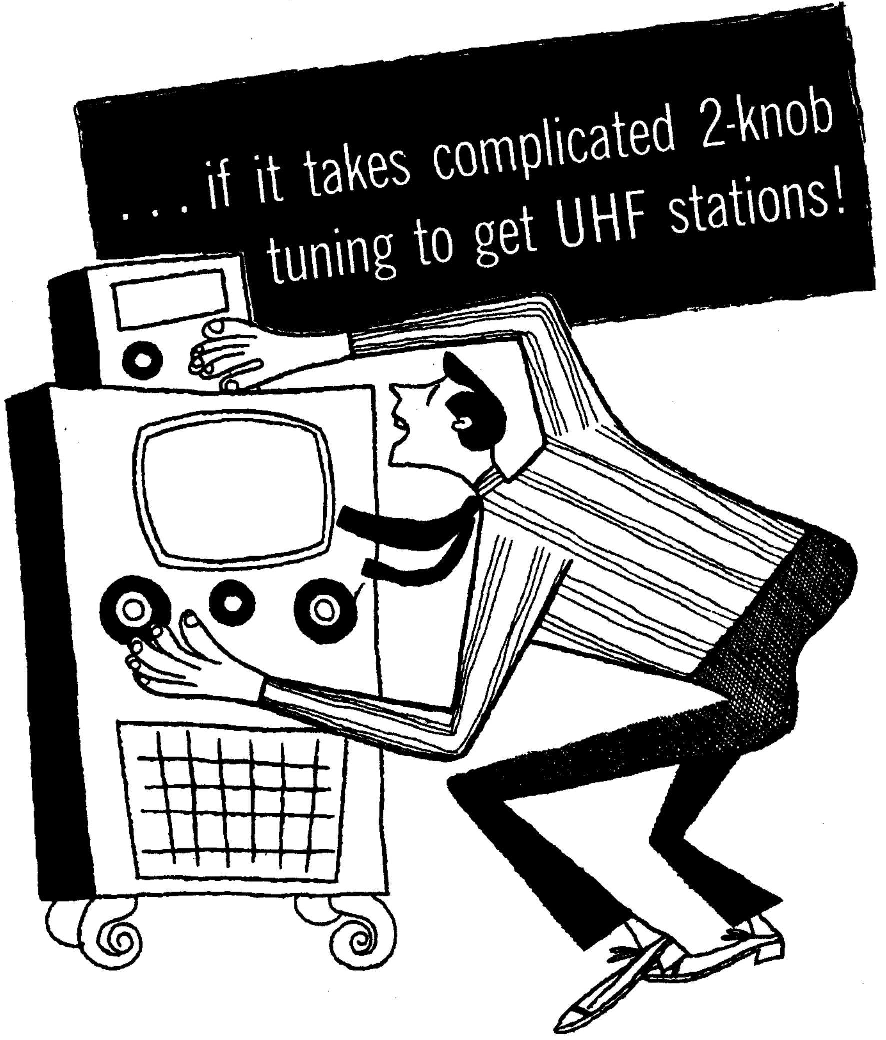
The people who know Naguib best are generally high in praise of his intentions. They believe he is the one strong man to appear since Turkey's Kemal Atatürk, who can pull the dissident Middle East together into a solid whole against the onrush of Communism; who can stand as a high symbol before all the Arab peoples who control the all-vital oil supplies of that vast desert wasteland.

It is hard to believe that pipe-smoking Mohammed Naguib, at fifty-one, could climb so quickly from obscurity to a position of such power that he holds the fate of a nation and its neighbors in his hand. Certainly no one would quarrel with the remark made by Naguib's brother, Major General Aly Naguib, after Mohammed, uncertain of Aly's loyalties, slapped him in jail at the start of the July coup. (Aly was freed soon afterward and since has been appointed Egyptian ambassador to Syria and Jordan.)

"My brother," said Aly, "is a very remarkable man."



COLLIER'S "I need something green to celebrate St. Patrick's Day!" DUQUETTE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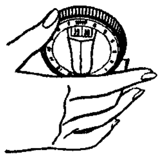

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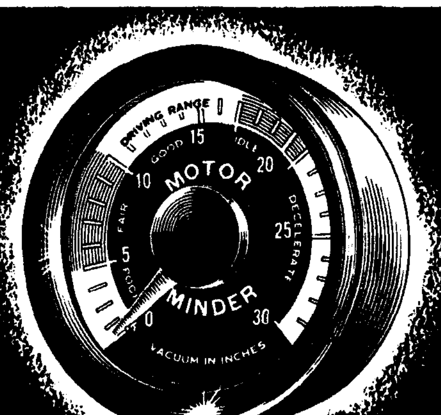

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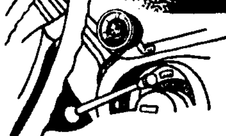

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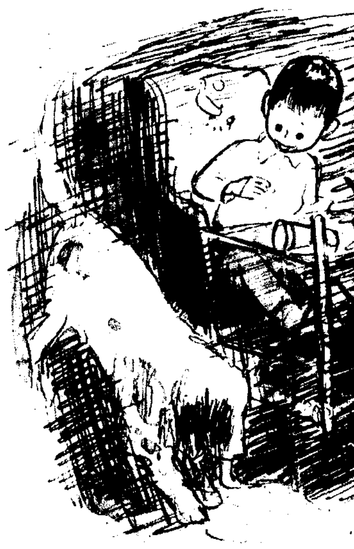
More milk, Michael? . . . Hold out your glass. . . . Don't pour it on the floor! . . . Sport takes it out of a dish. . . . Where's the mop, Mother?



MY, WHAT a hungry bear, did you know we have a hungry bear tonight, Mother? That Michael bear ate up all his vegetables and lamb and a half a jar of plums and a whole jar of pineapple custard and what? More milk? Hold out your glass, Michael, and Daddy will pour it for you. There. Now while that hungry bear drinks his milk, Daddy will get a washcloth and whoops! Not on the floor, Michael! Milk is to drink. Oh, you just wanted to give Sport some? Well, we give Sport his milk out of a dish, Michael, we don't just pour it on the floor.

I'm *not* making an issue of it, Emma Lee, where's the mop? Go on, Sport, go on outside. I guess it's just another phase he's going through, but at twenty-four cents a quart . . . There.

Now, let's wipe that hungry bear's paws. There's his left paw all nice and clean. Let go of Daddy's tie, Michael, your hand is all gooey, now Daddy will have to wipe his tie.

Never mind, dear, you go right on with what you were doing, I can handle this.

See, we'll wipe Michael's tray first, and then his right hand, so, and then his left hand. Put your face up, that's a good boy. Well, hold still, Michael, Daddy knows you don't like it but we can't go to bed with our hair all full of pudding.

Go ahead and put it on the table, Emma Lee, this shouldn't take too long.

Kiss Mama good night, now. Here we go, here we go, trot trot trot, just look where Michael is, way up on Daddy's shoulders. Hang on tight. *Whoa,* horsie!

And *down* he comes! Now, let's get those overalls off. Daddy will unbutton them and Michael take them off. I bet a big boy like Michael can take off his training pants too, all by himself. There, now! Well, don't let's have a fling-flang, we go through this every time. All right, then, Daddy will just have to tie you in. I should think a big boy like Michael could sit there by himself. Now, we'll put the tray down in front of Michael and Daddy will be right back. Well, Daddy *said* he'd be right back, you don't have to cry. Michael! *Michael!* You don't *have* to cry. Daddy can't understand you when you cry. Your what? Your book? Well, just a minute, Daddy will get it.

He wants his book. . . . No, I've already looked in his room. Under the refrigerator? Well, what do you know!

Here's Michael's book, now let's not have any more crying. That's better. You don't? Well, try. Daddy will be back pretty soon.

Oh, Emma Lee, don't tell me you've made hot rolls, you shouldn't have gone to all that trouble. Everything smooth so far, just routine objections. No, you fix dinner, I can handle him. Just a question of keeping two guesses ahead of him. Here, let me finish setting the table. . . .

Hi, how's Daddy's nice boy? You are? Are you sure? Well, all right, here we go, off we go, trot trot trot! *Whoa,* horsie! Now, let's get that left shoe off, and now the sock. Please, Michael, Daddy is hungry, you had *your* dinner, remember? Let's take that little sock. Can Daddy have his cigarettes back, Michael? Daddy should remember not to keep them in his shirt pocket, shouldn't he, hey! Come back here, you rascal!

MIKE-el . . .

I see you, I see Michael. *Ha,* Daddy caught a bear! Easy now, easy, not Daddy's glasses! Here we go, here we go, trot trot trot! *Whoa,* horsie! This old horse is tired. Now let's see that right shoe, all right, Michael is a big boy, he can take it off himself. Oh, dear, wait a minute, Daddy will see if he can undo the knot. See, Michael pulled the wrong end. If you just wouldn't kick like that, Daddy could—that's Daddy's fountain pen, put it back, please. Well, you be careful with it, then. *Now* we've got it, off comes his shoe, off comes his sock, give Daddy back his fountain pen, Michael.

Pretty soon, dear, pretty soon. Well, I'm doing the best I know how,

THIS

By ROLAND A. BROWNE

can't you stick them back in the oven for a minute? . . . I can handle . . . Daddy SAID, Michael. Well, Daddy will just have to take it away, then. I know you want to play with it, but it isn't for little boys, Daddy needs it to sign checks with. There, now.

Now, Daddy will fold them just like Mother does, see? There. Lie down like a good boy, Michael, Daddy isn't playing, now you lie down. On your *back,* Michael!

Put your foot in here, wait a minute, Daddy has them backwards, silly old Daddy. Now, left foot in, right foot in, and *on* go Michael's pajama pants. Now his left arm, now his right arm, my what a good boy, and quick quick quick we snap them up, one snap, two snaps, three snaps, snap snap snap! And into his bed, there! Whew!

Oh, just the usual glass of water. I'll be through in a minute, you can put everything on the table. Well, they don't look too brown to me. Now, darling, you're just saying that because you're tired. This won't take long, nothing to it tonight.

Here's a nice drink of water for Michael. Sit up and, now is that any way to act? You don't have to kick it even if you don't want it. Never mind, no, Daddy isn't mad. Kiss Daddy good night. *Michael,* you don't have to cry. But Daddy read your book to you before dinner, remember? And you looked at it for a long time while, oh, all right, Daddy will get it, hush crying.

He wants his book now. Well, how in thunder would *I* know how long. He's *your* child, too. I'm sorry, Emma Lee, please don't cry. Look, why don't you start . . . well, all right, I'll be as quick as I can.

Hey, there, who said anything about getting out of bed, young man? Now you hop right back. What's that you've got there? Now, Michael, you can't play with Mother's cold cream, you'll break it. Give it to Daddy. Well, if you'll be very careful, I guess you can hold it. Anything for a little peace. . . .

Now, this one says Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a—Sport? Yes, I guess that's Sport. No, Daddy didn't say Sport could come in, so hush fussing. Do you want Daddy to read to you or, well all right, then. Now, this one says Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair. Said Simple Simon—what? But you wouldn't drink the nice water Daddy brought you. Orange juice? Well, will you go to sleep if I do? . . .

Oh, we can't be, we had three cans yesterday. Well, I'll squeeze some, then. Would you rather listen to him howl? *Well,* then. I'm *not* shouting, I merely said . . .

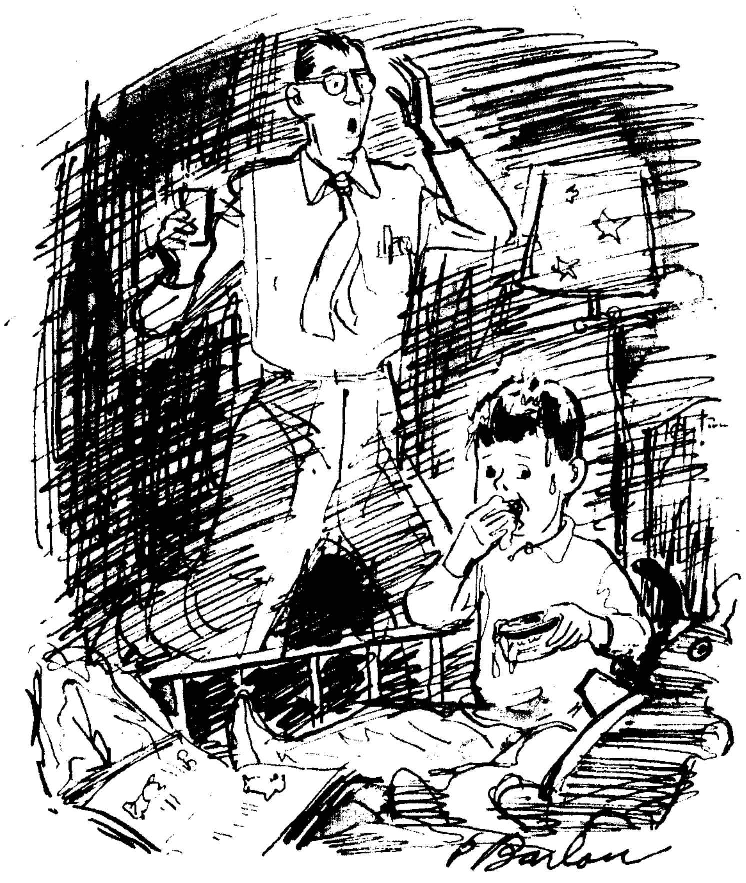
If you wouldn't let him play with everything in the kitchen, maybe I could find the orange squeezer. *I* did? Well, I don't remember putting it there. I *do* have other things to think about than where the orange squeezer happens to be at the minute. Well, crying doesn't help the situation any, I'm hungry too.

Here we are, here we are, here's Michael's orange juice that Daddy, what in the world have you . . . How did you manage to get the top off the jar? What have you got in your . . . Michael, let Daddy see. *Michael!* Open your mouth and let Daddy, *stop!* Don't SWALLOW it!

Good grief!

Emma Lee!

EMMA LEE! ▲▲▲



Look, Michael, you can't play with Mother's cold cream!

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DEEP TEST

Cliff had gambled everything he had. It was all riding on the bit that ground down through the earth, foot by foot, toward oil. If the oil wasn't there, he was washed up

By EDMUND VAN ZANDT

The Story: CLIFF WATERS had always earned a good living in oil—buying and selling leases. But he'd never made any real money, never owned a well. His wife FRAN, a schoolteacher, wanted Cliff to stop speculating and settle down. They had no children, and she didn't want to be rich, but after twenty-two years of marriage, she longed for a home of her own. But Cliff kept hoping for a killing, partly to show up ED HENDERSON, from whom he'd stolen Fran long ago. Ed had since made millions on a lease in East Texas he'd bought from Cliff, who couldn't forget that those millions might have been his.

When Fran asked Cliff for a divorce, because she was tired of their way of life, he decided to make one more pitch for a fortune, and he bought an oil-and-gas lease on six hundred and forty acres of the old Fogg Ranch, but the lease would expire unless Cliff started a test well within thirty days. Cliff had to use his last capital—a diamond ring he had once bought Fran. Any time Cliff needed money, he gave the ring to his friend CHESTER GRUENWALD, in a Fort Worth bank. Then, when the deal came through, he would cover the checks he'd drawn against the ring.

But Cliff needed more than money for the lease. He had to find some way to finance the drilling of a test well, all the way down to a level, more than two miles underground, known as the Ellenburger formation. The well was going to cost about $150,000. Cliff was sure any company would be eager to risk drilling a well for him in return for part of the profit—if oil came in. But the only offers he got were offers to buy his lease outright—and that way, though he'd make plenty in one lump, he'd get nothing from any oil that came in. Fran had promised not to do anything about the divorce until after the well was drilled. Growing desperate, Cliff finally went, as a last resort, to his old rival Ed Henderson, who turned him down. The lease had only five days to run. It looked as though the whole deal was going to blow up—and wreck Cliff's life.

CONCLUSION

WHILE Cliff was backing his car out of the drive the following morning, Fran shouted out the kitchen window that Jake Farley was calling him from Odessa.

Later, when he had time to think about it, Cliff realized that Farley had timed this call with great cunning. He had figured that this was just the day when Cliff would be getting desperate, ripe for almost any deal that came along. Farley was that kind of man—cold as a fish and rock-hard, calculating every angle down to the last degree and minute and second, if there was something in it for Jake Farley.

Jake owned a prosperous drilling company, and he had a name throughout the industry as a dealer in distress merchandise. He had grown rich helping people out of jams—for a price. Anybody who was short of cash, and in trouble with a short-term lease of the first quality or a drilling commitment on proved acreage, found him ready to extend a helping hand. And when he helped anybody, he never failed to wind up with the biggest piece of whatever he had helped on.

Cliff listened patiently as Farley's voice came over the telephone. "Been thinking about your Fogg lease, Waters," Jake said. "I'll give you a hundred and a quarter an acre for a half interest. I'll pay for it in credit on drilling costs, not in cash. Then you and me will drill the hole together, fifty-fifty. That gives you a credit of forty thousand to start with, toward the cost of the well. I'll put one of my big rigs on it and charge the partnership the same as I do everybody else: twelve hundred and fifty a day, straight time, and I furnish bits and fuel."

Cliff did some quick figuring on the telephone pad, then said, "My credit will run out in sixty-four days. What happens then?"

"Naturally we've got to keep drilling until we get to the Ellenburger. If we're not down when your credit is gone, why then we just keep right on ginning, on a cash basis."

Cliff was beginning to see the Farley angle. "How many feet of hole can you make in a day?"

"On a top-to-bottom average, a hundred and twenty feet a day. But nothing guaranteed, of course. If we run into a fishing job or lose circulation, that's your tough luck, same as mine."

CLIFF was silent while he scrawled more figures on the pad. "If we didn't run into any trouble, sixty-four days would carry us to around seventy-six hundred feet, right?"

"Something like that."

"Which is four to five thousand feet shy of the Ellenburger. What's going to happen if I can't raise the cash for my part of the drilling, after my forty-thousand credit is gone?"

"In that case," Farley said, "I'll keep drawing down on your remaining half of the lease, on the same basis. Every day we drill after your credit is used up, I draw down five acres."

Cliff did some more figuring. "With my remaining three-hundred-and-twenty-acre interest in the lease, I could finance another sixty-four days of drilling."

"Yes, that's about right."

"Add sixty-four days to the sixty-four days credit I start out with, and it totals a hundred and twenty-eight days. Just about exactly what it'll take to drill the well, right?"

"Well, I don't know—"

"In which case, you end up owning the whole damned lease!" Cliff broke the point of the pencil angrily and threw it down.

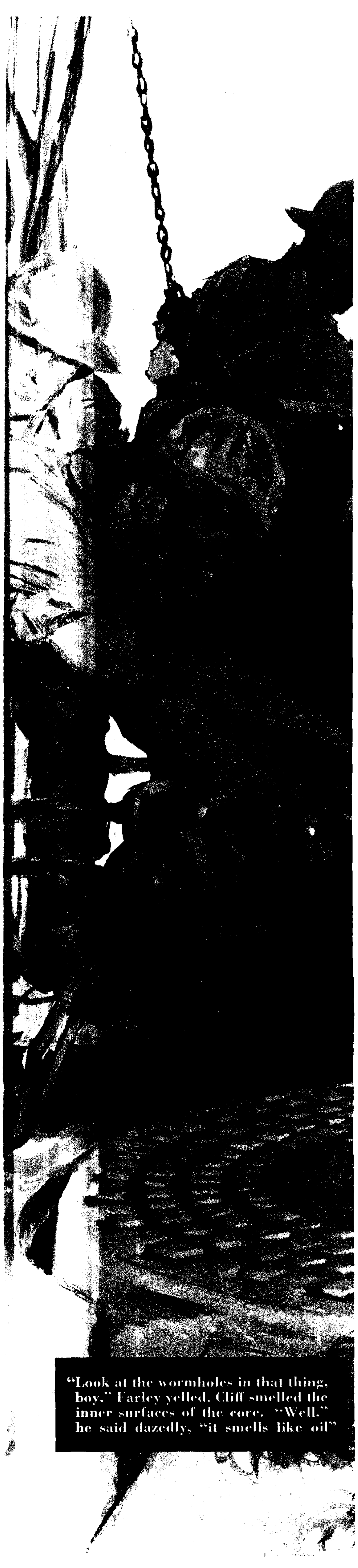
Farley's laughter crackled in the receiver. "I'm in this game to make money, Waters. You can take it or leave it, and frankly I don't care which you do. Your lease is going to be a fond memory in five days."

"Maybe it won't be a memory," Cliff cut in sharply. His voice was rough. "There are lots of drilling rigs around the country, you know."

"Sure, sure. You can hire any of them for twelve hundred bucks a day."

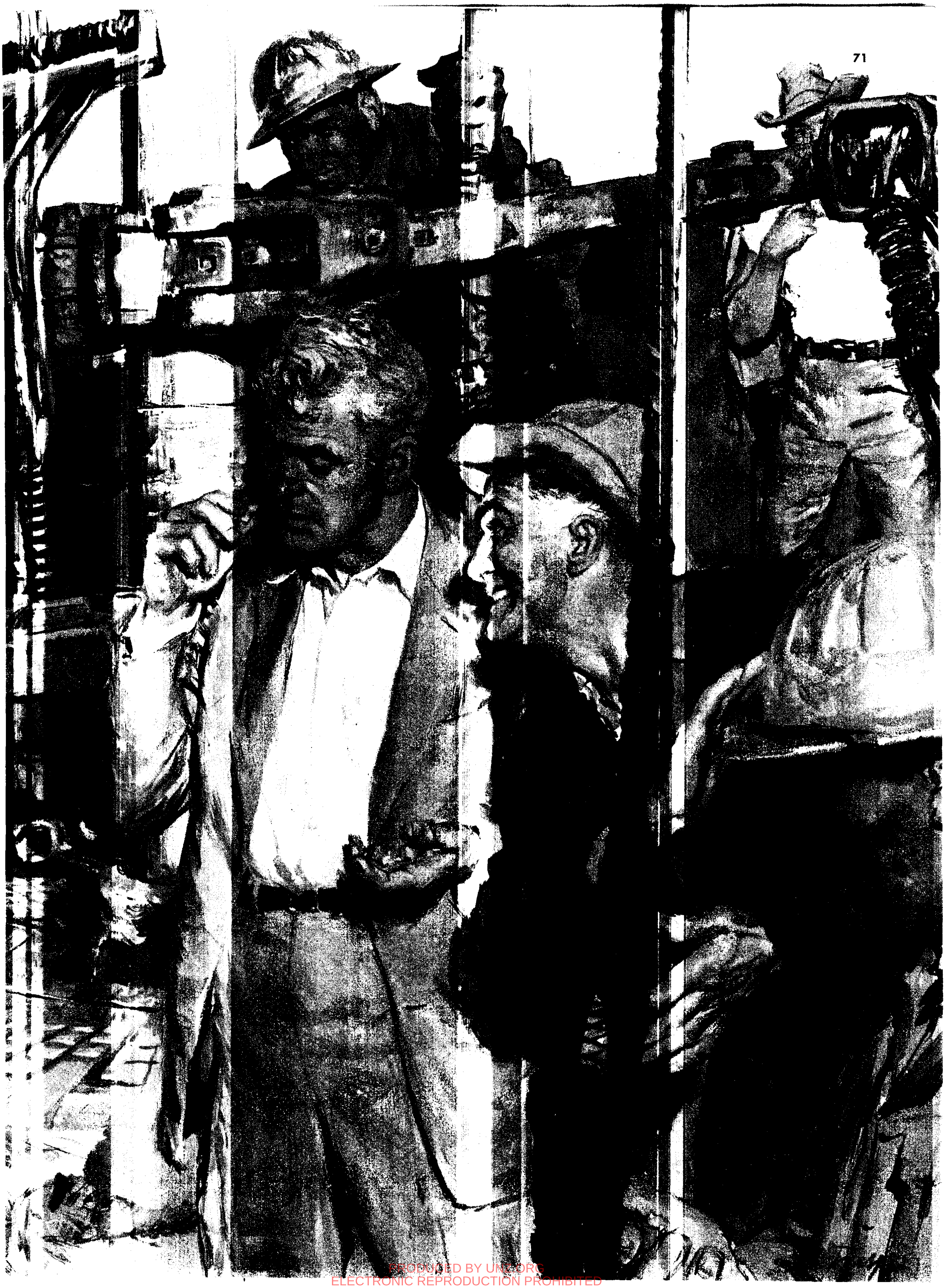
Cliff was on the verge of telling Farley to go to hell when an idea flashed across his mind. He said, "Where do you figure we ought to pick up the Spraberry sand at that location?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, but I'd say somewhere around seventy-five hundred to eight



"Look at the wormholes in that thing, boy." Farley yelled. Cliff smelled the inner surfaces of the core. "Well," he said dazedly, "it smells like oil"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



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thousand feet. And there's an idea for you." Farley had divined what Cliff was thinking. "If she shows for a well in the Spraberry, you can go to the bank and borrow enough money to take it on down to the Ellenburger. What's wrong with that?"

"It's a big if."

"Well, you've got my proposition, Waters. I can move a rig on there and be making hole by Saturday. Ring me up if you want to do business." Then the line was dead.

At three o'clock that afternoon, tired and sweaty from driving over four hundred miles of highway, Cliff walked into Farley's office in Odessa and said, "Draw up some papers, Jake. You've made yourself a deal."

Waters & Farley No. 1 Fogg spudded in thirty-six hours before the lease deadline. The local papers gave it a good play on their oil-news pages, which pleased Cliff. Not that he was interested in the publicity, but he wanted Ed Henderson to have a good look at it.

Two days later Cliff made his first trip out to the location. It was fourteen miles from the little cow-town of Rigby, county seat of Barstow County. Bumping over the winding road that was hardly more than a ranch trail, his Buick threw up a cloud of alkali dust that powdered the greasewood scrub on both sides of the road. As he neared the location, the road quartered across a low incline, like a ground swell in a calm sea, and he caught his first sight of the well—his well.

In the distance, the derrick rose like a latticed metal finger, pointing into the sky. The Sawtooth Mountains lay beyond, dominating the horizon in sooty-blue grandeur. Cliff stopped the car and got out. He stood for several minutes, staring at the drilling rig. His pulse was hammering in his wrists.

WHEN he drove up to the rig, the big Diesels were drumming out the thunderous music that told him the bit was on bottom and making hole. They put out a solid sound that you heard in your bones, as well as in your ears. The thunder of the Diesels was the sound of the wheel of fortune.

When he reached the derrick floor, Cliff stood out of the way while the driller and the roughnecks in their mud-caked khakis screwed another joint of pipe into the lengthening drill stem. They line-snatched a thirty-foot length of pipe like a jackstraw from the corded pile, hoisted it into the derrick and guided it gently down into the open neck of the drill stem. When it had been spun into place, the driller threw the power back on, turning the bit to make it cut into the rock far below.

It had been twenty years since Cliff had worked the throttle of such an awesome auger as this. As he moved across the rig floor and caught the solid vibration of the engines in the soles of his shoes, something of the old feeling came back to him, the proprietary feeling of being a charter member in an exclusive club.

"Hello, driller," he bellowed into the ear of the big man at the draw works. "How's she running?"

The driller took his eyes off the weight indicator for an instant and moved his head up and down, once, signifying that everything was fine.

"How deep are you?" Cliff shouted over the din.

With his eyes, the driller indicated the log fluttering from a greasy clip board on a hook near the draw works. The last entry, scrawled in pencil, showed the depth to be five hundred and forty-one feet, drilling in red beds.

Cliff nodded and grinned. "Think she'll make a well?" he said.

The impassive driller turned his eyes on Cliff. Then, with great deliberation, he set the draw-works brake, just so, to keep the pipe feeding gently into the hole. The driller was a lanky man, with bleached coveralls, mahogany-colored skin, and squint lines around his eyes. He shifted his cud of tobacco and boomed into Cliff's ear. "She might!" he said. "You never can tell." Then he stepped around Cliff to make another entry in the drilling log.

IN THE days and weeks that followed, Cliff was seldom away from the rig more than a few hours at a time. There was nothing for him to do there. The rig was fully manned, and he and Farley had hired a young geologist named Pinckney to catch samples and log the well. There would be forty, fifty, perhaps sixty days of steady boring through layer after layer of barren young rock, through water sands, shales, anhydrite, limestones, before the drill would begin probing deep enough to reach those streaks of dark fat, deep in the earth—the oil streaks that pay off in millionaires.

Yet when he would stay away for a few hours, sitting around the lobby of the hotel in Rigby, passing the time of day with the ranchers, Cliff would grow restless. After a while he would head back for the well. He was uncomfortable away from it. He would sit by the hour alongside the shale shaker, fishing samples out of the muddy drilling fluid as it streamed through the sluice box. As the drill stem punched slowly downward through layer after layer of rock, he would roll dabs of the cuttings in his fingers, reading the history of eons past. Tertiary, Cretaceous, Triassic—they were all there—dull, academic rocks to an oilman.

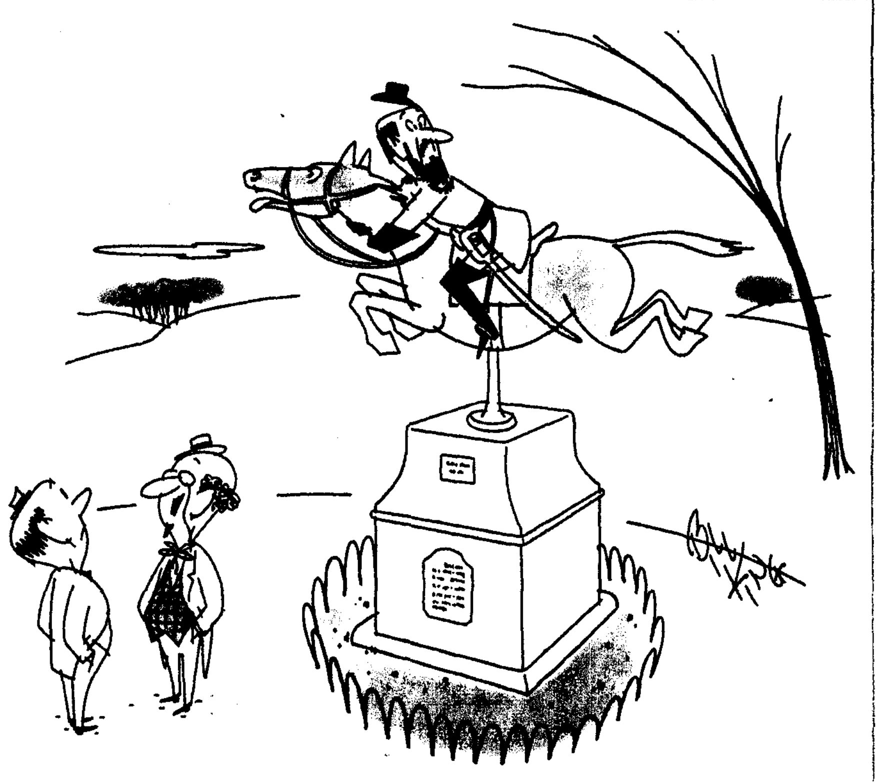
After a time he would grow morose. The constant roar of the Diesels would begin to pound into his bones, and he would get up and drive the fourteen miles across the greasewood flats. In Rigby, he would eat a meal at the Club Café, then go to the hotel.

There, in the hot, musty room, he invariably thought of his wife Fran. She would be at home, probably reading a stack of themes, reading them intently, as if they were vital papers of state. When he had put it off as long as he could, he would telephone her. He never had much to talk about, but he clung to the calm and confident sound of her voice. And when she was off the line, he would sink back into a lethargy of despair. He longed to call her again, because she gave him something that was necessary to him. Yet talking to her was painful, perhaps because he had nothing to give in return.

Often he would get up in the dark hours between midnight and dawn and drive back to the well. As he reached the top of the ground swell in the plain and came in sight of the lighted derrick, rising like a jeweled, unfinished cathedral spire in the darkness, he felt an impulse to hurry on, to get there. And at the same time, an almost equal force urged him to turn around and flee as far from the roaring monster as it was possible to go. A nearly unbearable desire to get the well drilled and over with, wet or dry, had begun to grow upon him. The drill stem was grinding deeper into the earth every second, every minute, every hour, and somehow it seemed to be measuring out his life. When the well was down, he would be down. When it was finished, he would be finished.

The drilling progressed steadily. Three crews kept the Diesels roaring twenty-four hours a day, and the spinning drill stem grew longer and longer. They were making good time.

THE way things were going, Cliff figured they should reach the Spraberry sand about the time his credit with Farley was exhausted. After that there would begin the battle of keeping drilling costs from eating up his remaining half interest in the lease. Somehow, from somewhere, he had to produce the money to feed this deafening monster, to keep it from devouring him at the rate of six hundred and twenty-five dollars a day. If the well showed for a producer in the Spraberry, he would



"How can you say Southerners are prejudiced? Look at that statue we erected for a Northern general"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

have no trouble borrowing against his interest in the lease.

Fifty-six days after the No. 1 Fogg spudded in, the bit reached a depth of seventy-two hundred feet, a mile and a half below the surface. The drilling was going well, and Fran had called him and asked him to come home for the week end, so he went. He hadn't wanted to go. He grieved to see Fran the way a man grieves for cold water when he is thirsty, yet he didn't want to go, because he knew it wouldn't be any good. It wasn't. He stayed Saturday and Sunday, but he couldn't even talk to Fran. He felt like a man who's just rolled the dice, with the last dollar he'd ever own riding on the roll. It was no time to talk; there was nothing to talk about.

Sunday night, after Fran was asleep, he headed back to Barstow County.

DAWN was paling the eastern sky as he pulled over the rise and headed across the Fogg pasture to the well. The rig lights were still on, but as he pulled the car up behind the iron doghouse and cut off the motor, an ominous quiet hit him like a blow.

Cliff was tired, but he covered the thirty yards to the derrick and got up the steel stairway on the run. The graveyard-tour driller was sitting on the motionless rotary table. The Diesels were silent, and the drill pipe was stacked in the derrick.

Out of breath and panting, Cliff shouted at the man, "What the hell, driller? What's she shut down for?"

"Twisted off," the man said laconically, poking a gloved finger toward the mouth of the bore hole. "Three joints of pipe and a drill collar. On the bottom, and stuck like a condemned pig in a picket fence."

"When? Who did it? You?"

"Naw. Morning-tour driller, yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning!" Cliff yelled. He grabbed the man by the shoulder and swung him around. "What kind of a lash-up *is* this? Does everybody quit work when you get a fishing job?"

The driller jerked loose from Cliff's grasp and got up. "I just work here, buddy," he said sullenly. "Can't get no fish out without fishin' tools. The pusher was supposed to be here with an overshot last night, but he ain't showed up."

Without another word Cliff spun around, hurried down the ladder and ran to his car. Just after nine o'clock he walked into Jake Farley's office in Odessa. Farley was sitting with his feet on his desk, reading the morning paper.

"Since when do you shut a rig down for twenty-four hours waiting for a fishing tool?" Cliff asked harshly.

"Well, well, Brother Waters," Farley said, looking up. "Sit down and—"

Cliff cut him off. "Where's the tool pusher with the overshot?"

"Well, Cliff, damn it, all the tools like that that we need happened to be on my Number 3 rig up in Campbell County. The pusher went after 'em last night and ought to be back here with 'em any time."

"What are you trying to do, Farley?"

Farley frowned. "Now, look, bud. I've got six rigs running, and I've got to keep 'em *all* running."

Cliff's voice was even and quiet. "From here I can walk to two places in five minutes where they rent fishing tools. Campbell County is three hundred miles away."

"Look, Waters." Farley's tone hardened. "I happen to own this outfit, and I'll run it the way I think proper."

Cliff put his hands on the desk and leaned across it. "And it could be you plan on running it in such a way as to freeze me plumb out of the lease—with fishing jobs."

give!

1953

EASTER SEALS

HELP

CRIPPLED CHILDREN

March 5 • April 5

"Now listen, you—!" Farley lunged to his feet. "A fishing job is part of the risk of drilling any well. I can't help it if they twist off the damn' drill pipe."

Cliff took a deep breath. "I'm going to tell you something, Jake. That fish better be out of the hole and we'd better be making new hole by tonight." Cliff moved his head slightly until he caught Farley's eyes. He looked steadily at him. His voice was tired. "And now, I'm going to tell you something else. If there's any more fishing jobs on that well, I'm going to kill you, Farley."

Farley's mouth sagged. He went white in the face and shouted in an excited voice, "Now what kind of crazy talk is that! You know we might have another fishing job on that well, and I couldn't do a damn' thing about it!"

"That's why I'll hate to kill you," Cliff said, almost gently. "Because I'll never be sure whether you caused 'em or they just happened." He walked to the door and looked at Farley thoughtfully. "But I will. That's a promise."

WHETHER or not he took Cliff's promise seriously, Farley went to the Fogg lease and personally supervised the fishing job. By sundown, they were back on bottom, making hole again.

Cliff brooded over the time that had been lost—nearly two thousand dollars of his credit gone and no footage to show for it. But the matter was forgotten when, on Wednesday evening, the daylight-tour driller walked into the Club Café where Cliff was eating supper, and told him that they had drilled into the Spraberry sand and that the evening crew was now going in the hole to cut a core.

Cliff left his supper half-eaten on the table. When he reached the rig, the gentle purring of the Diesels told him that the diamond-studded core bit was on the bottom.

Cliff hurried into the lighted doghouse, and a moment later Pinckney came in behind him. The young geologist was carrying a small white sample bag. Pinckney shook a mound of the cuttings—clean, fine-grained sand—into Cliff's hand.

"It's Spraberry, all right," the geologist said. "Topped it at seventy-nine seventy-five. Drilled soft for about three feet, so I told 'em to pull out and go back in with a core barrel."

"Good boy," Cliff said. He put the wet sand to his nose and sniffed. Then he placed a pinch on his tongue, rolled it around and spat it out the door. He could neither smell nor taste the faintest trace of oil. But that didn't mean a thing. After the loose grains had been ground up by the bit, had floated upward through almost eight thousand feet of drilling fluid, and had then been flooded with clear water to wash away the mud, any oil that might have adhered to the grains in the native matrix would surely have been carried away.

Cliff looked at the geologist. "What do you think?" he said.

"Shows some fluorescence under the ultraviolet light," the geologist said, without enthusiasm. "But not much. Under the miscroscope, a few grains show a slight staining of oil."

Cliff reminded himself that this was probably the third well this kid had ever sat on. Cliff himself had seen sand like this, with no visible trace of oil, give up fifty barrels an hour on a test.

"How much do you want to core, Mr. Waters?"

"Cut twenty-five feet and let's look at it," Cliff said, throwing the sand on the floor and dusting his hands. He walked outside in the darkness and looked up to the derrick floor, where roughnecks were moving like white shadows under the harsh lights.

AT MIDNIGHT, they started out of the hole with the pipe. When the glistening core barrel snaked up through the derrick floor, Cliff felt his thighs tighten. He watched as the crew banged the end of the long barrel on the floor, jarring out, piece by piece, the broken column of sandstone that had been cut from the formation below. A roughneck brought up a hose and sluiced a stream of water over the broken cylinders of rock, then laid them end to end across the floor in the order in which they had been cut out of the formation.

Here was a cross section of the fabulous Spraberry sand, as it was laid down on the shore of some ancient sea fifty million years ago. As each piece of the core came clean under the hose, Cliff's hopes sank sickeningly. From across the floor, he could see that it was hard and tight, grayish sandstone barren of any trace of oil. Starting at the top of the core, Pinckney methodically broke open each piece with his rock hammer and passed the fragments across the floor. Cliff went through the motions of smelling and tasting, but there was not the faintest vestige of the hydrocarbon they were seeking. Under the Fogg lease, the Spraberry was a dry bed of hard-packed sandstone.

The geologist had broken into the last piece of core, and he was waiting, when Jake Farley, who had driven up a few minutes before, walked over to Cliff and spoke to him.

"You want to run a drill-stem test?" he asked. His voice was unfriendly.

Cliff looked up at him with sagging cheeks. "What do you think, Jake?"

"Test it, or don't test it. I want *you* to do the deciding, so you won't be coming around later on and accusing me of throwing your money away."

Cliff stared out past the lights toward the dark plain. He had sat up with too many sick wells in his time to think that this formation would give up so much as a drop of oil. Running a drill-stem test to confirm what he already knew in his heart—that the Spraberry was bone-dry—would take the best part of a day, a day in which they could be making over a hundred feet of new hole. He could not afford to lose that,

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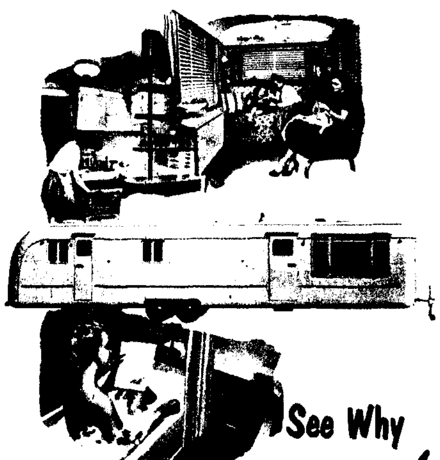

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a hundred feet of hole down toward the important pay zones that lay below.

He put his hands on his knees and pushed himself erect. "Drill ahead."

"Drill ahead it is." Farley nodded curtly to the driller and walked down the ladder, off the rig floor, to his car.

THE failure in the Spraberry was more than a bitter disappointment to Cliff. It created an immediate crisis in his personal economy. Four more days would deplete his original credit with Farley, then the clanking monster would begin eating into his remaining half of the lease at the rate of six hundred and twenty-five dollars a day. Five acres would be going out of his pocket into Farley's every twenty-four hours.

The painful consequence was that his interest in the lease was still unbankable. He couldn't borrow a dime on it anywhere. If the well had shown for a good Spraberry producer, he could have walked into any bank in the state and sat down to talk loan terms. But bankers don't lend the kind of money he needed, on prospects.

Cliff didn't go back into town, but stayed all night at the rig, dozing fitfully in the back seat of his car in order to catch Farley's tool pusher when he came by the rig on his early-morning round. About an hour before daylight, he awoke chilled and stiff from the night cold that had settled down on the prairie. He started the car motor and was huddled over the heater when he saw the lights of the tool pusher's car as it bounced over the road.

The pusher pulled up behind the doghouse and climbed the ladder to the derrick floor. Cliff waited until he had finished talking with the driller and was coming down again; then he tooted his horn and motioned him over to the car. The pusher walked around and got in, and for the next three quarters of an hour Cliff interrogated him on all phases of the logistics of this particular rig. How much Diesel fuel did it use per day? What did Farley have to pay for fuel? How much and what kind of lubricants? How much of both did he figure would be needed to finish this hole? The same questions for drilling bits, mud and miscellaneous supplies. When he had jotted down all this information, Cliff thanked the pusher for his trouble and drove into town as dawn was graying the range.

He stopped in Rigby long enough for coffee and a shave, then drove fast to Odessa. He arrived there just as the stores were opening. By noon, he had been in and out of five oil-well supply houses and three petroleum consignee offices. Every call he made he had mapped out with care some days before.

Estill Briggs, district manager of Tex-Oil Tool & Supply Company, had been derrick man on Cliff's crew years ago, when he was drilling for Empire in this same country. Cliff had roomed with the Upco Oil Company consignee during the wild days in East Texas, and the others were all old friends from some way station along the oil trail stretching back through twenty-five years. They all knew Waters as a nice fellow who had made every oil play from Conroe to Scurry County and who was as good as his word. There was none of that taint about his name that clings like a bad odor when a man gets off plumb. Any one of them would tell you that Cliff Waters was a right Joe; he was good for a few supplies on a thirty-day credit. Besides, it was impossible to turn down an old friend the first time he put the arm on you. . . .

At noon Cliff sat over a bowl of chili, adding up his morning's purchases on the back of an envelope. He owed just over twelve thousand dollars for them. He left a half dollar for the waitress, paid his check and headed resolutely for Jake Farley's place.

At the very least, Cliff expected opposition from Farley, and he was prepared for outright hostility. He didn't know what he would or could do about it, but he walked into Farley's office with the assurance of a man desperate enough to do whatever was required. Farley was reading his ever-present newspaper, and he didn't put it down when Cliff laid the list of supplies on the desk in front of him.

"That's what you need to finish the well, Jake. I got the figures from the pusher. I'll supply this stuff to you at ten per cent less than you can buy it for. You can credit me for that much drilling time."

Farley glanced down at the list and nodded. "Makes no difference to me how you come up with your part."

The tension flowed out of Cliff. "That's appreciated, Jake," he said. He gave a sheepish laugh and added, "Maybe if you give me enough rope I'll strangle myself before we get down to pay dirt, hey?"

Farley's gaze was steady and cold. "You said it, Waters; I didn't." Then he swiveled his chair around and went back to his newspaper. . . .

Waters & Farley No. 1 Fogg moved downward, foot by foot, through the dim reaches of the planet's past. Cliff sat brooding by the gurgling shale shaker, reading the geologic history of two hundred million years in the handfuls of cuttings from the bit that he scooped out of the racing mud stream. The well had now become identified in his mind with his very life; by an imperceptible transmutation, it had become an essential part of his being. It was impossible to think of himself except in some relationship to it—a dumb, ravening monster, dependent upon him for sustenance, yet at the same time a tyrant that held his heartbeat in its grasp.

His swap with Farley of fuel and supplies for drilling time had temporarily abated his economic crisis. Barring another fishing job, the new credit should carry the hole to about eleven thousand feet. Then if he could only hit a middling good show of oil in the Siluro-Devonian, he would be over the hump. The rest would be downhill and shady.

THE well was drilling smoothly in one of the hard, sandy shales of the Mississippian series, below ten thousand feet, when an unexpected foe appeared suddenly, without warning. Cliff was sitting on the pipe rack, daydreaming of flowing oil wells and immense riches when the four-to-midnight crew rolled up to the rig to relieve the daylight tour. The incoming driller hollered over to him that Operator 24 in Fort Worth had been trying to get hold of him all day. Cliff nodded and drove into town.

When he got to the hotel, he shut himself in the ancient telephone booth in the lobby and asked the long-distance operator to get the call through for him. There was a long wait. He finally heard the number ringing and waited expectantly for Fran's voice. He received a chilling shock when he heard the operator say, "I have your party on the line, Mr. Gruenwald. Go ahead, please."

The voice of Chester Gruenwald was grave, like an ox in deep distress. "Clifford, this is Chester. I've been trying to reach you all afternoon. The bank's loan committee decided today that the bank can't hold your loan any longer. They are going to turn it over to the bank's attorneys for collection unless you can make some arrangement about taking care of it by close of business tomorrow. . . . No, there is no chance of a renewal. That diamond won't bring half, hardly more than a third, of the amount of the note."

"Chester," Cliff said, "I've been slack about that loan, and I know it. But I'm going to break my back to get in there tomorrow and take care of it."

When he hung up, shame covered him like slime. There wasn't anything to take care of it *with*. He knew he would not be in there tomorrow, and so did the man on the other end of the line.

In the meantime, he had to move quickly. He was seized with panic as the immediacy of this new danger became apparent. If the bank turned his note over to its attorneys for collection, their first step would be to look for a piece of property they could attach and foreclose, to make up the difference between what the Fargo County ring was worth and the sum he owed.

The only thing of value he possessed, besides the clothes on his back and his car, was the Fogg lease. And everybody knew it. They would go for that straight as a bullet. If they moved fast (and creditors' lawyers always moved like terrified foxes), his interest in the lease would be sold at the courthouse door for a trifling sum, long before the No. 1 Fogg reached the Ellenburger.

Cliff didn't even go up to his room to pack a bag. He got in the car, stopped at a service station long enough to get gas, and hit the road for Fort Worth.

IT WAS after three in the morning when he turned the Buick into the drive and rolled into the back yard. He sat for a minute, exhausted, then got out and walked up the shadowy drive to the house. The gravel crunched under his feet in the silence, and he felt old. His whole body seemed to buzz, as if he had a swarm of bees hidden inside him. Twice during the long drive from Barstow County, a sudden stab of pain had knifed into his chest, like a stiletto of slivered glass plunged between his ribs. The attacks took his breath away and left him weak and shaking. All the way home, the bitter thought kept recurring that it would be a hell of a note if his heart conked out at this point.

He let himself in the side door and closed it softly behind him. The house was dark. He did not turn on a light but started down the hallway, feeling his way along the wall.

Fran's voice called, "Cliff?"

He stopped. "Yes, it's me."

A light came on in the bedroom and Fran came out, wrapping a dressing gown around herself. She snapped on the hall light and saw him. Cliff winced at the look of anguish that flashed across her face. He was beginning to look pretty beat-up, he guessed. Before he could speak, the look was gone. She gave him her familiar smile and came up and kissed him.

"What time do you serve breakfast around here?" he asked, trying to be offhand.

"Right this minute," she answered.

He sat at the kitchen table, and while she fried bacon and scrambled eggs he talked, tiredly. ". . . so everything is coming along fine, except for a little trouble with the timing. My financing is off schedule, a note coming due before I'm quite ready for it. No use going into details, but I'm gonna assign my half of the Fogg lease to you. Put it in the name of Frances Wakefield

Waters, as your sole and separate property. Then they can't touch it." He forced a grin. "Gonna let you be the millionaire in the family."

"I'm not interested in being a rich widow." Fran was stirring the eggs, unable to keep the anger out of her voice.

"Baby, when this job is finished I'm gonna stick so close to home you'll have to drive me out of the house."

"I'll bet."

"That's a fact. And I'm going to draw this assignment right now, tonight. First thing in the morning, I want you to take it by the drugstore and get Doc Simmons to notarize it. He knows my signature, and he'll do it for you. Then I want you to mail it to the county clerk of Barstow County, for filing on the Deed Records."

Fran set the plate of bacon and eggs in front of him and poured a cup of coffee. As he started to take a bite, Cliff was seized with a fit of trembling. The food flew off his fork and spattered on the table. His hand shook with such violence that he clutched at the edge of the table, to stop the shaking, but there was no power in his grip. He took a deep breath, and when he looked up, he saw Fran watching him.

"I'm not as hungry as I thought," he said. "A little sleep first; then I'll eat."

The optimism had faded out of Fran's face, and fear showed. She looked tired, and she was almost in tears. "Cliff, how much longer on the well?"

"Not long, baby," he said, getting up unsteadily. "Not long."

He was asleep when Fran left for school. On her way, she stopped to have the lease assignment notarized and put it in the mail as he had asked. She cut short the morning lessons and rushed home to fix lunch for him, but when she got there he was gone. She walked around the empty house for a while, and then she sat down and cried.

THE well drilled into the top of the Siluro-Devonian formation at eleven thousand two hundred and forty-three feet. The unmistakable cherty limestone began to wash up in the cuttings about the middle of the graveyard tour. The formation was dense and hard, so they drilled ahead slowly. They were probing for a drilling break, a porous streak that might indicate the presence of fluid in the formation.

After cutting two cores, they ran a drill-stem test. The recovery was thirty feet of drilling mud, slightly cut with oil. The thick layer of rock had plenty of oil imprisoned, but it would never give it up to Cliff or anybody else. It was locked in too tight, and there was no way to get it loose.

It was late afternoon when the drill-stem test was finished. Cliff squatted on the derrick floor rubbing his fingers thoughtfully in the gray oil-streaked mud that had spilled over the floor. The late sun accentuated the deep lines in his face and cast a giant image of the derrick far across the dusty plain.

Cliff picked up a droplet of oil out of the mud and was silent for a long time, looking at it and working it gently between his thumb and forefinger. After a while, he glanced up at Farley, who was standing across the rig floor.

"Expensive oil, Jake," he said. Farley did not answer. Cliff got up, wiped his fingers on a waste rag and threw it down. "Well, let's get back to digging. The oil well's on down the hole a ways."

Strangely, there was no sting in Cliff's disappointment over the failure in the second pay zone. His course from here on in was clear, and he set about doing what he had to do dispassionately, as if he had known all along that he would have to do it.

There could be no looking back, no hesitating now. Indeed, now was just the beginning of the time that all his planning and sweating had been leading up to. For this was the homestretch, the drilling down to the Ellenburger, that thick mantle of dolomitic limestone which overlays the unfathomable granite. It is the bottom section of the spherical layer cake of rock covering the substance of Pre-Cambrian age that formed the core of the planet as it hardened out of chaos. It is the reservoir rock of some of the most prolific oil fields in the world, and it was the real goal of the drill on the No. 1 Fogg. For the seismic maps showed a great arching of the Ellenburger under the Fogg Ranch, a massive warping of the rock layer to form a giant dome, trapping perhaps a billion barrels of oil in its pores and interstices. To sink a drill into that vast pool and tap its riches had become the sole reason that Cliff Waters had for living.

His credit with Farley would run out in four days. At least thirty days' drilling would be required to push the hole down to the big rock, for drilling had become slower and slower as the bit ground deeper. More and more time was consumed by the daily necessity of hauling more than two miles of drill pipe out of the hole to remove the worn-out bit and then running a new bit with sharp teeth back in again.

Cliff was prepared for this. He knew that now was the time to draw on the last of his principal resource—the savings account of good will he had been accumulating all his life. Far from being bitter about the failure of the well thus far, he felt an odd kind of gratitude that he had not yet been forced to expend this final resource, for when it was gone, he was a destitute man. But he still had it, and he would finish the hole. He had not spent a quarter of a century building a reputation for nothing.

BEFORE setting out, Cliff sat all night in his dingy hotel room, studying the road maps spread out on his bed. This final stratagem had to be planned as carefully as any military campaign.

In the past twenty years, he had bought and paid for millions of dollars' worth of lease through this wide sweep of southwestern country. The oil fever had struck many a community in this part of the world, and when it struck, Cliff had usually been there—moving in with his maps and leases and oil-company money, to trade with the farmers and ranchers and widow women, the owners of the land. All across the Southwest, people knew him and trusted him.

In crossroad stores, in country banks and out in the open fields he had met them. In their fine houses and poor shacks he had eaten with them. And when he had gone away, a lot of mortgages were paid off with the money he had left behind. Every place he went, the people remembered Cliff Waters, not merely as an amiable man who had brought oil money into the community but as a reputable man who did everything he said he would do.

And when he had come back to these places, in later times, he had been welcomed. He could buy leases and royalty where others could not, because he was trusted. The people felt that he was not out to gut the country and leave them the shell. The name Cliff Waters meant something. Now he set out to use it.

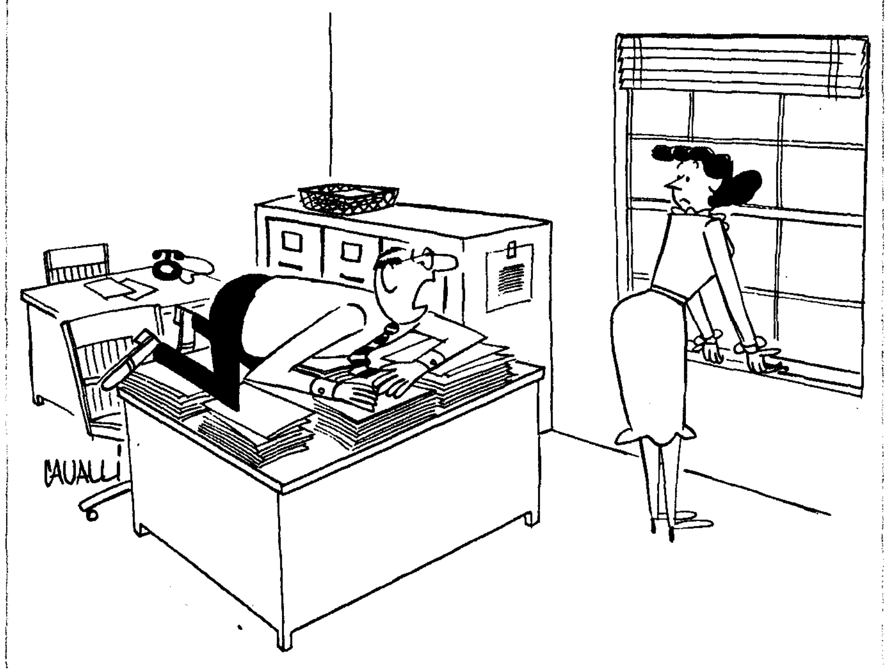
His first stop was the town of Redpost, population 1,706. He had bought leases in and around the Redpost community since the shallow field came in there in 1935. The field never amounted to much, but the lease money it had brought had pulled many a farmer through a drought year.

When he walked into the Redpost State Bank, deaf Fred Peters, the cashier and manager, was sitting, as he had been for the past third of a century, at the old roll-top desk next to the ancient vault. His face lighted up when he saw Cliff. The banker got up and greeted him loudly, pumping his hand and hitting him on the back.

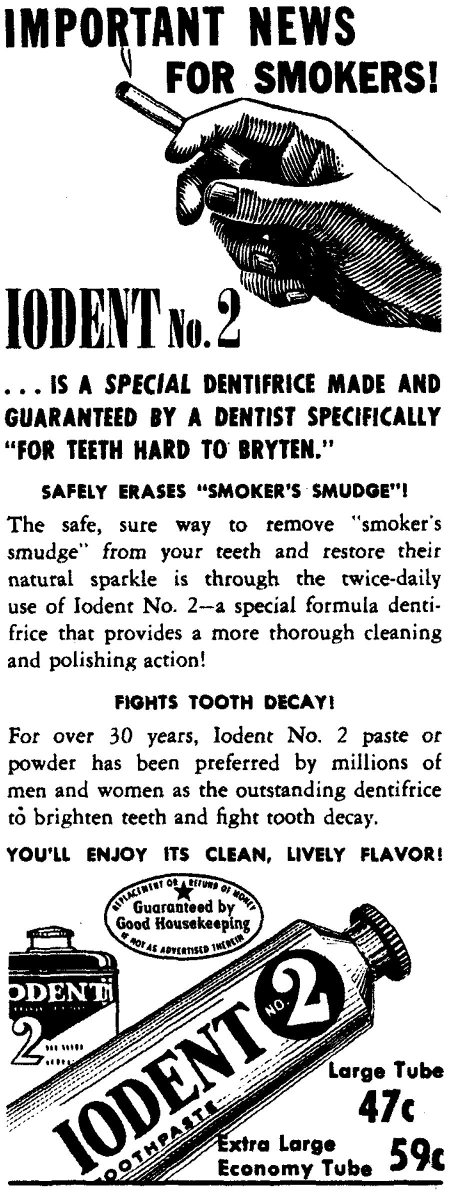
"Freddie," Cliff said, after they had reminisced about the old days, "I'm putting together a deal for a fellow up country. Before I can wind it up, I need a little short-term financing—"

Before Cliff finished the sentence, the cashier was rummaging in his desk drawer for his pad of promissory notes. "Son, to be able to do a turn for Cliff Waters after all these years is a privilege," he said. "What do you need?"

In planning his campaign, Cliff had visualized this critical moment, when he would have to come forth with just the right amount. Carefully weighing all factors—size of the bank, personality of the banker, length of their friend-



COLLIER'S "All right then, open it ... but only for a minute" DICK CAVALLI



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ship—he had put Fred Peters down for five hundred dollars. But now that the moment had arrived, the pleased smile on this old country banker's face was unsettling. Cliff hesitated, then said, "Four hundred and fifty, if that's all right, Fred."

POUNDING down the highway to his next stop, Cliff made himself keep thinking about the places ahead so he wouldn't keep thinking about the place he had just been.

By evening, he had covered two hundred and fifty winding miles. He had made six stops, and in his inner coat pocket, with a rubber band around them, were crisp bills totaling one thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars.

But for the fact that his old friend and quail-hunting partner in the bank at Mentone had died since his last visit there, he would almost certainly have had another five or maybe six hundred dollars. But, all in all, it had been a very successful day—not a good day, but good hunting.

At sundown, Cliff pulled into Colorado City. He went to the Western Union office, wired eighteen hundred dollars to Jake Farley, then bought a pint of whisky and drove into a tourist court to wait for morning.

The next two weeks unfolded as a self-inflicted nightmare. Cliff beat his way up a thousand-mile arc that curved across the borders of three states, through country where he had spent most of his adult life—territory where he had once left something behind, an idea, an image in the people's minds, an impression of a man named Cliff Waters. Now he was systematically plundering that same country, trading the image for whatever it would bring.

Most of the loans he made were for thirty days, to enable him to wind up the little deal he was making for the unnamed client. There was not the remotest possibility that he would be able to pay the money back within that time, and he knew it. But he tried to console his conscience with the assurance that a million dollars will soothe a lot of hurt feelings.

In nine days of traveling, he had gathered in a little under sixteen thousand dollars. It was enough to see the No. 1 Fogg to the bottom. Cliff was glad that the looting was over, for he felt that he could not bring himself to look one more old friend in the eye and tell him that he needed a small loan.

Heading slowly back to Barstow County, the consciousness of the wreckage he was leaving behind hung over him like a pall. The urgency to get back to the well was gone; he dreaded going back now. But he went, resignedly, as a painful duty.

The days and nights afterward fused together in a long sombrous patchwork of gray-and-white light. He hardly reacted at all when they drilled into the Simpson section, a greenish formation of antediluvian mud that in forgotten times had silted down on top of the white limestone they were seeking.

And then, at last, there came the mid-afternoon when Pinckney, the young geologist, shook him out of a leaden sleep and shouted the news he had waited so long to hear. "I think we've hit it, Mr. Waters!"

Cliff lay still for a minute, blinking. Then he roused himself, climbed out of the car and stumbled across the hard ground toward the shale shaker.

Half a dozen men were gathered in a knot, peering intently into their palms and poking at the mottled cuttings. The Diesels idled quietly, ready to boom again. A strange stillness had settled over the rig, an expectant, almost breathless calm.

Cliff stared at the dripping cuttings in his hand. Amid the black-and-green flakes of shale were pebbles of pearl-gray, fragments ground out of a smooth, cool rock. It was Ellenburger dolomite, the big pay.

"Hell of a good stain in some of these cuttings!" Pinckney shouted from the doghouse, where he was peering through a microscope.

Somebody clapped a hand on Cliff's shoulder. He turned and saw Jake Farley, smiling hugely.

"Last two feet drilled in four minutes!" Farley exclaimed. "Formation must be like a honeycomb!"

At that moment Pinckney came bustling out of the doghouse. "Gentlemen, this calls for a core," he said.

"Whadya say, Cliff? Shall we cut twenty?" Farley shouted, and he was bouncing like a high-school cheerleader.

Cliff nodded woodenly.

Four hours and fifty minutes later, the straining Diesels had lifted a two-mile string of steel out of the hole and stacked it in the derrick. The drilling bit was replaced with a core barrel. Then the whole string was rejoined and lowered back into the ground. At the bottom of the hole, a diamond-studded biscuit cutter began forcing a column of rock into the core barrel.

The core head cut the rock like butter. Cliff watched the drill pipe feeding down through the rotary table and nodded. It must really be porous as a honeycomb, he thought. And the cuttings had a good stain of oil. He walked out to the end of the pipe rack and sat down by himself, blinking in the five-o'clock sun. A sense of relief flowed over him. After all the waiting and strain, it was good to have things turn out the way you had planned.

Yet it angered him to realize the size of the ante he had had to lay on the table to drill this one stinking oil well. Not money alone, not only possible financial ruin, not just the loss of his reputation—he had had to risk even more than those things. The one memory that kept coming back like a recurring horror was the betrayal of those who had trusted him.

It was not the money it would cost them if Cliff should have to welsh. That was a small matter; bad debts can be written off. It was the taking away from each of them a measure of their ability to trust, and giving them in its place, as a special present from Cliff Waters, a gift of hatred.

Settling himself on the end of the pipe rack, Cliff leaned back against a butt of timber and watched the sun vanish. Darkness flowed across the vast plain. He didn't move when they drew the core barrel out of the hole. Pinckney and Farley began yelling for him, and he shuffled up to the rig floor. He found Farley hovering over a dozen egg-shaped core fragments lying in a row on the floor.

Farley shouted at him. "Cliff! Where you at, boy?" He turned around, beaming, and tossed Cliff a rounded chunk of rock. "Five feet of recovery out of twenty cut! Look at it, boy!"

Cliff rolled the wet rock fragment in his fingers. It had the appearance of a piece of moldy white cheese.

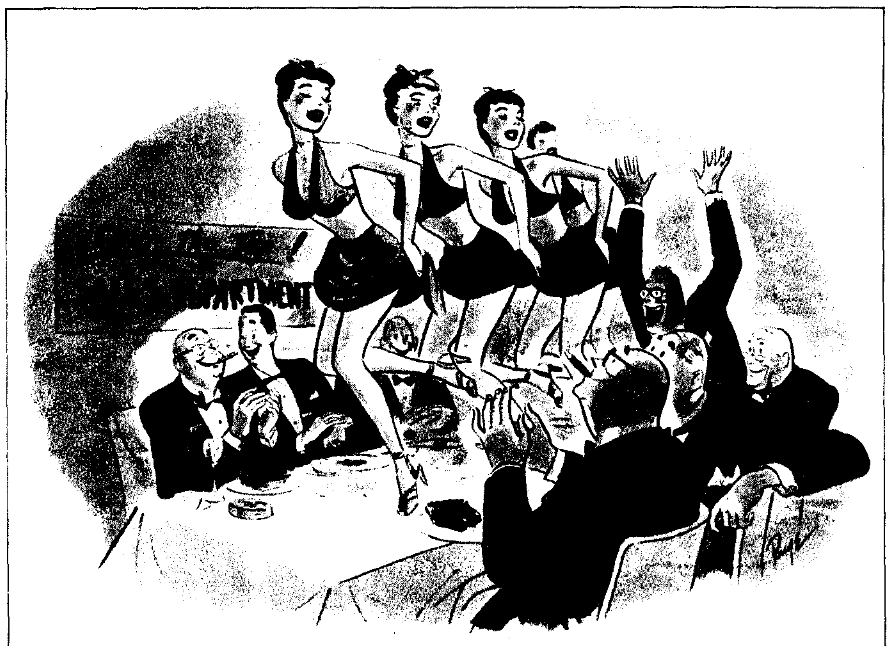
"Look at the wormholes in that thing, boy!" Farley yelled. He took the rock from Cliff, cracked it open with a hammer, and then handed it back to him. "Put your snifter to that!"

Cliff smelled the inner surfaces of the shattered core. It had the meaty, faintly sulphurous odor of petroleum. "Well," Cliff said dazedly, "it smells like oil."

Farley's voice crackled. "You damn' whistling it does! Driller, let's get a drill-stem test going here." He beamed on the group of men around him—ranchers, landmen and oil scouts. Ed Henderson's scout was among them. "You fellas make us room to navigate, and we'll show you an oil well."

THE knot of men melted off the rig floor. The testing tool was lowered into the hole, and the drill pipe was screwed back together. When the testing tool touched bottom, the tremendous weight of the pipe resting down upon it would compress and collapse the rubber packer in the tool. Whatever fluids were trapped in the formation would flow into the drill stem. Then, when the pipe was pulled out of the hole and unjointed, the captured fluids would spill out onto the derrick floor.

It was the standard test to determine if a formation would produce oil. Cliff had witnessed hundreds of drill-stem tests, and he had seen wells give up as little as twenty feet of drilling mud during the test. Other times, he had seen oil rush up to the surface and gush over the countryside in a matter of minutes. His hopes were more modest than that



COLLIER'S "And to think that for years I fought against going into my father's business" JOHN RUGE on this well. If they could gauge a recovery of five thousand feet of oil in the drill stem, he would be more than satisfied; it would mean a good oil well.

He sat on a bit box on the edge of the derrick floor and waited for two hours as the drill pipe was lowered, whining into the well. When the last stand of pipe was spun into the drill stem, the scouts and ranchers again began to swarm up onto the floor.

GENTLY, the driller lowered the last stand of pipe into the hole, feeling for the bottom through two miles of steel. The arrow on the weight indicator swung down to zero, and the driller set his brake hard. "She's on bottom!" he said.

Two floor men sprang forward like cats and hooked their heavy tongs onto the pipe. Bending their backs, they turned in windlass fashion.

"The tool is open," the driller said.

Farley crouched by the open end of the drill stem. He put his ear close to the mouth of the pipe. "There's a hell of a rumbling going on down there," he said in awed tones.

"Watch out you don't get an ear full of oil!" a visiting scout shouted.

While they all watched, a blow of air started from the open pipe. It was a whisper at first; then it increased to a steady whistling. It was a sign of fluid entering the testing tool far below, forcing the air out ahead of it.

"She's filling up," Farley said. A moment later, he cried, "Here comes the gas!" The column of air rising out of the pipe had become bluish, shimmeringly visible in the glare of the rig lights. The acrid odor of sour petroleum gas spread across the rig floor.

Farley slapped Cliff on the shoulder. "Son, this baby'll flow in an hour if we leave her open that long," he said.

They waited. Farley stopped pacing and smacked his palm with his fist. "I can't wait any longer. Whadya say, Cliff? Let's look at 'er."

"Whatever you say. Pull her out."

Once again the spectators hurried down from the rig floor to the ground below. The driller opened the throttle on the Diesels; the cables between the massive traveling block and the block at the peak of the derrick tautened. With a roar that shook the air, the Diesels took hold and the two miles of drill stem began to be hoisted upward.

An hour passed, and the Diesels thundered. The floor men, moving like cats under the unshaded lights, swung their heavy tongs, and the piercing ring of a ball-peen hammer on empty pipe stung the ears, as length after length came up and was unscrewed.

More than a third of the drill pipe had been pulled and racked when the hollow ringing of the roughnecks' hammer changed to a flat, leaden thunk-thunk-thunk! The new sound went through every man on the rig like an electric shock. It meant fluid had risen to that point in the pipe.

"There she be!" sang out the floor man, and the driller hit his brake, stopping the upward movement of the pipe. The hammerman beat a vigorous flurry up and down the pipe until he located the exact point where the ringing stopped and the thunk-ing began.

Farley was scribbling figures in a notebook. He threw it up in the air and cried jubilantly, "Seven thousand and eighty feet of recovery! All right, driller, pull her up and break her loose. Let's splash a little oil on these people!"

The big man at the draw works hit his throttle, and the drill stem surged high into the derrick.

"Heads up!" bawled the driller. "Here she comes!" The roughnecks bent their backs to uncouple the pipe. When they stepped back, a column of whitish fluid shot downward from the pipe and struck the floor, shattering into a spray that filled the derrick like splintered ice. It showered down on men and machinery, drenching them in a stinking liquid that stung the eyes and burned the nostrils. It seemed to gush downward out of the pipe interminably.

In the center of the floor, Farley stood frozen in a half-crouch, his face set in horror. *"Sulphur water!"* His voice was hollow with anguish.

From the edge of the floor Cliff watched, uncomprehending. What he saw could not be true. He put his dripping hand to his lips. The brackish bite of sulphur water on his tongue sent a shock through him that rocked him on his feet.

He was sickened by disappointment; he stumbled and reached out to steady himself.

His eyes went up, following the column of pipe high into the derrick. The lights began to revolve and spiral, then the whole derrick began to turn. As he toppled from the rig floor, something hit him back of the neck, and the latticed derrick, the towering crown blocks, the pale stars—everything receded with a roar.

CLIFF lay for a long time in vagueness, as if he were floating through a metal forest. Foul water seemed to be cascading from a great height, splashing over him as he drifted by the silent derricks. They were all dark; they were all failures. The spires unreeled at him in endless procession, from beyond the horizon, and on the shadowed rig floors, ghostly crews were waving and shouting noiselessly. . . .

He drifted with pain encircling his head. For some reason, he felt that he was doomed to float forever through this eternity of dry holes. Cliff groaned and groped for Fran. She was bound to be there somewhere, at the edge of the metal forest. She always had been.

His reaching fingers closed on something, and the tumult died. Cliff opened his eyes and the light stung them; he saw Fran bending toward him.

"It's all right," she said, but her words were fuzzy. The light across the hospital room went from a ragged bloom into sharp focus. Ed Henderson was standing there, bulky, with the lamplight falling over his shoulders.

Cliff's mouth worked, and the memory of the well came back. He remembered the failure of No. 1 Fogg. He remembered the pilgrimage along the back roads, when he had looted his friends and ruined his name.

"Hello, Ed," he said slowly. The oilman nodded but did not answer. Cliff tried to raise his head, but pain shot through him and he fell back. He saw that his left leg was encased in plaster. "Always in at the kill, aren't you, Ed?"

"No," answered Henderson. "Not always." Not even the tailoring of his expensive suit could blot out the weathered bleakness of his heavy face and the worn quality of his large hands.

Fran was sponging Cliff's brow. When something bright flashed by his face, he grabbed at her left hand. She was wearing the Fargo County ring. Cliff closed his eyes. The ring was in hock to the bank. It was the key piece to all his deceptions.

"Where'd you get the ring?" he asked, his face full of defeat.

"I paid the bank," said Fran.

"How?" His voice was hoarse.

"I sold the lease. You don't owe any money to anybody."

In a daze, Cliff watched the lamplight spark bright prisms off the ring she had never worn before. "But it might have been a big oil field!"

"That's what I was afraid of," she answered steadily. "I saw you in the blue chips once, and I didn't like it."

Cliff moved his head and stared at Ed Henderson. "You sold it to *him?*"

"Yes," Ed Henderson said. "But she didn't know it was my money. You know that my people sit on these tests even when the well's being drilled tight. I was watching the well, and when you got the show in the Ellenburger, I had a guy buy it from her for me, at the same price I offered you. And I pick up your end of the drilling costs."

Cliff blinked. What Henderson had said meant that, at that terrible moment when the sulphur water came in, he had already taken over Cliff's leases. Cliff began to laugh; his bare shoulders shook. "So it was a Henderson duster after all."

The oilman waited until Cliff's mirth had subsided. "Just your half of it," he said. "It looked like it would make a well, and I wanted to bust you out. I knew Fran was unhappy, and I figured I might have a chance with her. It didn't work."

Cliff stared at Fran.

"You're a lumber-headed fool!" Henderson said in his deep voice. "If she had wanted money, I'd have given her a million dollars to buy a trousseau with." He paused and nipped savagely at the end of a cigar. "You've always thought the money was everything, haven't you, Cliff? You ought to live in my house. I've got ten telephones in it, and I haven't enjoyed a call in a long time."

Stepping forward, Henderson touched Fran lightly on the shoulder. "I'm always there," he said. "If I can help, let me know. And if you ever want to divorce this oaf again, remember that I got a platoon of lawyers. Most of the time they just sharpen pencils."

Henderson knocked a forefinger against Cliff's cast. "Get well," he said brusquely, "and if you don't take care of her, I'll take care of you." He said it pleasantly enough, but the threat was plain. He meant exactly what he said.

WHEN Henderson's footsteps were fading down the corridor, Fran told Cliff that he had been in the Odessa Hospital for two days, that he had a concussion and three fractures.

"And," she added, "I made a down payment on the Pecan Creek place." Her tone was a little anxious, as if she were testing something new.

Cliff could see the gray strands in her hair. "That will be nice," he said. "You'll have the joint filled up with juvenile delinquents. They'll steal my shaving soap and probably my car. But we should have done it long ago."

When she leaned down, about to cry, Cliff held her tight. He could see the way it was going to be, and he thought he would like it. The duty nurse came into the room briskly, saw them clinging together and swung back out into the hall without missing a beat.

Cliff stared over his wife's shoulder, and his face relaxed for the first time in weeks. He was bitter about the well, but he couldn't help that now. Another wildcat venture had gone by, drifted into the metal forest. And if it had been barren below the ground, he hoped he would remember what it had proved above the ground. Because no deep test ever fails to prove something. ▲▲▲

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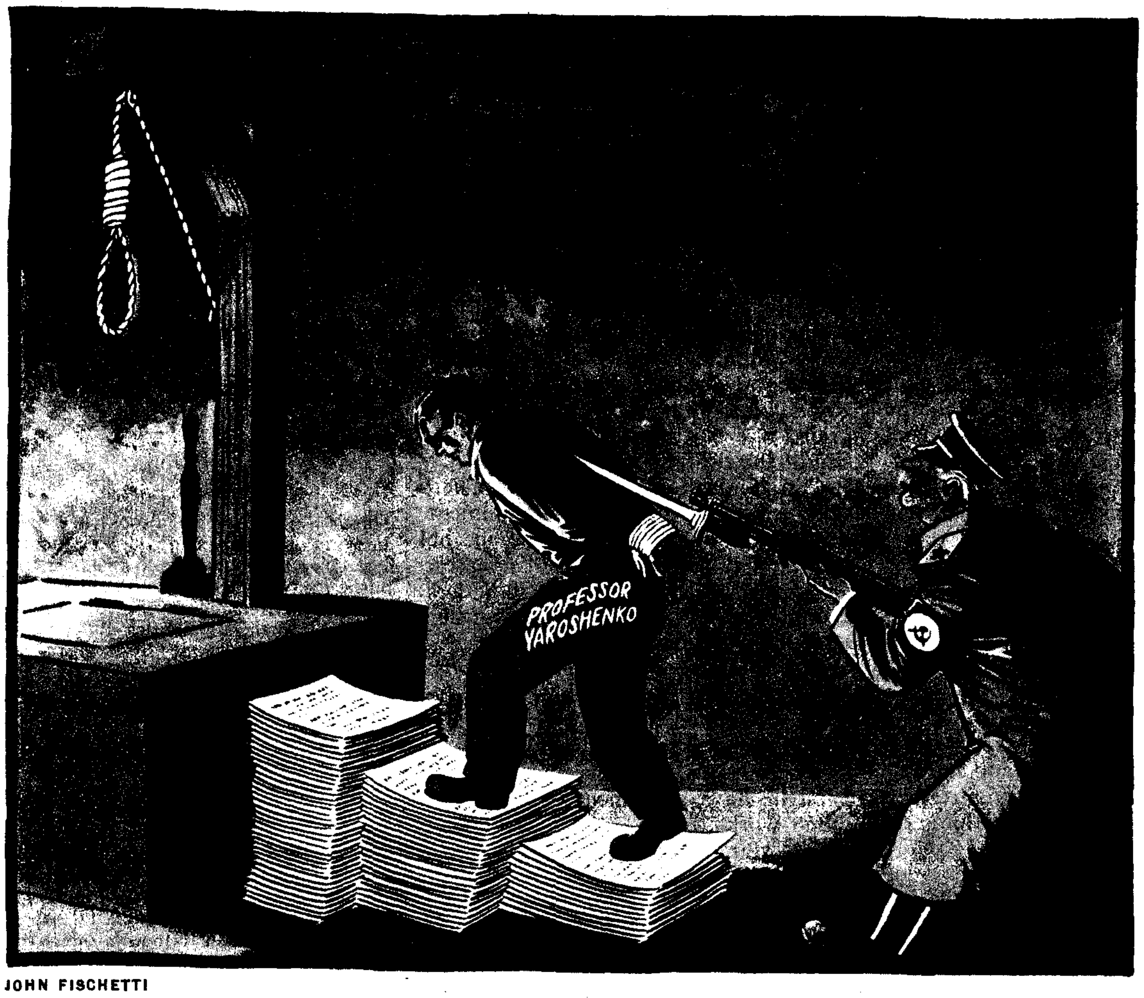

JOHN FISCHETTI

Stalin As a Book Critic

FOR A COUPLE of years now, Comrade Stalin has been stewing around about a plan for a Soviet handbook on political economy—a text so clear and lucid that it would convince the whole world of the golden glory of perfected Communism. The plan was a closely guarded secret until a short time ago, when it suddenly exploded with a bang.

The most urgent need for the book is inside the Communist party, where more than 5,000,000 "superficial converts" have been added in the past few years to the core of about 500,000 old-time Leninists. Most of the new Commies are young army veterans, who have no ideological background or devotion.

It seems that Stalin entrusted his project to a group of loyal economists, who labored long, and eventually produced a draft copy of the proposed book. The draft was submitted to a Congress of Soviet Professors, whose lengthy discussions disclosed wide differences of opinion as to what the book ought to say about the miracles of tomorrow and how they are to come about. Various committees brought in reports, not always in exact agreement with the accepted party line. Professor Yaroshenko, boldest of all, thought the whole text was "old-fashioned," and that he himself should be given a year and a staff of assistants to do it all over again, along "up-to-date lines." He actually characterized some of Stalin's principles as "no longer valid."

The Congress of Professors could reach no conclusion. Since the proposed volume was Stalin's idea, there was nothing to do but lay the minutes of the meetings before the Big Boss.

Stalin took a quick look. Then he went through the roof. Obviously the professors didn't understand Communism. Everybody was out of step but Joe. So Stalin decided to write a few "observations" which would put the comrades right. He must have been in quite a fury, for his memorandum ran to 28,500 words. The text has now been printed in full in Pravda.

"I think," Stalin observes, "that the comrades are not taking into account the full significance of this book. It is needed primarily for our Soviet youth, but also for all countries and peoples. Our foreign comrades want to know how we broke out of bondage, how we remade the country's economy in the spirit of socialism, how we achieved friendship with the peasants, how we attained a situation in which our country, only recently poor and weak, has been transformed into a rich and powerful nation. The book should not be too voluminous, but it must contain all that is basic concerning both the Soviet economy and the capitalist system. We need a book of 500 to 600 pages, no more."*

He isn't going to have anybody telling, as apparently some of the professors tried to do, that the project is unimportant because the elemental facts and aims of Communism are already well known. Stalin riddles that argument in an urgent little passage:

"The point is that we, as the core of Communism, are joined each year by thousands of young cadres fired with the desire to help us, eager to prove themselves, but lacking an adequate Marxist education, uninformed of many truths well known to us, and thus obliged to wander in the dark. They are amazed by the colossal achievements of the Soviet system. In their ignorance they begin to imagine that the Soviet regime can do anything, that the greatest achievements are just child's play, that we can abolish scientific laws and replace them with new ones. How are they to be brought into the spirit of true Marxism-Leninism? I am sure that systematic repetition and patient explanation of so-called commonly known truths is the best means of educating them."

Stalin hasn't any patience with the professors who picture Soviet Russia as already at the peak of achievement. Sure, it's a "rich and powerful nation," but don't forget, comrades, there are even better days ahead. Listen to the Big Boy as he scans the crystal ball: "In regard to labor, we shall reduce the workday to six and then to five hours. [At present the Soviet Union claims to have a six-day week and an eight-hour day.] This is necessary in order that people may have the leisure time for a thorough education. For this purpose we shall introduce compulsory polytechnical education, we shall further improve housing conditions, and raise the real wages of workers and employees a minimum of 100 per cent, if not more."

In picturing Communism's happy future, Stalin is annoyed with the professors for questioning his old theory that the capitalistic countries are going to annihilate one another in internecine wars.

"Some comrades affirm that wars among capitalistic countries are no longer inevitable," he barks. "They consider that the contradictions between the camp of Socialism and the camp of capitalism are greater than the contradictions among capitalistic countries, that the U.S.A. has made other capitalistic countries completely subservient, and that forward-looking capitalistic statesmen have learned from two world wars not to permit any more such destructive conflicts . . . These comrades are mistaken: they fail to see the profound forces which are working. Outwardly everything appears all right. The Americans have placed Western Europe and Japan on a dole; West Germany, Britain, France, Italy and Japan have fallen into the clutches of the U.S.A. and are obediently carrying out its demands. But this cannot continue; these countries will not forever tolerate the domination and oppression of the U.S.A.; they will seek to free themselves from American bondage."

No wonder Stalin is annoyed at the delay in getting out that handbook. The world is waiting, starry-eyed, for its five or six hundred pages of beautiful sunshine.

But it won't be done by Professor Yaroshenko. Few people would like to be in his boots right now. Stalin's published "observations" have cooked his goose in the following pertinent phrases: "Comrade Yaroshenko does not suffer from modesty. Quite the contrary . . . His serious errors and his un-Marxist viewpoint are not conducive to granting him any authority. His request to be assigned to write the book cannot be taken seriously: it smacks of Khlestakovism."

Khlestakovism is Stalin's latest contribution to the Russian language. It derives from Khlestakov, the chief character in Gogol's play, The Inspector General (an adaptation was done recently in the movies by Danny Kaye), and is synonymous with irresponsible, boastful exaggeration and presumption.

It will be interesting to see whether Professor Yaroshenko loses something besides a book deal—his neck, say.

**Translations are by arrangement with the Current Digest of the Soviet Press, published by the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies (appointed by the American Council of Learned Societies).*

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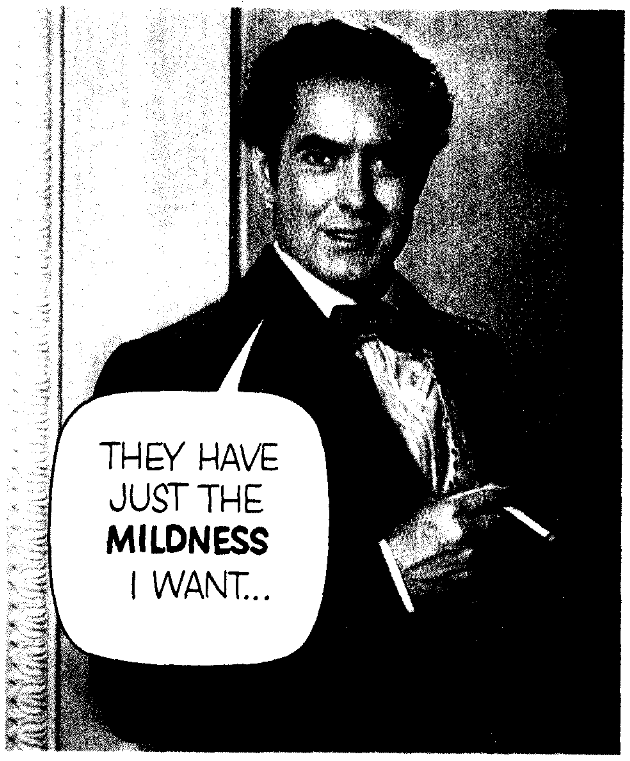
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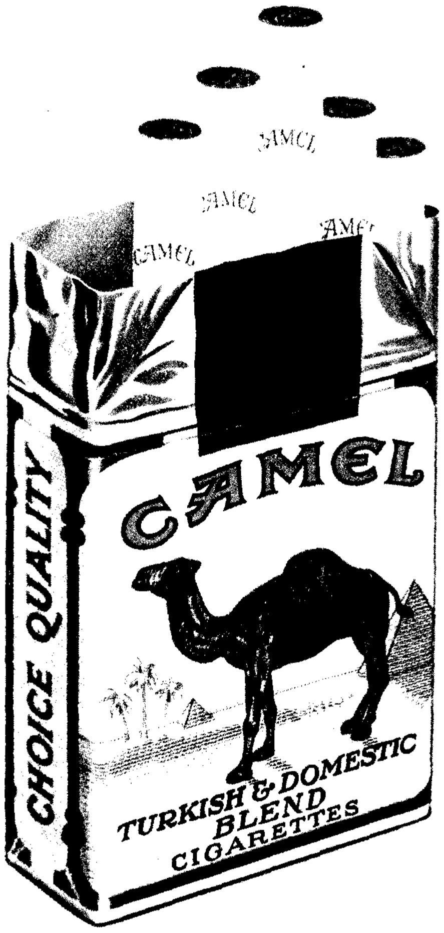
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